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MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE and WRITINGS

OF

Alexander Pope, Esq;

Faithfully Collected from
Authentic AUTHORS, Original MANU-
SCRIPTS, and the TESTIMONIES of
many PERSONS of Credit and Honour :

WITH

CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS.

Adorned with the

HEADS of divers ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONS,
treated of in these MEMOIRS, curiously
engrav'd by the best Hands.

VOL. II.

By WILLIAM AYRE, *Esq;*

LONDON:

Printed by his MAJESTY'S AUTHORITY,
For the AUTHOR, and Sold by the Book-
sellers of *London and Westminster.*

M DCC XLV.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF THE

REV. HENRY HARRISON, ESQ.

Traveller, Collector, and

Author of various Original Manuscripts
and the History of the
many Labours of his Missionaries.



WITH

CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS

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Author of the

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WILLIAM AYER



TO THE
Right Honourable the LORDS
BOLINGBROKE,
BURLINGTON,
MARCHMONT,
AND
BATHURST;

This WORK is humbly inscrib'd, by

Your Lordships,

most obedient and

most humble Servant,

WILLIAM AYRE.

Directions to the Binder for placing the Cuts.

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worse, r. *worth*; p. 66. l. 29. r. *in one's Power*; p.
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MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE and WRITINGS

OF

Alexander Pope, Esq;



WHEN we concluded the First Volume, we left speaking of the Third Book of the *Dunciad*, and gave Intimation of a Fourth, which came out afterwards; before we take further Notice of that, we think it proper to introduce several Persons and Things, that may fill up the Interval.

Our great Dramatick Poet, *Shakespear*, had in Whole, or in Part, passed through several Hands; some, who might be very reasonably thought not to

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B b

have

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have understood well any Part of him, much less be fit to correct or revise him.

The Friends of Mr. *Pope* solicited him strongly to undertake the Whole of *Shakespear's* Plays, and, if possible, by comparing all the different Copies now to be procured, bring him back to his own antient Purity. To which Mr. *Pope* made this modest Reply, That not having attempted any Thing in the Drama (for he had not appear'd to do it) it might in him be deem'd too much Presumption. To which he received Answer from a certain Earl, that this did not require great Knowledge of the Foundation and Disposition of the Drama, seeing that must stand as it was, and that *Shakespear* himself, had not always paid strict Regard to the Rules of it; but this was to clear the Scenes from the Rubbish which Actors, and those into whose Care they had fell, had filled them: For the Players after *Shakespear's* Time, curtailed, blotted, transpos'd, added whole Scenes, nay, did any Thing, which they thought would please the lower Set of the Audience, to which Part, to this Day, that Sort of People still make their Court. He added, that his chief Business would be, to render the Text so that it might read, and be free from those Obscurities, and sometimes gross Absurdities, that now seem to appear in it, and to explain doubtful and difficult Passages, of which there are great Numbers: This, and marking Scene Lines, or Words only, imagined to be spurious, was all that noble Gentleman, of a noble Taste and Disposition, told Mr. *Pope* he had to do: This was no small Task; how he has acquitted himself, for he complied with this Request, has been differently judged; the Truth we are inclined to think is, in some Places he has set to rights and explained him, and in some Places again, made him more unintelligible

gible, and done him Wrong, and thus thought Mr. *Theobald*, who publishes after Mr. *Pope's* Edition, another Book called, *Shakespear Restor'd*, and there he not only endeavours to restore the original Text to *Shakespear*, but calls upon Mr. *Pope* to answer for many Mistakes, he strives to prove upon him, making at the same Time his own Amendments: This was the true Cause of their continual being at Variance, and Mr. *Theobald* bringing forward upon the Stage a Tragedy, called *The Double Falshood*, which he would have to be believ'd was *Shakespear's*, Mr. *Pope* insinuated to the Town, that it was all, or certainly the greatest Part, not written by *Shakespear*, he picks out a Line:

None but thyself can be thy Parallel.

Which he calls a marvellous Line of *Theobald*, “un-
“less, says he, the Play called *The Double Falshood*
“be (as he would have thought) *Shakespear's*; but
“whether this Line be his or not, he proves *Shake-*
“*spear* to have writ as bad.”

And introducing the above Quotation, as if written by some Author, he goes on in Mr. *Theobald's* restoring Way to amend some few Words, all the While imitating and sneering at the Stile of Mr. *Theobald*.

The former Annotator seeming to be of Opinion that the *Double Falshood* is not *Shakespear's*; it is but Justice to give Mr. *Theobald's* Arguments to the contrary: First, that the MS was above sixty Years old; secondly, that once Mr. *Betterton* had it, or he hath heard so; thirdly, that some-body told him the Author gave it to a Bastard-Daughter of his: But fourthly and above all, “that he has a great Mind
“every Thing that is good in our Tongue *should* be
“*Shakespear's*.”

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I allow these Reasons to be truly critical; but what I am infinitely concerned at is, that so many Errors have escaped the learned Editor: A few whereof we shall here amend, out of a much greater Number, as an Instance of our Regard to this *dear Relick*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

I have his Letters of a modern Date,
Wherein by *Julio*, good *Camillo's* Son,
(Who as he says, shall follow hard upon,
And whom I with the growing Hour expect)
He doth solicit the Return of Gold,
To purchase certain Horfe that *like him well*.

This Place is corrupted: The Epithet *good* is a meer insignificant Expletive, but the Alteration of that single Word restores a clear Light to the Context, thus,

I have his Letters of a modern Date,
Wherein, by *July*, (by *Camillo's* Son,
Who, as he *saith*, shall follow hard upon,
And whom I with the growing Hours expect)
He doth solicit the Return of Gold.

Here you have not only the *Person* specified, by whose Hands the Return was to be made, but the most necessary Part, the *Time*, by which it was required. *Camillo's* Son was to follow hard upon—What? Why upon *July*—*Horfe* that *like him well*, is very absurd: Read it, without Contradiction,

—Horfe that *he likes well*.

ACT I. at the End.

—I must stoop to gain her,
Throw all my gay *Comparisons* aside,
And turn my proud Additions out of Service:

Saith.

of ALEXANDER POPE, Esq; 5

Saith *Henriquez* of a Maiden of low Condition, objecting his high Quality: What have his *Comparisons* here to do? Correct it boldly,

Throw all my gay *Caparisons* aside,
And turn my proud Additions out of Service.

ACT 2. SCENE I.

All the Verse of this Scene is confounded with Prose.

—————O that a Man
Could reason down this *Fever* of the Blood,
Or sooth with *Words* the Tumult in his Heart!
Then *Julio*, I might be *indeed* thy Friend.

Read——this *fever* of the Blood,
Then *Julio* I might be in *Deed* thy Friend.
marking the just Opposition of Deeds and Words.

ACT 4. SCENE I.

How his Eyes *shake* Fire——said by *Violante*, observing how the lustful Shepherd looks at her. It must be, as the Sense plainly demands,

—————How his Eyes *take* Fire!
And measure every Piece of Youth about me!

Ibid. That though I *wore* *Disguises* for some *Ends*.

She had but one Disguise, and wore it but for one End. Restore it with the Alteration but of two Letters,

That though I *were* *disguised* for some *End*.

ACT 4. SCENE 2.

——To Oaths no more give Credit,
To Tears, to Vows; false *both*!—

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Falſe Grammar I'm ſure. *Both* can relate but to *two* Things: And ſee! how eaſy a Change ſets it right?

To Tears, to Vows, falſe *Troth*——

I could ſhew you that very Word *Troth*, in *Shakeſpear* a hundred Times.

Ibid. For there is nothing left thee now to look for, That can bring *Comfort*, but a *quiet Grave*.

This I fear is of a Piece with *None but itſelf can be its Parallel*: For the Grave puts an *End* to all Sorrow, it can need no *Sorrow*. Yet let us vindicate *Shakeſpear* where we can: I make no Doubt he wrote thus,

For there is nothing left thee now to look for,
Nothing that can bring *Quiet*, but the Grave.

Which Reduplication of the Word gives a much ſtronger Emphaſis to *Violante's* Concern. This Figure is called *Anadyploſis*. I could ſhew you a Hundred juſt ſuch in him, if I had nothing elſe to do.

This *Double Falſhood* was vindicated by Mr. *Theobald*, who was attacked again in the *Art of Sinking in Poetry*: Here he endeavours to prove falſe Criticiſms, Want of Underſtanding *Shakeſpear's* Manner, and cavilling, in Mr. *Pope*, to juſtify himſelf and the great Dramatick Poet, and to prove the Tragedy in Queſtion to be in Reality *Shakeſpear's*, and not unworthy of him; this he does in a Letter which is ſubjoin'd, and concludes with a very conſiderable Air of Self-ſufficiency, and no ſmall Boaſt.

Dear S I R,

YOU deſire to know why, in the general Attack which Mr. *Pope* has lately made againſt Writers

Writers *living*, and *dead*, he has so often had a Fling of Satire at me. I should be very willing to plead Guilty to his Indictment, and think as meanly of myself as he can possibly do, were his Quarrel altogether upon a fair and unbiass'd Motive. But he is angry at the Man; and, as *Juvenal* says,——
facit Indignatio Versum. In my Attempts to restore *Shakespeare*, I laid open some Defects of *his* Edition. I endeavoured in my Book to treat him with all the Deference and Tenderness, that the Circumstance would bear; and no Body, I think, has impeached me of the least Failure in this Point. But to set any Thing right, after Mr. *Pope* had adjusted the Whole, was a Presumption not to be forgiven! *Hinc illæ Lacrymæ*. That I have been right, in the Main, in my Corrections, is pretty well agreed on my Side: And I am almost apt to think, Mr. *Pope* has been of the same Opinion; or he would have shewn them *trifling*, and *impertinent*, by a Confutation, unless it was beneath him to enter the Lists with so weak an Adversary.

Instead of a Reply, or a Justification of his own Indolence, his Resource is to *railing*: Or as it were, (after the *French* Manner of punishing, when a Criminal is out of their Reach) to hang me up in *Effigy*. But I forgive his *arch* Talent of Picturing: He shall represent me as an *Eel*, or a *Swallow*, a *Grub*, or a *Worm*; or in any other Form of Ridicule, that may serve to allay a future Fit of *Spleen*. If *Infirmity* may be thrown off by such pretty Exercise, his wayward Humour shall have the full Scope of Calumny. But as he has been pleased to reflect on me in a few Quotations from a *Play*, which I had lately the good Fortune to usher into the World; I am there concern'd in Reputation to enter upon my Defence. There are three Passages, you'll observe, in

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his *Art of Sinking in Poetry*, which he endeavours to bring into Disgrace, from *Double Distress*, as he calls it: I suppose he means *Double Falshood*; for that is the Title of the Play published by me. I should have expected from some others, that, when they were upon the Business of finding Fault, they should not have committed *such* an Error. But 'tis meer *Word-catching*, and beneath a great Genius to be *exact* in any Thing.

One of these Passages, alledged by our critical *Examiner*, is of that Stamp, which is certainly to determine me in the Class of his *profound* Writers: For a genuine Writer of the *Profound* will take Care never to *magnify* any Object without *clouding* it at the same Time. The Place, so offensive for its *Cloudiness*, is this.

———The Obscureness of her Birth
Cannot eclipse the Lustre of her Eyes,
Which make her all one Light.

I must own, I think, a Man needs be no great *Oedipus* to solve the Difficulty of this Passage. Nothing has ever been more common than for Lovers to compare their Mistresses Eyes to Suns and Stars. And what does *Henriquez* say more here than this, That tho' his Mistress be obscure by her Birth, yet her Eyes are so refulgent, they set her above that Disadvantage, and make her all over Brightness? Now wherein is this Thought so wonderfully *magnified*, or *clouded*? The only Obscurity, that I can yet find in the Passage, is in Mr. *Pope's* *clouding* it by *Misunderstanding*. For if he will take a simple Description of *Beauty* to be the Description of a *Lady at Dinner*, as he is pleased to do here, there is, indeed, something of the *Bæotian* Fog in the Case. I remember another Rapture in *Shakespear*, upon a Painter's

Painter's drawing a fine Lady's Picture, where the Thought seems to me every whit as much *magnified*, and as *dark* at the first Glance.

—————But her Eyes—————

How could he see to do them! Having done one, Methinks it should have Power to steal both his, And leave itself unfinished.

This Passage is taken from the *Merchant of Venice*; and if the *Examiner* will not allow it to be *dark*, I'll venture to produce another out of the same *Play*, that, I believe, every Body will agree to be so.

Grat. My Eyes, my Lord, can look as swift as yours: You saw the Mistress, I beheld the Maid; You lov'd; I lov'd *for Intermiſſion*. No more pertains to me, my Lord, than you.

If I did not know a little more of *Shakeſpear*, than Mr. *Pope* has yet convinced the Publick that he does, I should, from such Instances, take him to be a very *cloudy* Writer. It were worth something, methinks, to know what Ideas Mr. *Pope* had of *Gratiano's* loving *for Intermiſſion*. Surely, he will hardly persuade us, that *Intermiſſion* here means *for want of something else to do, because he would not stand idle*. By a proper Variation in the Pointing, and a very short Comment, I'll undertake to *clear up* the *Clouds* of this dark Place; and thus it must be corrected, before it can be understood.

Grat. My Eyes, my Lord, can look as swift as yours; You saw the Mistress, I beheld the Maid: You lov'd; I lov'd; (For Intermiſſion No more pertains to me, my Lord than you.

i. e. For, in a Love-Adventure, I could no more stand out, no more be idle, or unactive, than you.
But

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But Self-Defence, and Correction, and not Correction, was the Design of this Epistle; so I'll proceed to his second Observation, and see how hard that will bear upon me.

Another of the Passages which Mr. *Pope* is pleas'd to be merry with, is in a Speech of *Violante's*;

Wax! render up thy Trust.——

This, in his *English*, is *open the Letter*: And he facetiously mingles it with some pompous Instances, most, I suppose, of his own Framing; which in plain Terms signify no more than, *See, who's there, Snuff the Candle; Uncork the Bottle; Chip the Bread*; to shew how ridiculous Actions of no Consequence are, when too much exalted in the Diction. This he brings under a Figure, which he calls the *Buskin*, or *Stately*. But we'll examine Circumstances fairly, and then we shall see which is most ridiculous, the *Phrase*, or our sagacious *Censurer*.

Violante is newly debauched by *Henriquez*, on his solemn Promise of marrying her: She thinks, he is returning to his Father's Court, as he told her, for a short Time; and expects no Letter from him. His Servant, who brings the Letter, contradicts his Master's going for Court; and tells her he's gone some two Months Progress another Way, upon a Change of Purpose. She, who knew what Concessions she had made to him, declares herself by Starts, under the greatest Agonies; and immediately, upon the Servant leaving her, expresses an equal Impatience and Fear for the Contents of this unexpected Letter.

To Hearts like mine Suspence is Misery.

Wax! render up thy Trust.——Be the Contents Prosp'rous, or fatal, they are all my Due.

Now Mr. *Pope* shews us his profound Judgment
in

in *Dramatical Passions*, thinks a Lady in her Circumstances cannot, without Absurdity, open a Letter that comes to her on Surprise; with any more Preparation than the most *unconcern'd* Person alive should a common Letter by the *Penny-Post*. I'll beg Leave to put him in mind of two Passages in *Shakespeare*, in both which the Poet has, upon opening Letters, prefac'd the Action with the like Address to the Wax. The first is in *King Lear*, where *Edgar* having, in Defence of his Father, kill'd *Goneril's* Steward, searches his Pockets for Papers, and finding a Letter, breaks it open, with this Introduction.

Leave, gentle Wax; and Manners blame us not;
To know out Enemies Minds, we rip their Hearts;
Their Papers are more lawful.

The other is in *Cymbeline*. The Princess *Imogen*, whose Husband is banished, has a Letter from him brought to her by her Servant *Pisano*. The poor Lady, whose Love makes her afraid that her absent Lord may either not be in Health, or discontented at his Exile, prays, neither of these may be the Case, and breaks up the Letter with somewhat more Solemnity.

————— Good Wax, thy Leave.
Blest be you Bees, that make these Locks of Counsel! &c.

I am aware Mr. *Pope* may reply, his Cavil was not against the *Action* itself of addressing to the Wax, but to the *exalting* that Action in the *Terms*. In this Point I may fairly shelter myself under the Judgment of a Man, whose Character in Poetry will vie with any Rival this Age shall produce. Mr. DRYDEN, in his Essay on *Dramatick Poesy*, tells us, “ That
“ when,

“ when, from the most elevated Thoughts of Verse,
 “ we pass to those which are most mean, and which
 “ are common with the lowest of Household Con-
 “ versation; yet still there is a Choice to be made
 “ of the best Words, and the least Vulgar, (pro-
 “ vided they be apt) to express such Thoughts. Our
 “ Language (*says he*) is noble, full, and significant;
 “ and I know not why he, who is Master of it,
 “ may not cloath ordinary Things in it; as decently
 “ as the *Latin*, if he use the same Diligence in his
 “ Choice of Words.”

I come now in the last Quotation, which, in our *Examiner's* handling, falls under this Predicament, of being a *Thought astonishingly out of the Way of common Sense*.

Nought but *himself* can be his *Parallel*.

This he hints, may seem borrowed from the Thought of that Master of a *Show* in *Smithfield*, who writ in large Letters over the Picture of his Elephant, *This is the greatest Elephant in the World except himself*. I like the Pleasantry of the Gentleman's *Banter*, but have no great Doubt of getting clear from the Severity of it. The Lines in the Play stand thus;

Is there a Treachery like this in *Baseness*,
 Recorded any where? It is the deepest:
 None but *itself* can be its *Parallel*.

I am not a little surprized to find, that our *Examiner* at last is dwindled into a *Word-catcher*. Literally speaking, indeed, I agree with Mr. *Pope*, that *nothing* can be the *Parallel* to *itself*; but allowing a little for the Liberty of Expression, does it not plainly imply, that it is a Treachery which stands single for the Nature of its *Baseness*, and has not its *Parallel*

belon Record; and that nothing but a Treachery equal to it in Baseness, can parallel it? If this were such *Nonsense*, as Mr. *Pope* would willingly have it, it would be a very bad Plea for me to alledge, as the Truth is, that the Line is in *Shakespear's* old Copy; for I might have suppress'd it. But, I hope, it is defensible; at least, if Examples may keep it in Countenance. I remember a Piece of Nonsense just of the same Stamp, in the *Amphytrio* of *Plautus*: *Sofia*, having survey'd *Mercury* from Top to Toe, finds him such an exact Resemblance of himself, in Dress, Shape, and Features, that he cries out,

—— *Tam confimil' est, atq; Ego.*

That is, *He is as like me, as I am to myself*: For the Syntax must be help'd out thus: —— *atq; Ego sum mihi.* Now I humbly conceive, in Strictness of Expression, a Man can no more be *like himself*, than a Thing be *its own Parallel*. But to confine myself to *Shakespear*: I doubt not but I can produce some familiar Passages from him, which, literally examin'd, are stark Nonsense; and yet, taken with a candid Latitude, have never appear'd ridiculous. Mr. *Pope* would scarce allow one Man to say to another, “ Compare or weigh your Mistress with your Mistress, and, I grant you, she's a very fair Woman: But compare her with some other Women that I could name, and the Case will be altered.” Yet the very Substance of this is said by *Shakespear* in *Romeo* and *Juliet*; and Mr. *Pope* has not degraded it as any Absurdity, or unworthy of the Author.

Pho! Pho! you saw her fair, none else being by;
Herself poiz'd with *herself* in either Eye:
But, &c.

Or what shall we say of the three following Quotations

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tions? And, I am sure I could match them with Threescore of the same Stamp.

Romeo and Juliet. — Oh! so light a Foot
Will ne'er wear out the *everlasting* Flint.

Winter's Tale. — For Cogitation
Resides not in the Man, that does not *think*.

Hamlet. — Try what *Repentance* can, What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot *repent*?

Who does not see at once, that the *heaviest* Foot that ever trod, could not wear out the *everlasting* Flint? Or, that he, that does *not think*, has no *Thought* in him? Or, that *Repentance* can avail nothing, when a Man has *no Repentance*? Yet let these Passages appear with the *casting Weight* of Allowance, the *Licentia sumptus pudenter*, as *Horace* calls it; and their Absurdity will not be so extravagant, as when examined by the literal *Touchstone*. But it is high Time to conclude.

If Mr. *Pope* is angry with me for attempting to restore *Shakespeare*, I hope the Publick are not. Admit my Sheets have no other Merit, they will at least have this: They will awaken him to some Degree of *Accuracy* in his next Addition of that Poet, which we are to have in a few Months: And then we shall see whether we owed the Errors of the former Edition to *Indiligence*, or his *Inexperience* in the Author. And as my *Remarks* upon the whole Works of *Shakespeare* shall closely attend upon the Publication of his Edition, I'll venture to promise without Arrogance, that I'll then give above *five hundred* more fair *Emendations*, that shall escape him and all his *Affistants*.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

LEW. THEOBALD.

There

There are many Emendations might be made which escap'd them both ; in the famous and excellent Tragedy of *Othello* not a few, for Instance one, when *Othello* comes in to murder *Desdemona*, he thinks if he should see her, it would be impossible for him to do it, so he says to himself

Put out the Light, and then, put out *the* Light.

Thus it is printed and spoke, even by Mr. *Quin* himself, with the Accent strong upon the Word *the*, which would seemingly intimate, that he meant first to put out the Candle, and then murder her, calling her *the* Light, whereas it should be pointed thus,

Put out the Light, and then——Put out the Light !

That is, as to say, put out the Light, and then—but before he can speak the Words *kill her*, he exclaims to himself—Put out the Light ! that raises Terror and Horror in him, so that he in a Manner expostulates with himself about it, and thus the Sense is clear, only by the Alteration of the Stops.

To speak our Sentiments freely, we do not believe that any Body will acquire much Fame in meddling with *Shakespear*, nor have I noted that Mr. *Pope* valued himself upon it enough to mention it once in any Letter, Poem, or other Work whatsoever, except the Preface, which he says is his ; but about the Amendments, &c. he says nothing at all : Nay, as to his other Works, he seemsto be far from thinking them safe as to their Fame ; thus he speaks to the World.

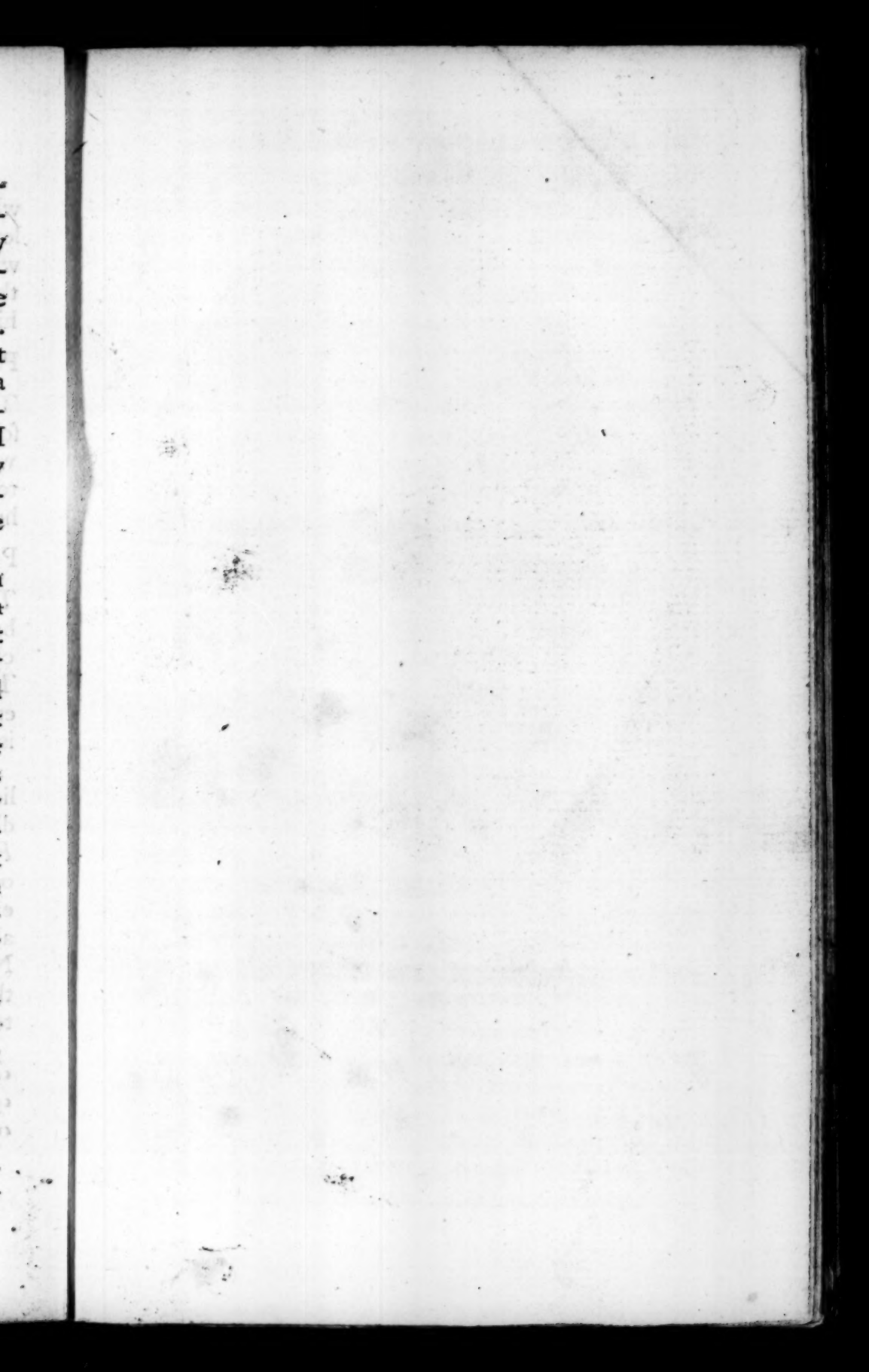
“ In this Office of collecting my Pieces, I am
“ altogether uncertain, whether to look upon myself as a Man building a Monument, or burying
“ the Dead ?

“ If Time shall make it the former, may these
“ Poems

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“ Poems (as long as they last) remain as a Testimo-
 “ ny, that their Author never made his Talents sub-
 “ servient to the mean and unworthy Ends of Party
 “ or Self-interest; the Gratification of publick Pre-
 “ judices, or private Passions; the Flattery of the
 “ Undeserving, or the Insult of the Unfortunate.
 “ If I have written well, let it be considered that
 “ ’tis what no Man can do without good Sense, a
 “ Quality that not only renders one capable of be-
 “ ing a good Writer, but a good Man. And if I
 “ have made any Acquisition in the Opinion of any
 “ one under the Notion of the former, let it be con-
 “ tinued to me under no other Title than that of the
 “ latter.

“ But if this Publication be only a more solemn
 “ Funeral of my Remains, I desire it may be known
 “ that I die in Charity, and in my Senses; without
 “ any Murmurs against the Justice of this Age, or
 “ any mad Appeals to Posterity. I declare I shall
 “ think the World in the right, and quietly submit
 “ to every Truth which Time shall discover to the
 “ Prejudice of these Writings; not so much as
 “ wishing so irrational a Thing, as that every Body
 “ should be deceiv’d, meerly for my Credit. How-
 “ ever, I desire it may then be considered, that
 “ there are very few Things in this Collection which
 “ were not written under the Age of five and twenty;
 “ so that my Youth may be made (as it never
 “ fails to be in Executions) a Case of Compassion.
 “ That I was never so concern’d about my Works
 “ as to vindicate them in Print, believing if any
 “ Thing was good it would defend itself, and what
 “ was bad could never be defended. That I used
 “ no Artifice to raise or continue a Reputation, de-
 “ preciated no dead Author I was obliged to, brib’d
 “ no living one with unjust Praise, insulted no Ad-
 “ versary





M^{RS} MARTHA BLOUNT

“ versary with ill Language, or when I could not
 “ attack a Rival’s Works, encouraged Reports a-
 “ gainst his Morals. To conclude, if this Volume
 “ perish, let it serve as a Warning to the Criticks,
 “ not to take too much Pains for the future to de-
 “ stroy such Things as will die of themselves; and
 “ a *Memento mori* to some of my vain Contemporaries
 “ the Poets, to teach them that when real Merit is
 “ wanting, it avails nothing to have been encourag’d
 “ by the Great, commended by the Eminent, and
 “ favour’d by the Publick in general.”

And now we beg Leave, it being in proper Course,
 to mention the several Epistles wrote by our Author,
 where he has treated different Subjects in an exceed-
 ing beautiful Manner; some of them were wrote
 when he was very young, one to Miss *Blount* when
 he was but 17 Years of Age, and another at the
 Coronation, about which hereafter we shall take Oc-
 casion to speak.

On Mr. *Cragg*’s being advanced to be Secretary of
 State, he wrote him a short complimentary Epistle,
 where, speaking of his Abilities and Virtue, he
 adds:

All this thou wert; and being this before,
 Know Kings, and Fortune cannot make thee more.

This Gentleman was one between whom and Mr.
Pope there was an unlimited Freedom, and a Life-en-
 during Friendship. It may be seen how familiar
 they were, by a Letter which Mr. Secretary *Cragg*’s
 wrote to Mr. *Pope* from *Paris*, dated *September 2,*
1716.

LAST Post brought me the Favour of your Let-
 ter of the 10th of *Aug. O. S.* It would be
 taking too much upon me to decide, that ’twas a
 witty one; I never pretend to more Judgment than

to know what pleases me, and can assure you, it was a very agreeable one. The Proof I can give you of my Sincerity in this Opinion, is, that I hope and desire you would not stop at this, but continue more of them.

I am in a Place where Pleasure is continually flowing. The Princes set the Example, and the Subjects follow at a Distance. The Ladies are of all Parties, by which Means the Conversation of Men is much softened and fashioned from those blunt Disputes on Politicks, and rough Jest, we are so guilty of; while the Freedom of the Women takes away all Formality and Constraint. I must own, at the same Time, these Beauties are too artificial for my Taste; you have seen a *French* Picture, the Original is more painted, and such a Crust of Powder and Essence in their Hair, that you can see no Difference between Black and Red. By refusing Stays, and indulging themselves at a Table, they are run out of all Shape; but as to that, they may give a good Reason, they prefer Conveniency to Parade, and are by this Means as ready, as they are generally willing to be charitable.

I am surpriz'd to find I have wrote so much Scandal; I fancy I am either setting up for a Wit, or imagine I must write in this Stile to a Wit; I hope you'll prove a good natur'd one, and not only let me hear from you sometimes, but forgive the small Encouragement you meet with. If you'll compleat your Favours, pray give my humble Services to Lords *Warwick, St. John, and Harley*. I have had my Hopes and Fears they would have abused me before this Time; I am sure it is not my Business to meddle with a Nest of Bees (I speak only of the Honey.) I won't trouble myself to finish finely, a true Compliment

pliment is better than a good one, and I can assure you without any, that I am very sincerely,

Sir, Yours, &c.

CRAGGS.

He died *February* the 16th, 1720, and was buried in *Westminster-Abbey*. The Epitaph upon his Monument was wrote by Mr. *Pope*.

Statesman, yet Friend to Truth ! of Soul sincere,
In Action faithful, and in Honour clear !
Who broke no Promise, serv'd no private End ;
Who gain'd no Title, and who lost no Friend ;
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muse he lov'd.

A. POPE.

In the Year 1715, at which Time Mr. *Addison* intended to publish his Book of Medals, Mr. *Pope* wrote him an Epistle on that Subject, which appears printed with them ; it was long before Mr. *Addison* was Secretary of State, and while a great Show of Friendship was kept up by that Gentleman for our Author. This Epistle points out the Usefulness of studying Medals, because they preserve the Memory of Things much longer than Arches, Temples, and Tombs, which vanish like the Living and the Dead, and soon in Comparison of Medals, lose their fading Inscriptions and Statues: Mr. *Pope's* Thoughts are these.

Ambition sigh'd : She found it vain to trust
The faithless Column and the crumbling Bust ;
Huge Moles, whose Shadow stretch'd from Shore to
Shore,
Their Ruins ruin'd, and their Place no more !

Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast Design,
 And all her Triumphs shrink into a *Coin*.
 A narrow Orb each crouded Conquest keeps,
 Beneath her Palm here sad *Judea* weeps,
 Now scantier Limits the proud Arch confine,
 And scarce are seen the prostrate *Nile* or *Rhine*,
 A small *Euphrates* through the Piece is roll'd,
 And little Eagles wave their Wings in Gold.

The Poetry of these Lines in a Manner speak the Author, there is fine Painting in them; nay, Painting, the Sister Art to Poetry, was not unknown to him, he took Delight when a Child in Drawing, and afterward having had Masters for that Purpose, made a tolerable good Progress soon; but becoming intimate with Mr. *Jervas*, (at whose House he was in Town) he improv'd so much, that he grew ashamed of his first Works in this Art, for some Time of every Day that he was with Mr. *Jervas*, he employ'd in Painting, it was generally in the Morning; this will be best express'd in his own Words to Mr. *Gay*, *August 23, 1713.*

Dear Sir,

JUST as I received your's, I was set down to write to you, with some Shame that I had so long deferr'd it. But I can hardly repent my Neglect, when it gives me the Knowledge how little you insist upon Ceremony, and how much a greater Share in your Memory I have than I deserve. I have been near a Week in *London*, where I am like to remain, till I become, by Mr. *Jervas's* Help, *Elegans formarum Spectator*. I begin to discover Beauties that were till now imperceptible to me. Every Corner of an Eye, or Turn of a Nose or Ear, the smallest Degree of Light or Shade on a Cheek, or in

a Dimple, have Charms to distract me. I no longer look upon Lord *Plausible* as ridiculous, for admiring a Lady's fine Tip of an Ear, and pretty Elbow, (as the *Plain Dealer* has it;) but I am in some Danger, even from the Ugly and Disagreeable, since they may have their retired Beauties in one Part or other about them. You may guess in how uneasy a State I am, when every Day the Performances of others appear more beautiful and excellent, and my own more despicable. I have thrown away three Dr. *Swift's* each of which was once my Vanity; two Lady *Bridgewaters*, a Dutches of *Montagu*, half a Dozen Earls, and one Knight of the Garter. I have crucified *Christ* over-again in Effigy, and made a *Modena* as old as her Mother *St. Anne*. Nay, what is yet more miraculous, I have rivall'd *St. Luke* himself in Painting; and, as it is said an Angel came and finished his Piece, so you would swear a Devil put the last Hand to mine, it is so begrim'd and smutt'd. However, I comfort myself with a Christian Reflection, that I have not broken the Commandment; for my Pictures are not the Likeness of any thing in Heaven above, or in the Earth below, or in the Waters under the Earth. Neither will any Body adore or worship them, except the *Indians* should have a Sight of them, who they tell us worship certain Pagods, or Idols, purely for their Uglinefs.

I am, &c.

With this ingenious Artist there remained an uninterrupted Friendship till Death, and while our Author was translating *Homer*, though Mr. *Jervas* was then in *Ireland*, he was in his House in *London*, improving himself in Painting, when at Rest from the laborious Task of changing *Greek* Phrases into *English* ones; for, as he himself says on this very Occasion,

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A Translator is no more a Poet than a Taylor is a Man. Mr. *Jervas* was entertain'd mean Time in the House of Dr. *Swift*, and this Opportunity of many Friends being absent, Mr. *Pope* took to go to *Oxford*, where finding Dr. *Clark*, there grew immediately between them a Desire of each others Company. Dr. *Clark* was a great Scholar, a Man of great Penetration, much Speculation, a Philosopher, and a Lover of free Debate and Enquiry, having a Propensity to Argument, and never declining (in an amicable cool Manner) to enter into Controversy, he propos'd to himself vast Pleasure in discoursing with Mr. *Pope* concerning the Proofs of his Religion, and why he assented to the unreasonable Injunctions and Traditions of the *Romish* Church, in Opposition to the Scriptures, to his own Interest, and the more valuable Decision of Reason; But in this Dr. *Clark* was altogether mistaken, for once when he hinted, tho' but at Distance, expressing such a Desire, Mr. *Pope* understood it and told him; said he, my Reverend Friend, Dr. *Clark*, it is but a little while I can enjoy your improving Company, here in *Oxford*, which we will not so mispend, as it would be doing, should we let it pass in talking of Divinity, neither would there be Time for either of us half to explain ourselves, and at last you would be Protestant *Clark* and I Papist *Pope*; so that other Discourses, doubtless both more pleasant and profitable, fill'd up their Hours of Conversation, which were very frequent, of these last mentioned Passages Mr. *Pope* writes to Mr. *Jervas* at *Ireland*, November 29, 1716.

Dear Sir,

THAT you have not heard from me of late, ascribe not to the usual Laziness of your Correspondent, but to a Ramble to *Oxford*, where your
Name

Name is mentioned with Honour, even in a Land flowing with Tories. I had the good Fortune there to be often in the Conversation of Dr. Clark: He entertain'd me with several Drawings, and particularly with the original Design of *Inigo Jones's Whitehall*. I there saw and reverenc'd some of your first Pieces; which future Painters are to look upon as we Poets do on the *Culex* of *Virgil*, and *Batrachom* of *Homer*.

Having named this latter Piece, give me Leave to ask what is become of Dr. *Parnelle* and his *Frogs*? *Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus & illis*, might be *Horace's* Wish, but will never be mine while I have such *meorums* as Dr. *Parnelle* and Dr. *Swift*. I hope the Spring will restore you to us, and with you all the Beauties and Colours of Nature. Not but I congratulate you on the Pleasure you must take in being admir'd in your own Country, which so seldom happens to Prophets and Poets: But in this you have the Advantage of Poets; you are Master of an Art that must prosper and grow rich, as long as People love or are proud of themselves, or their own Persons. However, you have stay'd long enough methinks, to have painted all the numberless Histories of old *Ogygia*. If you have begun to be historical, I recommend to your Hand the Story which every pious *Irishman* ought to begin with, that of St. *Patrick*; to the End you may be oblig'd (as Dr. *Parnelle* was, when he translated the *Batrachomachia*) to come into *England* to copy the *Frogs*, and such other Vermine as were never seen in that Land since the Time of that Confessor.

I long to see you a History Painter. You have already done enough for the Private, do something for the Publick; and be not confined, like the Rest, to draw only such silly Stories as our own Faces tell of

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us. The Ancients too expect you should do them Right; those Statues from which you learn'd your beautiful and noble Ideas, demand it as a Piece of Gratitude from you, to make them truly known to all Nations, in the Account you intend to write of their Characters. I hope you think more warmly than ever of that Design.

As to your Enquiry about your House, when I come within the Walls they put me in mind of those of *Carthage*, where your Friend, like the wandering *Trojan*,

—*animum Pictura pascit inani;*

For the spacious Mansion, like a *Turkish* Caravanse-rah, entertains the Vagabonds with only bare Lodging. I rule the Family very ill, keep bad Hours; and let out your Pictures about the Town. See what it is to have a Poet in your House! *Frank* indeed does all he can in such a Circumstance; for considering he has a wild Beast in it, he constantly keeps the Door chain'd: Every Time it is open'd, the Links rattle, the rusty Hinges roar. The House seems so sensible that you are its Support, that it is ready to drop in your Absence; but I still trust myself under its Roof, as depending that Providence will preserve so many *Raphaels*, *Titians*, and *Guides* as are lodg'd in your Cabinet. Surely the Sins of one Poet can hardly be so heavy, as to bring an old House over the Heads of so many Painters. In a Word your House is falling, but what of that? I am only a Lodger, and

Dear Sir, &c.

To this Friend Mr. *Pope* sent an Epistle in Verse, with Mr. *Dryden's* Translation of *Fresnoy's* Art of Painting. This Epistle is wrote in a Stile truly friendly,

friendly, yet truly poetical: He closes it with the following beautiful moral Reflection:

Yet should the *Graces* all thy Figures place,
And breathe an Air divine on ev'ry Face;
Yet should the *Muses* bid my Numbers roll,
Strong as their Charms, and gentle as their Soul;
With *Zeuxis*, *Helen* thy *Bridgewater* vie,
And these be sung till *Granville's Myra* die:
Alas! how little from the Grave we claim?
Thou but preserv'st a Face, and I a Name.

Which was more pleasing to Mr. *Jervas* than all the Rest of the Poem, and without Doubt our Poet on Purpose insert'd it, knowing him to be a thinking Man, and one who spent many Hours in Reading, chiefly Books of Moral Philosophy, to which Study he inclin'd, and few were better able to express in Words as well as in Colours, the Difference of the Passions; so that he would have gain'd the Reputation (though not so much Money) as a History Painter. Whoever observes any of his Pourtraits, will see a certain Expression, with a Liveliness in the Cast of the Face, or Countenance, that convinces in a Manner, without seeing the Originals, that they are Resemblances of real Life, not the meer Picture of the Painter's Hand, but of the Idea the Object fix'd upon his Mind.

He once drew the Picture of a Lady of Quality, who return'd it on his Hands, as not thinking it so handsome as she herself was, and he painted another Pourtrait for her, with which she was exceedingly pleas'd, for it was very beautiful; Mr. *Jervas* confess'd, that except the Colour of the Hair, and a few Reiterations, (that there might be, though ever so distant, some Resemblance) he had taken it from
one

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one of his own Pictures of the Dutchess of *Bridge-water*, one of the Duke of *Marlborough's* Daughters, and esteem'd at that Time a finish'd Beauty. A little while after, the first mentioned Lady dying, her Husband being desirous to have a true Likeness, purchas'd that first painted by by Mr. *Jervas*, and gave him ten Guineas more than the Countess was to have given him for it.

We have not forgot Mr. *Pope's* Epistles, it would be losing Sight of some of the choicest Poems in our Language: They are, that is I mean the *Ethic* ones, to bad Men, almost the same as the *Dunciad* to bad Poets, and as there, so in these Epistles, he does not entirely spare the Ladies; it had been Pity to neglect doing Good to that lovely and desirable Part of the Creation, besides, that they might have triumph'd too much over the Men, and, finding themselves free from Judgment and Penalties, might have indulg'd their Humour, Vanity, or Caprice, without Fear, or Blushing; but this, we think, is now happily prevented.

Of these *Ethic* Epistles, to take them in Order, let us begin with that to Sir *Richard Temple*, Lord *Cobham*, of the Knowledge and Characters of Men, which begins thus:

Yes, you despise the Man to Books confin'd,
Who from his Study rails at human Kind;
Tho' what he learns he speaks, and may advance
Some gen'ral Maxims, or be right by Chance.
The coxcomb Bird so talkative and grave, [Knave.
That from his Cage cries Cuckold, Whore, and
Tho' many a Passenger he rightly call,
You hold him no Philosopher at all.

seems

And though all may not agree to what he says (for he seems to think it impossible to know Men without knowing Books) concerning the Knowledge of Men, yet his Characters (for there lies our Author's Beauty) all must applaud, as well as his Sentiment, that we differ at Times as much from ourselves, as we do from one another, and oftentimes tir'd in Pursuit of one Thing, we yield to another, which at first we thought not of, and so Actions done meerly by Accident, seem to the unthinking Part of the World, our moral Purpose.

Behold! if Fortune, or a Mistress frowns,
Some plunge in Bus'ness, others shave their Crowns:
To ease the Soul of one oppressive Weight,
This quits an Empire, that embroils a State:
The same adust Complexion has impell'd
* *Charles* to the Convent, † *Philip* to the Field.

Not therefore humble he who seeks Retreat,
Pride guides his Steps and bids him shun the Great.
Who combats bravely, is not therefore brave;
He dreads a Death-Bed like the meanest Slave.
Who reasons wisely, is not therefore wise;
His Pride in reas'ning, not in acting lies.

There is nothing more difficult than to know the real Character of a Man, further than the present Action, and that must be done in our Sight, we must see

see the Manner and the Motive; for what we hear is generally spoke according to the Rank that Men fill in the World; as *Shakespear* says, That what in the *General* is but a *hasty Word*, is in the *Soldier's* Mouth *flat Blasphemy*, so as it takes from the Blackness and Infamy of any Person to be great, it adds considerably to the Lustre of those who are great, with any Degree of Goodness or Desert.

—A Saint in Crape is twice a Saint in Lawn;
A Judge is just, a Chanc'lor juster still;
A Gownman learn'd; a Bishop, what you will:
Wife, if a Minister; but if a King, [Thing
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'ry

That we may not seem to draw a Picture without Fault, we beg Leave here to censure that Opinion of Mr. *Pope's* which here asserts, that all Mankind bring into the World, or receive at the Moment of their Birth, (this, indeed, he softens with perhaps) a Disease of their Mind, which he calls the ruling Passion, and always seems very fond of discoursing of it; he says, all that should feed either Body or Soul flies to it, whether it be what warms the Heart or fills the Head, to which Imagination likewise lends all her Helps, and the more Wit, Faculties, or Spirit, the Man has, it only makes this Passion stronger, even Reason itself, he says helps it; now this being quite contrary to our Sentiments of Philosophy, we shall leave Mr. *W——n* to defend it, with his usual Perspicuity, and Soundness of Thinking, not doubting but at last, the World will be convinc'd of that Gentleman's Force of Argument, and that Commentations will be wrote on his Commentations. Mr. *Pope* endeavours to give some Examples of this ruling Passion, which only serve to prove, that many
die

die in the same Habit of Mind they have liv'd ; that Description of the dying Miser making his Will, is very humorous :

“ I give and devise (old *Euclio* said,
And sigh'd) “ my Lands and Tenements to *Ned*.”
Your Money, Sir? “ My Money, Sir ! what all ?
“ Why—if I must—(then wept) I give it *Paul*.”
The Mannor, Sir?—“ The Mannor ! hold, he cry'd,
“ Not that—I cannot part with that”—and dy'd.

From this Notion of the ruling Passion, he takes Occasion to make a fine propheticall Compliment (very possibly true) to the Noble, Brave, and Patriot Lord, to whom the Epistle was address'd :

And you ! brave COBHAM, to the latest Breath,
Shall feel your *ruling Passion* strong in Death :
Such in those Moments, as in all the past,
“ Oh save my Country, Heav'n ! ” shall be your last.

The Friendship of this Nobleman increas'd with Mr. *Pope*, after a certain Change in the Army, about ten or eleven Years ago, and continued without Interruption, notwithstanding a fresh Alteration, so that we must still insist upon it, that our Author never lost any Friends, by their being more or less in Favour at Court, neither did he ever seem fond of any Foreigners, let them be of what Religion they might, as of his own Countrymen, always a Discourager of *Italian* Operas, always a Promoter of *English* Sense, and so particular in Regard to the Manufactures of *England*, that when he us'd Things of foreign Factory or Growth, he would often say—*Pardon me my Country, I offend but seldom.*

This Epistle of the Characters of Men, which we think

think the worst of the *Ethicks*, and liable to some Exception, escap'd the Versificating Ninnyhammers spoke of in the *Dunciad*.

Being naturally now led to the Epistle of the Characters of Women, which is a Corollary to the other Epistle; we beg Pardon of our Readers, being resolv'd to make no Quotations from it that may offend the Fair, to whom we bear a more tender Regard, than to repeat, what is enough that it has been once said. Mr *Pope*, as we imagine, took the Liberty to address it to Mrs. *Blount*, though some few Lines in it may seem to the contrary: She is a Lady to whom Mr. *Pope* has had an uncommon Respect and Regard for many Years; he had a very early Acquaintance with her, and soon distinguished her from the Croud, by a Letter he wrote in Verse, which he sent to her with the Works of *Voiture*, in which he compares her to Mademoiselle *Paulet*, the first Favourite of that *French Wit*, and imagines him plac'd in the *Elysian Fields*, while he beholds her perusing his Lines, at the same Time confessing her fairer than the *Rambouillet*. Soon after the Coronation, this young Lady was oblig'd to leave the Town, and in that Time of Absence, Mr. *Pope* first felt how uneasy it was, to live without the Sight and Company of the Person that takes up most of our Thoughts, nor that he imagin'd their Friendship would ever be carried to such Heights as it afterwards was; a young Lady in the very Bloom of her Youth, Mistress of such agreeable Qualifications, both acquir'd and natural, it might have been thought would have been too vain and fickle to remain long in one Mind, as to Professions of Friendship, of how little Value are they in common among Men? Few Women are capable, that is, have Constancy enough, to abide long by any Resolution, as yet none was made, it was only
the

the Hope and Wish of our Author, that he might be fix'd in the same Degree of Esteem with that Lady, as she was with him, though as yet she knew of no particular Regard he had for her; she imagin'd his Civility arose from his Youth, Complaisance to her Sex, and Respect to her Family, all which were us'd as Pleas for more frequent Opportunities of conversing with her; but this was now put an End to for the present, if she went a little unwillingly from the Town it is no Wonder, for she was a great Admirer of Musick, and the publick Diversions, (as most at the Age she was then at do) and the Place she went to was as retir'd and little visited, or less than a Nunnery, with no Company in the scatter'd Neighbourhood, that could give the least Relief to the Solitude: On the contrary, Mr. *Pope*, who could with great Delight have enjoy'd that very Solitude, (without enquiring who was his Neighbours) was by reason of transacting some Affairs, under an Obligation of being in Town: He conceal'd his real Concern for this Separation, and wrote Miss *Blount* a Letter, being the second he had wrote to her in Verse, wherein he confesses, (without seeming to do it formally) that she is seldom or ever out of his Thoughts: It has a great deal of Liveliness and Spirit in it, and is very fine Poetry, though he has taken the Liberty (a poetical Liberty perhaps rather too great in a Poem of this Kind) of making Use of double Rhymes in more Places than one; to be sure it gives a greater Air of Freedom, but then it takes from the Exactness, the Neatness he should have appear'd in before that Lady. However, gentle Reader, judge thou.

AS some fond Virgin, whom her Mother's Care
Drags from the Town to wholsom Country Air,
Just

Just when she learns to roll a melting Eye,
 And hear a Spark, yet think no Danger nigh;
 From the dear Man unwilling she must sever,
 Yet takes one Kiss before she parts for ever.
 Thus from the World fair *Zephalinda* flew,
 Saw others happy, and with Sighs withdrew;
 Not that their Pleasures caus'd her Discontent,
 She sigh'd not that they stay'd, but that she went.

She went to Plain-work and to purling Brooks,
 Old fashion'd Halls, dull Aunts, and croaking Rooks,
 She went from Op'ra, Park, Assembly, Play,
 To Morning Walks, and Pray'rs three Hours a Day;
 To part her Time 'twixt Reading and Bohea,
 To muse, and spill her solitary Tea,
 Or o'er cold Coffee trifle with the Spoon,
 Count the slow Clock, and dine exact at Noon;
 Divert her Eyes with Pictures in the Fire,
 Hum half a Tune, tell Stories to the Squire;
 Up to her godly Garret after sev'n,
 There starve and pray, for that's the Way to Heav'n.

Some Squire, perhaps, you take Delight to rack;
 Whose Game is Whisk, whose Treat a Toast in Sack,
 Who visits with a Gun, presents you Birds,
 Then gives a smacking Buss, and cries—No Words!
 Or with his Hound comes hallowing from the Stable,
 Makes Love with Nods, and kneels beneath a Table;
 Whose Laughs are hearty, tho' his Jest is coarse,
 And loves you best of all Things—but his Horse.

In some fair Evening, on your Elbow laid,
 You dream of Triumphs in the rural Shade,
 In pensive Thought recall the fancy'd Scene,
 See Coronations rise on ev'ry Green,
 Before you pass th' imaginary Sights
 Of Lords, and Earls, and Dukes, and garter'd Knights;
 While the spread Fan o'er shades your closing Eyes;
 Then give one Flirt, and all the Vision flies;

Thus

Thus vanish Sceptres, Coronets, and Balls,
And leave you in lone Woods or empty Walls.

So when your Slave, at some dear, idle Time,
(Not plagu'd with Headachs, or the Want of Rhime)
Stands in the Streets, abstracted from the Crew,
And while he seems to study, thinks of you :
Just when his Fancy points your sprightly Eyes,
Or sees the Blush of *Parthenissa* rise,
Gay pats my Shoulder, and you vanish quite ;
Streets, Chairs, and Coxcombs, rush upon my Sight ;
Vext to be still in Town, I knit my Brow,
Look sow'r, and hum a Song—as you may now.

Her Return to *London* was very great Matter of Consolation to Mr. *Pope*, he now began publickly to avow a lasting Love and Friendship for her, and writing to his very dear and valuable * Correspondent, *October 21, 1721*, he says,

Believe, dear Sir, I truly love and value you ; let Mrs. *Blount* know that she is in the List of my *Memento Domine's Famulorum Famularumque's*, &c.

And in a Letter to her, wrote by the Way as he went to *Oxford*, fairly protests, that he loves no Woman but her and prefers her, in a genteel Comparison, to a Dutches.

YOU can't be surpriz'd to find him a dull Correspondent whom you have known so long for a dull Companion. And tho' I am pretty sensible, that if I have any Wit, I may as well write to show it, as not ; (because any Lady that has once seen me, will naturally ask, what I can show that is better ?) yet I'll content myself with giving you as plain a History of my Pilgrimage, as *Purchas* himself, or

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as

* Mr. *Blount*.

as *John Bunyan* could do of his walking through the *Wilderness of the World*.

First then I went by Water to *Hampton-Court*, unattended by all but my own Virtues; which were not of so modest a Nature as to keep themselves, or me, conceal'd: For I met the Prince with all his Ladies on Horseback, coming from Hunting. Mrs. *Bellenden* and Mrs. *Lepell* took me into Protection (contrary to the Laws against harbouring Papists) and gave me a Dinner, with something I lik'd better, an Opportunity of Conversation with Mrs. *Howe*. We all agreed, that the Life of a Maid of Honour, was of all Things the most miserable; and wish'd that every Woman who envy'd it had a Specimen of it. To eat *Westphalia*-Ham in a Morning, ride over Hedges and Ditches on borrow'd Hacks, come home in the Heat of the Day with a Fever, and, (what is worse a hundred Times) with a red Mark in the Forehead from an uneasy Hat; all this may qualify them to make excellent Wives for Fox-Hunters, and bear Abundance of ruddy complexion'd Children. As soon as they can wipe off the Sweat of the Day, they must simmer an Hour and catch cold, in the Princess's Apartment; from thence (as *Shakespear* has it) *To Dinner, with what Appetite they may*—and after that, 'till Midnight, walk, work, or think, which they please? I can easily believe no Lone-House in *Wales*, with a Mountain and Rookery, is more contemplative than this Court; and as a Proof of it I need only tell you Mrs. *Lepell* walk'd alone with me three or four Hours by Moonlight, and we met no Creature of any Quality but the King, who gave Audience to the Vice Chamberlain, all alone, under the Garden Wall.

In short, I heard of no Ball, Assembly, Bassett-Table, or any Place where two or three were gathered.

gathered together, except Madam *Kilmansegg's*, to which I had the Honour to be invited, and the Grace to stay away.

I was heartily tired, and posted to *Bushey Park*: There we had an excellent Discourse of Quackery; Dr. *Shadwell* was mention'd with Honour. Lady *A.* walk'd a whole Hour abroad without dying after it, at least in the Time I stay'd, tho' she seem'd to be fainting, and had convulsive Motions several Times in her Head.

This Day I receiv'd a Letter with certain Advices where Women were to be met with at *Oxford*. I defy them and all their Works: I love no Meat but Ortolans, and no Women but you: Tho' indeed that's no proper Comparifon, but for fat Dutcheffes; for to love you, is as if one should wish to eat Angels, or to drink Cherubim Broth.

I arriv'd in the Forest by *Tuesday* Noon, and pass'd the rest of the Day in those Woods where I have so often enjoy'd a Book and a Friend. I made a Hymn as I pass'd thro', which ended with a Sigh that I will not tell you the Meaning of.

Your Doctor is gone the Way of all his Patients, and was hard put to it how to dispose of an Estate miserably unweildy, and splendidly unuseful to him. Sir *Samuel Garth* says, that for *Radcliffe* to leave a Library, was as if an Eunuch should found a Seraglio. Dr. *Shadwell* lately told a Lady he wonder'd how she could be alive after him; she made Answer she wonder'd at it for two Reasons, because Dr. *Radcliffe* was dead and because Dr. *Shadwell* was living.

I am, Dear Madam,
Your, &c.

Further, as an Assurance that his Passion (for now it admits of that Name) was not meerly fix'd on her

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as a fine Woman, speaking of her Person, he takes Care to let her know, at the Conclusion of another of his Letters, that his Thoughts are turn'd quite another Way. There he says:

The Days of Beauty are as the Days of Greatness, and as long as your Eyes make their Sunshine, all the World are your Adorers: I am one of those unambitious People, who will love you forty Years hence, when your Eyes begin to twinkle in a Retirement, for your own Sake, and without the Vanity which every one now will take to be thought,

Dear Madam,

Your most devoted, &c.

While he was at *Oxford*, where he was us'd with the utmost Civility, and courted from one College to another, he kept constantly writing to Mrs. *Blount*, and she beginning to be sensible of the Sincerity of his Professions, and to find a Pleasure in little other Company but his, occasion'd, when they were separated, a great Intercourse of Letters, in which, we make no doubt, there were fine Descriptions of the Characters of the People then most talk'd of; but as those Letters wrote to her, and hers to him, were all in her Hands, except a few that have escap'd long since by Chance, we cannot promise whether ever they will be produc'd to the Publick, or whether it is possible, for many of them, if not all, are destroy'd; however, those few we have serve, and are greatly useful in many Respects, and in particular in clearing up that Part of Mr. *Pope's* Will, which relates to Mrs. *Blount*; for it might have surpriz'd some People, to have seen the Bulk of his Fortune, and all his valuable Moveables (except a few Books, and tokens of Friendship) left to that Lady, had they

not

not before known of the long Esteem, and loving Friendship subsisting between them.

Before he left *Oxford*, he prepar'd her for his coming to Town, by a Letter which speaks of his Arrival there, and the Reception he met with, take it in his own Words:

NOTHING could have more of that Melancholy which once us'd to please me, than my last Day's Journey; for after having pass'd thro' my favourite Woods in the Forest, with a thousand Reveries of past Pleasures, I rid over hanging Hills, whose Tops were edg'd with Groves, and whose Feet water'd with winding Rivers, listening to the Falls of Cataracts below, and the murmuring of the Winds above: The gloomy Verdure of *Stonor* succeeded to these; and then the Shades of the Evening overtook me. The Moon rose in the clearest Sky I ever saw, by whose solemn Light I paced on slowly, without Company, or any Interruption, to the Range of my Thoughts. About a Mile before I reach'd *Oxford*, all the Bells toll'd in different Notes; the Clocks of every College answer'd one another, and sounded forth (some in deeper, some in a softer Tone) that it was eleven at Night. All this was no ill Preparation to the Life I have led since, among those old Walls, memorable Galleries, Stone Portico's, studious Walks, and solitary Scenes of the University. I wanted nothing but a black Gown and a Salary, to be as meer a Book-Worm as any there: I conform'd myself to College Hours, was roll'd up in Books, lay in one of the most antient dusky Parts of the University, and was as dead to the World as any Hermit of the Desert. If any Thing was alive or awake in me, it was a little Vanity, such as even those good Men us'd to entertain, when the Monks of their own

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Order extoll'd their Piety and Abstraction. For I found myself receiv'd with a Sort of Respect, which the idle Part of Mankind, the Learned, pay to their own Species, who are as considerable here, as the Busy, the Gay, and the Ambitious are in your World.

Indeed I was treated in such a Manner, that I could not but sometimes ask myself in my Mind, what College I was Founder of, or what Library I had built? Methinks I do very ill to return to the World again, to leave the only Place where I make a Figure, and from seeing myself seated with Dignity in the most conspicuous Shelves of a Library, put myself into the abject Posture of lying at a Lady's Feet in *St. James's Square*.

I am,

Dear Madam, &c.

A Thousand Women, notwithstanding the Ungentleness and Homeliness, nay, almost Ugliness of *Mr. Pope's* Person, would have thought themselves happy, in having so much of his Company and Conversation; but very few, if any, could have been capable of being so agreeable to him, as this Lady: She was of an inquisitive Temper, both as to Learning and Politicks; she had something of a Pleasure in thinking of publick Business, having been present at much political Discourse, with Company our Author us'd to keep, which could not be avoided, tho' Politicks was far from being his darling Topick: She was particularly concern'd at the Fall of the late Earl of *Oxford*, for whom she had the greatest Respect and Veneration imaginable, and suffer'd very much with him, when he had the great Weight of Affliction to bear, both from princely Power and popular Hatred, nothing comforted her but the dauntless

Conduct

Conduct he shew'd under it, tho' he then labour'd with the racking Pains of the Stone, one of which, a very considerable one, he at that Time voided.

Mrs. *Blount* had always a very gallant Spirit, she would often wish to see such Sight as Armies, Encampments, and Standards waving over her Brother's Grounds and Fields, and would talk of Battles and Bloodshed as familiar as if she was no Ways afraid of them, which some other Ladies us'd to call Barbarity, and wonder how she could talk, or even think of such cruel Things without Tears, and aking Heart; *oh* (she'd make Answer) *it would be a glorious Sight; so many fine Officers, fine Gentlemen, fine Soldiers, fine Colours, fine Horses, 'twould be prodigious Pleasure to see.*

Our Author, in the Beginning of the Reign of the late King, knowing her Disposition, gives her Notice to the Country where she was, of a Sight going to be, that must certainly please her. His Letter runs thus:

THOSE Eyes that care not how much Mischief is done, or how great Slaughter committed, so they have but a fine Show; those very female Eyes will be infinitely delighted with the Camp which is speedily to be form'd in *Hyde-Park*. The Tents are carried thither this Morning, new Regiments, with new Cloaths and Furniture (far exceeding the late Cloth and Linnen design'd by his *Grace* for the Soldiery.) The Sight of so many gallant Fellows, with all the Pomp and Glare of War yet undeform'd by Battle, those Scenes which *England* has for many Years only beheld on Stages, may possibly invite your Curiosity to this Place.

Mrs. — expects the Pretender at her Lodgings by *Saturday* se'nnight. She has bought a Picture of

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Madam *Maintenon* to set her Features by, against that Time. Three Priests of your Acquaintance are very positive, by her Interest, to be his Father Confessor.

By our last Accounts from *Duke Street, Westminster*, the Conversion of *T. G. Esq;* is reported in a Manner somewhat more particular: That upon the Seizure of his *Flanders Mares*, he seem'd more than ordinarily disturb'd for some Hours, sent for his Ghostly Father, and resolv'd to bear his Loss like a Christian; till about the Hours of seven or eight the Coaches and Horses of several of the Nobility passing by his Window towards *Hyde Park*, he could no longer endure the Disappointment, but instantly went out, took the Oath of Abjuration, and recover'd his dear Horses which carried him in Triumph to the Ring. The poor distress'd *Roman Catholics*, now unhors'd and uncharioted, cry out with the Psalmist, *Some in Chariots and some on Horses, but we will invoke the Name of the Lord.*

I am,

Dear Madam, &c.

You will understand by the latter Part of this Letter, that she is a Papist, which still made her more valuable in the Eyes of *Mr. Pope*; her whole Family was esteem'd by him, and that Esteem was reciprocal, he interest'd himself now more and more with it, and little was done without first advising with him, yet it (i. e. her Family) was unhappily mention'd in the imprudent Affair at *Preston*, tho' *Mr. Pope* had counsell'd so as to avoid it, and at least thought it most proper to wait a while; what was done is no Secret to the World, the Rebels were defeated, the Party among themselves disunited, there wanted Money and Discretion, and every Thing, but Zeal in a few Desperadoes, who

whodraw'd in the Rest with false Counsels, false Assurances, false Promises, and false Performances; there followed Imprisonment, Attainders, Executions of Gentry and Nobility, voluntary Banishments, the present Royal Family being more firmly establish'd than ever.

It was certainly an Infatuation, to think that the Body of the People would be brought to dethrone a Protestant King, in Favour of a Papist, who, but two Reigns before, had invited the Prince of *Orange*, a Prince who had no hereditary Right to the Crown, to come from *Holland*, and deliver them from that Papist King, *James* the Second, of inglorious Memory; I say this very People, who had elected the Prince of *Orange*, and after the Death of *Queen Anne*, fix'd the Succession in the House of *Hanover*, not as being Hereditary Heirs, but Protestants, there being at that Time several Pretenders before the House of *Brunswick*, only being as Papists incapable of Ruling, according to our present good and wholesome Laws, this Protestant People of *Great Britain*, &c. it was Folly to imagine, that they should alter so madly for a total Change, lose all Security for the publick Debt, and pay those enormous ones contracted with foreign popish Courts, and the Pope's Court, by the Pretender.

Their imaginary Notion of finding all the Papists here in his Interest, was quite groundless; there were, and are, to our certain Knowledge, many Families, who never wish to see the Pretender King of these Imperial Realms, and that would resist him with their Fortunes and Lives, and who have Freedom in themselves all that is necessary to take the Oaths of Abjuration of the Pretender and faithful Allegiance to the King, without any mental Reservation; but they cannot (it being a Contradiction) deny the Supremacy

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supremacy and Infallibility of the Pope: This to a Papist is impossible with Christian Verity and without Perjury to do. But some there are among Papists, who wish there was a Test for the present King and Abjuration for the Pretender separate from the other, and that would fairly distinguish, that all the Nonjurors to the Oath of Allegiance and Abjuration were those in his Interest, and the Nonjurors to the Oath of Supremacy only were Papists, in the Interest of the present King *George* and his Royal Family.

After the Defeat at *Preston* Mr. *Pope*, very much concern'd not at the Success of the King's Forces and Counsels, but at the Distress of his so very dear Friend, writes a Letter of Comfort and Condolence dated *March 20, 1715-16.*

Dear Sir,

I Find that a real Concern is not only a Hindrance to speaking, but to writing too: The more Time we give ourselves to think over one's own, or a Friend's Unhappiness, the more unable we grow to express the Grief that proceeds from it. It is as natural to delay a Letter at such a Season as this, as to retard a melancholy Visit to a Person one cannot relieve. One is ashamed in that Circumstance, to pretend to entertain People with trifling insignificant Affectations of Sorrow on the one Hand, or unseasonable and forced Gaieties on the other. 'Tis a Kind of Profanation of Things sacred, to treat so solemn a Matter as a generous voluntary Suffering, with Compliments on Heroick Gallantries. Such a Mind as your's has no Need of being spirited up into Honour, or, like a weak Woman, praised into an Opinion of its own Virtue. 'Tis enough to do and suffer what we ought; and Men should know, that
the

the noble Power of suffering bravely, is as far above that of enterprising greatly, as an unblemish'd Conscience and inflexible Resolution are above an accidental Flow of Spirits, or a sudden Tide of Blood. If the whole religious Business of Mankind be included in Resignation to our Maker, and Charity to our Fellow-Creatures, there are now some People, who give us an Opportunity of affording as bright an Example in practising the one, as themselves have given an infamous Instance of the Violation of the other. Whoever is really brave, has always this Comfort when he is oppress'd, that he knows himself to be superior to those who injure him: For the greatest Power on Earth can no sooner do him that Injury, but the brave Man can make himself greater by forgiving it.

If it were generous to seek for alleviating Conso-
lations in a Calamity of so much Glory; one might
say that to be ruined thus in the Gross, with a whole
People, is but like perishing in the general Confla-
gration, where nothing we can value is left behind
us.

Methinks in our present Condition, the most he-
roick Thing we are left capable of doing, is to en-
deavour to lighten each other's Load, and (suppress'd
as we are) to succour such as are yet more oppress'd.
If there are too many who cannot be assisted but by
what we cannot give, our Money, there are yet o-
thers who may be relieved by our Counsel, by our
Countenance, and even by our Chearfulness. The
Misfortunes of private Families, the Misunderstand-
ings of People whom Distresses make suspicious, the
Coldnesses of Relations, whom Change of Religion
may disunite, or the Necessities of half-ruin'd E-
states render unkind to each other; these, at least,
may be softened in some Degree, by a general well-
manag'd

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manag'd Humanity among ourselves, if all those who have your Principles of Belief, had also your Sense and Conduct. But, indeed, most of them have given lamentable Proofs of the contrary; and it is to be apprehended, that they who want Sense, are only religious thro' Weakness, and good-natur'd thro' Shame: These are narrow minded Creatures, that never deal in Essentials; their Faith never looks beyond Ceremonials, nor their Charity beyond Relations. As poor as I am, I would gladly relieve any distress'd conscientious *French* Refugee at this Instant: What must my Concern then be, when I perceive so many Anxieties now tearing those Hearts which I have desired a Place in, and Clouds of Melancholy rising on those Faces, which I have long look'd upon with Affection? I begin already to feel both what some apprehend, and what others are yet too stupid to apprehend. I am grieved with the Old for so many additional Inconveniences and Chagrins, more than their small Remain of Life seem destined to undergo; and with the Young, for so many of those Gayeties and Pleasures, (the Portion of Youth) which they will by this Means be deprived of. This brings into my Mind one or other of those I love best, and among them the Widow and Fatherless, late of _____. As I am certain no People living had an earlier and truer Sense of others Misfortunes, or a more generous Resignation, as to what might be their own; so I earnestly wish, that whatever Part they must bear, may be rendered as supportable to them, as it is in the Power of any Friend to make it.

But I know you have prevented me in this Thought, as you always will in any Thing that's good or generous. I find by a Letter of your Lady's, (which I have seen) that their Ease and Tranquillity is Part of
your

your Care. I believe there's some Fatality in it, that you should always, from Time to Time, be doing those particular Things that make me enamour'd of you.

I write this from *Windsor Forest*, of which I am come to take my last Look. We here bid our Neighbours adieu, much as those who go to be hang'd do their Fellow Prisoners, who are condemn'd to follow them a few Weeks after. I parted from honest Mr. D—— with Tenderness; and from old Sir *William Trumball*, as from a venerable Prophet, foretelling, with lifted Hands, the Miseries to come, from which he is just going to be remov'd himself.

Perhaps, now I have learn'd so far as

—— *Nos dulcia linquimus arva*

my next Lesson may be

Nos patriam fugimus——

Let that, and all else be as Heaven pleases! I have provided just enough to keep a Man of Honours. I believe you and I shall never be asham'd of each other. I know I wish my Country well; and if it undoes me, it shall not make me wish otherwise.

Mr. *Blount*, though we can't find him busy in any Action, and as to his mixing with People suspected, it was said in his Favour, he actually did it to persuade them from such treasonable and headlong Courses, yet he thought proper to leave *England*, and not remain any longer where a strict Eye was kept over every Body. Mr. *Pope* writes to him abroad a Letter dated *Sept. 8, 1717*:

Dear Sir,

I Think your leaving *England* was like a good Man's leaving the World, with the blessed Conscience of
of

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of having acted well in it : And I hope you have receiv'd your Reward, in being happy where you are. I believe, in the religious Country you now inhabit, you'll be better pleas'd to find I consider you in this Light, than if I compar'd you to those *Greeks* and *Romans*, whose Constancy in suffering Pain, and whose Resolution in Pursuit of a generous End, you would rather imitate than boast of.

But I had a melancholy Hint the other Day, as if you were yet a Martyr to the Fatigue your Virtue made you undergo on this Side the Water. I beg, if your Health be restor'd to you, not to deny me the Joy of knowing it: Your Endeavours of Service, and good Advices to the poor Papists, put me in mind of *Noah's* preaching forty Years to those Folks that were to be drown'd at last. At the worst, I heartily wish your Ark may find an *Ararat*, and your Wife and Family (the Hopes of the good Patriarch) land safely, after the Deluge, upon the Shore of *Totness*.

I know you will take part in rejoicing for the Victory of Prince *Eugene* over the *Turks*, in the Zeal you bear to the Christian Interest, though your Cousin of *Oxford* (with whom I dined Yesterday) says, there is no other Difference in the Christians beating the *Turks*, or the *Turks* beating the Christians, than whether the Emperor shall first declare War against *Spain*, or *Spain* declare it against the Emperor. I must add another Apopthegm of the same noble Earl; it was the Saying of a politick Prince, *Time and he would get the better of any two others*. To which Lord *Oxford* made this Answer,

*Time and I 'gainst any two,
Chance and I 'gainst Time and you.*

I am,

Dear Sir, &c

We

We before said, that Mr. *Pope* engag'd himself very much in the Affairs of this Family, and have, as we think, given sufficient Reason for it: Had he had no real Esteem for Mr. *Blount*, his high Regard for Mrs. *Blount* had made him show himself kind to him; had he had no Value for her, the Merit, the great Merit of that Gentleman, had extorted the same Love, Friendship, and Affection, he now bore him; he lov'd many, but these * above all.

It was here he was sure of Truth and Peace, the Gentleness and Evenness of their Tempers were, as he enjoy'd the constant Benefit, one of the chief Blessings of his Life; it is not easy to express the great Satisfaction of certain Friendship, at all Times the same, not a ruffling Passion, but a solid, quiet, and settled Amity, ripen'd by Time, to fly to for Counsel, to unbosom Secrets, to complain to, to hear Counsel, Secrets, and Complaints from, and lastly, (can there be a greater Pleasure?) to rejoice with. This Happiness was enjoy'd by Mr. *Pope* till Death, for Mrs. *Blount*, (to whom very few, if any can compare) as may be seen by Mr. *Pope's* Will, outlives him; but how little will all those fine Curiosities, those Urns, those Ornaments, and that sweet Grotto please, now what made them Things worse possessing, no longer appears among them: His Form, because it contain'd a Soul so beautiful, never displeas'd, Who is there so beautiful that would not change that fading and uncertain Accident, for a Soul so richly adorn'd? Or what external Grace could have been offer'd Mr. *Pope*, in lieu of those shining inward Graces and Harmonies, which were engrafted

* This Gentleman return'd after a Time, and died in London, in the Year 1726, greatly lamented by all his Acquaintance, especially our Author.

engrafted in his large Mind? If he had not been shackled with the Chain of mistaken Faith, he had been (nay, as it was, he was) a Wonder, and future Ages will read him with Admiration of Applause, despairing (as I believe most do now despair) of seeing another Poet, to bring in Comparison, in those Ways of Writing, in which he wrote and excell'd; for he excell'd in all he attempted. The Stile of *Milton*, nor his Manner, belong'd not to our Poet, *Milton's* Fame is built upon a lasting Foundation, without a Rival in any Respect; but neither could he have come near our Poet, attempting in his Manner, less still could our Poet do in the *Hudibrastick* Way, though he admir'd *Butler*, he did nothing to resemble him, he hated bad Imitations, and seems wholly to have ow'd what is not his own, as to Numbers, to *Waller* and *Dryden*, and two better Masters none need study; he lov'd *Cowley*, but copied nothing from him, and *Chaucer* as a Wit, but for Numbers, our Language was then hardly begun to be polish'd, yet the Strength of that Prince of the *English* Poets Genius, sometimes carried him as high, and as easy Flights, as any of the Moderns, of which many Examples might be given: We think his Wit unequall'd by any Modern, taking them in better Language, as they appear now, What will they do when the Dust of as much Time, as since *Chaucer*, shall obscure them to the future Ages? So that we are no longer to seek for an unanswerable Reason for Mrs. *Blount's* publick and confess'd Admiration for our Poet; she, the farthest in the World from a Coquet, had as little of the Prude, a Prude would never have had any Charms for Mr. *Pope*, to whom Mrs. *Howe* said one Day, *You Men call us strange Names, some of them I don't understand, Coquetry, indeed, I guess at; but Prudery, for Heaven's Sake*

Save make me know thoroughly what that Prudery is.
Mr. Pope wrote her an Answer in the Leaf of an Ivory Book.

WHAT is *Prudery*? 'Tis a Beldam,
Seen with Wit and Beauty seldom,
'Tis a Fear that starts at Shadows,
'Tis (no, 'tis n't) like Miss *Meadows*.
'Tis a Virgin hard of Feature,
Old, and void of all good Nature;
Lean and fretful, would seem wise,
Yet plays the Fool before she dies.
'Tis an ugly envious Shrew,
That rails at dear *L' Epell* and *You*.

On the Death of Mrs. *Blount's* Brother, who died of the Small Pox, which though she had never had, did not deter her from being constantly with him. This must be acknowledged a Sisterly Love beyond the common Pitch, and shews such Absence of Fear and Presence of Mind, as is not to be expected in the Nature of her Sex, and must surprize every Body. On this Occasion we say Mr. *Pope* sent her the following.

Dear Madam,

HAVING no less Admiration for your Courage and good Nature, than Sympathy with your Grief, I am so highly sensible of both the one and the other, that if I were capable to render you those Commendations which were justly due to you, and that Comfort whereof you stand in Need, I must confess I should be much troubled where to begin; for what Obligations can be more equally enforcing, than to render to so eminent a Virtue the Honour it merits; and to so violent Affliction the Comfort it

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requires? But I am to blame to put a Distance between these two Things, since Charity has so perfectly united them, that the fond Assistance you afforded your late Brother; should now prove an extraordinary Comfort to you, since God will bestow that on you out of Justice, which others obtain out of his Indulgence: his infinite Goodness being such, as will not suffer, unrewarded, so exemplary an Act of Tenderness, as what, through a Contempt of your own Life, engaged you in the Offices of the best and tenderest Sister in the World, beyond the Limits of all Obligations; and by an admirable Constancy, made you assured amidst a Danger that terrifies the most Daring.

Upon this Account am I confident that he will preserve you from the foul Distemper you were above fearing, and will shower on you, as a Reward of your Virtue, the Blessings which are wish'd you by

Dear Madam, &c.

After her Brother's Death he tells her, that she still went on gaining greater Power over him. He, at her Desire, which he calls a Command, sent her some Verses, which he says if she should think very ill ones, she is the more obliged to him, in that he knowing it as well as she, had not forbore to send them to her; and then adds; "*And, to deal freely with you, a less Power than what you have within*" THESE FEW DAYS gained upon me, would not have been sufficient to have prevailed with me to do "*it*" He assures her, that without her Command they had never known any Place but in his own Memory. But the fairest and openest Declaration of the real Passion of Love that can be made is a little farther in the Letter which we now have before us, and of which we are now speaking. "I perceive, Ma-
dam,

“ dam, says he, that where it was my Design to
 “ send you a Letter of Excuse and Compliment, I
 “ am fallen into one of Love; but I wish all the o-
 “ ther Defects you shall find in it were as pardonable
 “ as that. In the mean Time let me assure you,
 “ that I have not of a long Time been so engaged,
 “ and that there are many in the World to whom I
 “ would not say so much, even though they held a
 “ Dagger at my Throat.”

To this Letter Mr. *Pope* receiv'd an Answer, in which the Lady let him understand, that it was no Ways disagreeable to her; and gives him Liberty, though in an indirect Manner, to style himself her Admirer. She takes Occasion to speak of *Alexander* the Great in her Letter, and says several very witty and obliging Things in such a Manner, as if she was at the same Time ignorant of it, leaving the Applications to him, who she knew was sufficiently able to make them, and this was Cause of another Letter of Compliment and Thanks from Mr. *Pope*.

Dear Madam,

THOUGH my Liberty were, as you say, greater than *Alexander's*, it were more than recompenced by the Thanks you have been pleased to return it. Even his Ambition, insatiable as it was, would by so extraordinary a Favour have been limited. He would have valued this Honour more highly than the *Persian* Diadem; and he would not have envied *Achilles* the Praises of *Homer*, might he have had your's. In like Manner, Madam, considering the Reputation you do me, if I envy his, it is not so much that which he hath acquired, as that you have bestowed on him, and he hath received no Honours, which I do not look upon my own; unless it be that you do him, when you call him your

Gallant. Neither his own Vanity, nor his Flatterers have ever advanced any Thing so advantageous to him, and the Quality of the Son of *Jupiter Ammon* was not so glorious as that. But if nothing can cure me of the Jealousy I have of it, yet, Madam, knowing you as I do, I am confident if you do him a Favour, it is not so much because he is the greatest of Mankind, as because it is two Thousand Years since he was. However it be, we may see, in this, the Greatness of his Fortune, which, not able to forsake him so many Years after his Death, adds to his Conquests a Person, which celebrates them more than the Wife and Daughter of *Darius*; and hath re-infused into him a Soul greater than that of the World he hath subdued.

I should fear by your Example to write in too high a Style, but can a Man aim at one too high, speaking of you and *Alexander*? I beseech you, Madam, to assure yourself I have for you the same Passion you have for him; and that the Admiration of your Virtues shall ever engage me to be,

Dear Madam, &c.

The Merits of this Lady and Mr. *Pope's* Gallantry had almost hurried us beyond the Thoughts of the Epistle of the Characters of Women. A certain Lady, whose Name for Virtue and Rectitude of Manners has been too conspicuous not to be seen by every Body who has the least Knowledge of her, and who in her Youth was thought one of the handsomest Women of Quality, took Mr. *Pope* to Task about the aforefaid Epistle, pointing out several Places satirical enough, about which he excused himself with saying, that there were Women (though happily unknown to her Ladyship) of such Characters, and by that Means thought to get off from a Rebuke he knew she

She would give him, if she could fix any Thing on him, at last, says she, *Mr. Pope, you say here,*

Men some to Business, some to Pleasure take,
But every Woman is at Heart a Rake.

Do you think, Sir, that I am, or ever have been a Rake in my Heart? If not, you will find, I make no Question you have abus'd a great many Women more besides me; this Accusation is quite general, therefore I now acquit myself, and prove the Guilt of Falshood upon you. To this Mr. Pope immediately replied, *I should think very ill of myself, if I had in Thought abus'd your Ladyship, no Madam, I must intreat of you to observe, that I only say:*

But every WOMAN is at Heart a Rake.

This no Way affects your Ladyship, who was an Angel when you were young, and now advancing into Life, are almost already become a Saint. At this Door did Mr. Pope escape, for the Lady was Woman enough to be pleas'd with the Compliment, and only said, *O fie, O fie, you Wits will always make Things out either a great deal worse, or better than they are.*

Rough as this Epistle may seem to be, so rough that it drew, at the Instance of a great Lady, some severe, tho' anonymous Lines, against Mr. Pope.

Yet spare the Dead, and at the utmost dare
To mention Fame with them and ask a Share;
They who have gain'd themselves immortal Names
Without the mean Abuse of gentle Dames;
High was their Satire, struck at Vice alone,
And touching such as thee, tho' naming none;
Parnassus Height they gain'd by manly Ways
And grudg'd not any, for they help'd to praise.

A few Lines after he is made to speak:

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But I must write or burst, my Gall o'erflows;
 I lose my Quiet by the World's Repose;
 My Vitals waste if I my Pen restrain——
Write more Epistles, that's your present Vein,
From ARBUTHNOT, whose real Worth and Skill
Wants not the glazing of thy partial Quill,
*Down to low * PETRUS, he whose zealous Lines,*
Give thee such Qualms, and Bigot Fits at Times;
Or lower yet, to that UNTHINKING PEER,
Who whispers Smut to thy consenting Ear.

I say, notwithstanding the Characters of Women are so keenly handled in this Epistle, it concludes in very sober and gentle Terms:

And yet believe me, good as well as ill,
 Woman's at best a Contradiction still.
 Heav'n, when it strives to polish all it can
 Its last, best Work, but forms a *softer Man*;
 Picks from each Sex, to make the Fav'rite blest,
 Your Love of Pleasure, our Desire of Rest,
 Blends, in Exception to all gen'ral Rules,
 Your Taste of Follies, with our Scorn of Fools,
 Reserve with Frankness, Art with Truth ally'd,
 Courage with Softness, Modesty with Pride,
 Fix'd Principles, with Fancy ever new;
 Shakes all together, and produces——*You*.

Ev'n such is Woman's Fame: With this unblest,
 Toasts live a Scorn, and Queens may die a Jest.
 This *Phæbus* promis'd, (I forget the Year,) *And*
 When those blue Eyes first open'd on the Sphere;
 Ascendant *Phæbus* watch'd that Hour with Care,
 Averted half your Parents simple Pray'r,

* A certain Papist Priest, a regular Friar, who us'd to teize Mr. *Pope*, and tell him he was a lukewarm Catholic.

And gave you *Beauty*, but deny'd the *Pelf*
That buys your Sex a Tyrant o'er itself :
The gen'rous God, who Wit and Gold refines,
And ripens Spirits as he ripens Mines,
Kept Dross for Duchesses, the World shall know it,
To you gave Sense, Good-humour, and a Poet.

We desire the Fair who shall ever look over this Epistle, to consider, it was design'd only to expose real Vices, and Frailties through Habit, not to invent and stick any upon them, of which none are guilty, they may see, that when Ladies lead such Lives as best become them, he distinguishes them by the Name of good Women, and certainly means no more, than that every bad Woman, meer Woman, (without the moral Attainments requisite to elevate her something higher) is at Heart a Rake, or has no Character at all, i. e. no good, or fix'd Rule, to characterize her by.

There are many Ladies not in the least offended with any Thing in this Poem, and Mrs. *Blount* never thought herself lessen'd by any Reflection upon any bad, or foolish Woman, throughout the Piece.

Whoever has been but a little acquainted with either Mr. *Pope*, or his Writings, will observe how many Opportunities he lays hold of to speak well of many Ladies and Women of his Acquaintance, what extraordinary great Characters he gives them, both living and after Death ; of this latter Sort please to take one from a Letter he wrote to Mrs. *Blount*, when he was ill and under other Affliction of Mind besides, it is in answer to one of her's.

Dearest Madam,

I Could never believe it possible, that the Receipt of a Letter from you, should add to my Affliction,

or that you could possibly have sent me such bad News, as that you could not comfort me at the same Time.

I thought my Unhappiness at such a Point as could not admit of any Addition, and that since you were able something to strengthen my Patience, to endure the Absence of your Mother and you, there could not be any Misfortune, which you could not have encourag'd me to suffer: But give me Leave to tell you, that I have found the contrary, in the Affliction I have for the Death of Mrs. A****, which hath been heavy enough to crush me, and wanted not much to spend the Remainder of my Patience. You may easily judge, Dear Madam, what an excessive Grief it must needs be to me to have lost a Friend so good, so sprightly, and so accomplish'd as she, and one that having always given me so many Expressions of her Affection, would needs do something when she had not many Hours to continue here: But tho' I reflected not on my own Concernments, yet could I not but infinitely regret a Person by whom you were infinitely lov'd, and who among many particular Endowments, had that of knowing you as much as may be, and esteeming you above all Things; yet I must confess, if this Disturbance can admit of any Remission, it is to reflect on the Constancy she express'd, and the Fortitude wherewith she hath suffer'd a Thing, whereof the Name would make her tremble at any Time.

I am extremely comforted to understand, that at her Death she had those Qualities she only wanted in her Life, and that she so opportunely found Courage and Resolution: When I consider it seriously, it is somewhat against my Conscience to bemoan her, and methinks, it shows an over-interested Affection to be sad, because she has left us to better her Condition,
and

and is gone into the other World, *from whose Bourn no Traveller returns*, to find that Quiet she could never meet with in this.

I very heartily entertain the Exhortations you give me thereupon, which is, often to con over a Lesson so profitable and necessary, and to prepare myself for the like one Day; I know how to make my Advantage of your Remonstrance: The Miseries we have run through all this while, is no small Preparation for it, there's no better Lecture to instruct a Man how to die well, than not to take much Pleasure in living.

But if it be not impossible for the Hopes that Fortune proposes to prove effectual, if after so many Years, we may presume to expect some few fair Days, be pleas'd to give me Leave, Madam, to entertain Thoughts more diverting than those of Death, and if it be likely that we are shortly to see another, let me not fall out with my Life.

Where you say, *you think me destin'd to great Things*, you give so great Security of my Life, and so happy a Prefage of the Adventures that shall happen to me, that I shall not be sorry for its Continuance yet a while; for my Part, if Destiny doth promise me any Thing that is good, I assure you I will do my utmost to get it; I will contribute all I can thereto, that your Prophecies may be fulfill'd. In the mean Time, I beseech you to be confident, that of all the Favours I can beg of Fortune, what I most passionately desire is, that she would do for you what she ought, and for myself, only afford me the Means to acquaint you with the Passion which obliges me to be so much,

Dearest Madam, &c.

So that those Invectives in the Poem aforementioned,

tion'd, must at last be only look'd on as the Sallies of a great, and then angry Wit.

Another Epistle of our Author's, which was exceedingly admir'd, was to *Allen Lord Bathurst*, of the Use of Riches: This Nobleman in another of the Epistles, he takes the Liberty to call Philosopher and Rake, which Character had so much Truth in it, and Mr. *Pope* such an unlimited Freedom with my Lord, that so far from giving Offence, it was Matter of Mirth: This Gentleman truly Noble, has a more than common Regard for the Fair Sex, and having withal very great Vivacity, very fairly deserv'd the Name Mr. *Pope* has given him, there is none among the Nobility exceed him for Taste, his is quite grand, he hates any Thing that's little, and not capable of filling the Mind, and spends whole Days in his Wood, which is impossible to be known but by the Eye, no Description would do it Justice; it is just mentioned by Mr. *Pope* in a Letter to the Hon. *Robert Digby*, Esq; that Part relating to this Subject we have transcrib'd.

I'M told you are all upon Removal very speedily, and that Mrs. *Mary Digby* talks in a Letter to Lady *Scudamore*, of seeing my Lord *Bathurst's* Wood in her Way. How much I wish to be her Guide thro' that enchanted Forest, is not to be express'd: I look upon myself as the Magician appropriated to the Place, without whom no Mortal can penetrate into the Recesses of those sacred Shades. I could pass whole Days, in only describing to her the future, and yet visionary Beauties, that are to rise in those Scenes: The Palace that is to be built, the Pavilions that are to glitter, the Colonades that are to adorn them: Nay more, the Meeting of the *Thames* and the *Severn*, which (when the noble

noble Owner has finer Dreams than ordinary) are to be led into each other's Embraces thro' secret Caverns of not above twelve or fifteen Miles, till they rise and celebrate their Marriage in the Midst of an immense Amphitheatre, which is to be the Admiration of Posterity a hundred Years hence. But till the destin'd Time shall arrive that is to manifest these Wonders, Mrs. Digby must content herself with seeing what is at present no more than the finest Wood in *England*.

There are few Virtues which do not attend this Nobleman, of his Foible we have spoke; he is so great an Oeconomist, that Mr. Pope thought fit to write this Epistle to him, where he asserts, and endeavours to prove that the true Use of Riches is known to few, most falling into one of the Extremes, Avarice or Profusion; he ranks Mankind under two Classes.

But when, by Man's audacious Labour won,
Flam'd forth this Rival to its Sire the Sun,
Then, in plain Prose, were made two Sorts of Men,
To squander some, and some to hide agen.
Like Doctors thus, when much Dispute has past,
We find our Tenets much the same at last.
Both fairly owning, Riches in Effect
No Grace of Heav'n, or Token of the Elect;
Giv'n to thee Fool, the Mad, the Vain, the Evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, or the Devil.

JOHN WARD of *Hackney*, Esq; Member of Parliament, being prosecuted by the Dutches of *Buckingham*, and convicted of Forgery, was first expell'd the House, and then stood in the Pillory on the 17th of *March* 1727. He was suspected of joining in a Conveyance

Conveyance with Sir *John Blunt* to secrete fifty thousand Pounds of that Director's Estate, forfeited to the *South Sea Company* by Act of Parliament. The Company recover'd the fifty thousand Pounds against *Ward*, but he set up prior Conveyances of his real Estate to his Brother and Son, and conceal'd all his personal, which was computed to be one hundred and fifty thousand Pounds: These Conveyances being set aside by a Bill in *Chancery*, *Ward* was imprison'd, and hazarded the Forfeiture of his Life by not giving in his Effects till the last Day, which was that of his Examination. During his Confinement, his Amusement was to give Poison to Dogs and Cats, and see them expire by slower or quicker Torments. To sum up the Worth of this Gentleman, at the several *Æra's* of his Life; at his standing in the Pillory he was *worth above two hundred thousand Pounds*; at his Commitment to Prison, he was *worth one hundred and fifty thousand*, but has been since so far diminish'd in his Reputation, as to be thought a *worse Man by fifty or sixty thousand*.

FR. CHARTRES, a Man infamous for all manner of Vices. When he was an Ensign in the Army, he was drumm'd out of the Regiment for a Cheat; he was next banish'd *Brussels*, and drumm'd out of *Ghent* on the same Account. After a hundred Tricks at the Gaming Tables, he took to lending Money at exorbitant Interest, and on great Penalties, accumulating Premium, Interest, and Capital, into a new Capital, and seizing to a Minute when the Payments became due; in a Word, by a constant Attention to the Vices, Wants, and Follies of Mankind, he acquir'd an immense Fortune. His House was a perpetual Bawdy-House. He was twice condemn'd for Rapes, and pardon'd, but the last Time not without Imprisonment in *Newgate*, and large Confiscations.

tions. He died in *Scotland* in 1731, aged 62. The Populace at his Funeral rais'd a great Riot, almost tore the Body out of the Coffin, and cast dead Dogs, &c. into the Grave along with it. The following Epitaph contains his Character very justly drawn by Dr. *Arbutnot*.

HERE continueth to rot
The Body of FRANCIS CHARTRES,
Who with an *Inflexible Constancy*, and
Inimitable Uniformity of Life,
Persisted,
In spite of *Age* and *Infirmities*,
In the Practice of *Every Humane Vice*;
Excepting *Prodigality* and *Hypocrisy*:
His insatiable *Avarice* exempted him from the first,
His matchless *Impudence* from the second.
Nor was he more singular in the un-deviating *Pravity*
Of his *Manners*, than successful in
Accumulating Wealth,
For, without *Trade* or *Profession*,
Without *Trust* of *Publick Money*,
And without *Bribe-worthy Service*,
He acquir'd, or more properly created,
A *Ministerial Estate*.

He was the only Person of his Time,
Who cou'd *Cheat* without the Mask of *Honesty*,
Retain his *Primæval Meanness* when possess'd of
Ten Thousand a Year,
And having daily deserv'd the *Gibbet* for what he *did*,
Was at last condemn'd to it for what he *could* not do.

Oh Indignant Reader!
Think not his Life Useless to Mankind!
Providence conniv'd at his execrable Designs,
To give to After-Ages a conspicuous

Proof

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Proof and Example,
Of how small Estimation is *Exorbitant Wealth*
in the Sight of GOD, by his bestowing it on
The most *Unworthy* of all *Mortals*.

This Gentleman was worth seven thousand Pounds
a Year in Land, and about one hundred thousand in
Money.

Mr. WATERS, the third of these Worthies, was
a Man no Way resembling the former in his military,
but extremely so in his civil Capacity; his great For-
tune having been rais'd by the like diligent Attend-
ance on the Necessities of others. But this Gentle-
man's History must be deferred for a Time, when
his *Worth* may be known more certainly.

Our Author thinks many Iconveniencies have a-
rose from the Invention of Money, which could not
have possibly been, if there was no Conveyance of
Property in such small Compass; tho' this we think
no Argument, as long as it can be transferr'd by Ac-
knowledgements, and small Pieces of Paper, which
he sensible of, immediately confesses!

His Grace will game: To *White's* a Bull be led;
With spurning Heels, and with a butting Head;
To *White's* be carry'd, as to antient Games,
Fair Coursers, Vases, and alluring Dames.
Shall then *Uxorio*, if the Stakes he sweep,
Bear home six Whores, and make his Lady weep?
Or soft *Admis*, so perfum'd and fine,
Drive to St. *James's* a whole Herd of Swine?
Oh filthy Check on all industrious Skill,
To spoil the Nation's last great Trade, *Quadrille*!

Once;

Once, we confess, * beneath the Patriot's Cloak,
From the crack'd Bag the dropping Guinea spoke,
And jingling down the Back-stairs, told the Crew,
"Old Cato is as great a Rogue as you."
Blest *Paper-credit*! that advanc'd so high,
Now lends Corruption lighter Wings to fly!
Gold, imp'd with this, can compass hardest Things,
Can pocket States, or fetch or carry *Kings*;
A single Leaf can waft an Army o'er,
Or ship off *Senates* to some distant Shore;
A Leaf like *Sybil's* scatters to and fro
Our Fates and Fortunes as the Wind shall blow;
Pregnant with Thousands flits the Scrap unseen,
And silent sells a King, or buys a Queen.

Mr. *Pope* knew well how to enjoy the Fortune he was blest with, the soberer Pleasures were those he only dar'd aim at, his Constitution did not permit him to run into Excesses, nor his Inclination lead him to it; he thought himself rich, nay, he thought there was no Poverty where there was Health, Peace, and Competence; he had a charitable Tenderness for the Distress of Poverty, and reproaches in this Poem all hard Hearts, and those who fix an Odium on it:

—*Bond* damns the Poor, and hates them from his
The grave Sir *Gilbert* holds it for a Rule, [Heart:
That "every Man in Want is Knave or Fool:
God

* This is a true Story which happened in the Reign of King *William III.* to an unsuspected old Patriot, who coming out at the Back-Door from having been closeted by the King, where he had receiv'd a large Bag of Guineas, the bursting of the Bag discover'd his Business there.

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“ God cannot love (says *Blunt*, with lifted Eyes)
 “ The Wretch he starves” ——— and piously denies :
 But Rev'rend S***n with a softer Air,
 Admits, and leaves them Providence's Care.

In the Year 1730, a Corporation was establish'd to lend Money to the Poor upon Pledges, by the Name of the *Charitable Corporation*. It was under the Direction of the Right Honourable Sir R. S. Sir *Arch. Grant*, Mr. *Dennis Bond*, Mr. *Burroughs*, &c. But the Whole was turn'd only to an iniquitous Method of enriching particular People, to the Ruin of such Numbers, that it became a parliamentary Concern to endeavour the Relief of those unhappy Sufferers, and three of the Managers, who were Members of the House, were expell'd. That “ *God hates the Poor*, and *That every Man in Want is Knave or Fool*, &c. were the general Apothegms of some of the Persons here mention'd.

Such Persons as these are perfectly detestable, and who is there that would not prefer the most extreme Poverty, before Riches, and such a contemptible and indigent Mind? How many great Philosophers, how many admirable Painters, Poets, and Wits, have been poor? How many reputed Saints, and holy Men and Women? How many have embrac'd a voluntary Poverty rather than sell their Innocence and Honesty to Courts or Colleges? And it is recommended in Holy Writ as a great Blessing, and the Means of arriving at Heaven, which is said to be extremely difficult for the Rich, and easier for a Camel to pass through the Eye of a Needle. Is it not strange, that in a Country professing Christianity and Reformation, there should be any such unpurg'd and sordid Spirits!

But

But think not Reader that there are many such abominable human Brutes: Let us take our Eyes off those blasphemous Misers, and turn to a Character which we have read with Pleasure more than an hundred Times:

But all our Praises why should Lords engross?
Rise honest Muse! and sing the * Man of Ross:
Pleas'd *Vaga* echoes thro' her winding Bounds,
And rapid *Severn* hoarse Applause resounds.
Who hung with Woods yon Mountain's sultry Brow?
From the dry Rock who made the Waters flow?
Not to the Skies in useless Columns tost,
Or in proud Falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring through the Plain
Health to the Sick, and Solace to the Swain.
Whose Cause-way parts the Vale with shady Rows?
Whose Seats the weary Traveller repose?
Who taught that Heav'n directed Spires to rise?
The Man of Ross, each lisping Babe replies.
Behold the Market-place with Poor oe'rspread!
The Man of Ross divides the weekly Bread:
He feeds yon Alms-house neat, but void of State,
Where Age and Want sit smiling at the Gate:
Him portion'd Maids, apprentic'd Orphans blest,
The Young who labour, and the Old who rest.
Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the Med'cine makes, and gives.

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Is

* The Person here celebrated, who with a small Estate actually perform'd all these good Works, and whose true Name was almost lost (partly by the Title of the *Man of Resi* given him by Way of Eminence, and partly by being buried without so much as an Inscription) was call'd Mr. *John Kyrle*. He died in the Year 1724, aged 90, and lie interr'd in the Chancel of the Church of *Resi* in *Herefordshire*.

Is there a Variance? enter but his Door,
 Balk'd are the Courts, and Contest is no more.
 Despairing *Quacks* with Curses fled the Place,
 And vile *Attornies*, now an useless Race.
 "Thrice happy Man! enabled to pursue
 "What all so wish, but want the Pow'r to do.
 "Oh say, what Sums that gen'rous Hand supply?
 "What Mines to swell that boundless Charity?
 Of Debts and Taxes, Wife and Children clear,
 This Man possess—five hundred Pounds a Year.
 Blush Grandeur, blush! proud Courts withdraw your
 Ye little Stars! hide your diminish'd Rays. [Blaze!
 "And what? no Monument, Inscription, Stone?
 "His Race, his Form, his Name almost unknown?
 Who builds a Church to God, and not to Fame,
 Will never mark the Marble with his Name:
 Go search it there*, where to be born and die,
 Of Rich and Poor makes all the History;
 Enough, that Virtue fills the Space between;
 Prov'd, by the Ends of Being, to have been.

It may be plainly perceiv'd that Mr. *Pope* preferr'd the Man of *Ross* to the great Man mention'd immediately after, which was no less than *George Villiers*, Duke of *Buckingham*, who died, after a whimsical and chimerical Life exceeding poor, in the worst Room of a very bad Inn.

Riches are doubtless very great Blessings, if made so, and it must be an extreme pleasing Thought to have it one's Power to do good, to relieve the Sick and Hungry, and cloath the Naked, to relieve the Orphan and the Widow, and set the Prisoner at Liberty; to have the necessary Comforts of Life always at Command, and the Power of saving a Friend from

* The Parish Register.

from Bankruptcy, perhaps from quitting his Country, or being forc'd into a Confinement for Life, these Things are all exceeding great Pleasures to Minds well season'd with Humanity, and the generous Delight of doing and communicating Good; it is not sufficient to love or praise Society, and Actions of Benevolence and Beneficence, but to do them too, and there are very few, if any, in such distress'd Circumstances; but they might find frequent Occasions to exercise their Talent, and the Power which they at Times may have to do Good: But on the contrary, Riches are the spoiling of many People, who without them were safe enough, some they make imperious, some covetous, some extravagant, and others only make use of them to obtain and purchase that very Iniquity that they ought to be glad to be depriv'd of all their Riches to avoid; it is in these Cases that Riches are dangerous and a Snare; but, on the other Hand, they bring Safety, and certain Peace: They are, as they are employ'd, may be a Bribe, or a Reward, may purchase Necessaries or Prodigalities, pay Harlots; or give Portions to Virgins, buy Criminals from Punishment, or hire Assassins to murder the Innocent; they are like most other Things (if not all with which Man has to do) in his Power, to be made to become to him very useful, or very hurtful.

An Instance of the total Destruction of a Man by becoming very rich, Mr. Pope concludes this Epistle to the Lord Bathurst with:

Where * *London's* Column pointing at the Skies
Like a tall Bully, lifts the Head, and lyes:

F 2

There

* The Monument built in memory of the Fire of *London*, with an Inscription importing that City to have been burnt by the Papists, which Mr. Pope, as a Papist, is loth
to

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There dwelt a Citizen of sober Fame,
A plain good Man, and *Balaam* was his Name.
Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;
His Word would pass for more than he was worth.
One solid Dish his Week-day Meal affords,
An added Pudding solemniz'd the Lord's.
Constant at Church, and Change; his Gains were
His Givings rare, save Farthings to the Poor. [sure,
The *Dev'l* was piqu'd, such Saintship to behold,
And long'd to tempt him like good *Job* of old:
But *Satan* now is wiser than of Yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

Rouz'd by the Prince of Air, the Whirlwind's
The Surge, and plunge his *Father* in the Deep; [sweep
Then full against his *Cornish* Lands they roar,
And two rich Ship-wrecks bless the lucky Shore.

Sir *Balaam* now, he lives like other Folks,
He takes his chirping Pint, he cracks his Jokes:
"Live like Yourself," was soon my Lady's Word;
And lo! two Puddings smoak'd upon the Board.

Asleep and naked as an *Indian* lay,
An honest Factor stole a Gem away:
He pledg'd it to the Knight; the Knight had Wit,
So kept the *Diamond* and the Rogue was bit.
Some Scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his Thought,
"I'll now give Six-pence where I gave a Groat,
"Where once I went to Church, I'll now go twice—
"And am so clear too of all other Vice."

The Tempter saw his Time; the Work he ply'd;
Stocks and Subscriptions pour on ev'ry Side,
Till all the Dæmon makes his full Descent,
In one abundant Shower of *Cent. per Cent.*

Sinks

to assent to; but if it was not set on Fire by Papists, it is not doubted but it was done on set Purpose, and that there was a secret Hand of Power at the Bottom.



EARL OF BURLINGTON.

Sinks deep within him, and possesses Whole,
Then dubs *Director*, and secures his Soul.

Behold Sir *Balaam*, now a Man of Spirit,
Ascribes his Gettings to his Parts and Merit,
What late he call'd a *Blessing*, now was *Wit*,
And *God's* good *Providence*, a lucky *Hit*.

Things change their Titles, as our Manners turn,
His Compting-house employ'd the *Sunday Morn*;
Seldom at Church, ('twas such a busy Life)
But duly sent his Family and Wife.

There (so the Dev'l ordain'd) one *Christmas Tide*
My good old Lady catch'd a Cold and dy'd.

A *Nymph* of *Quality* admires our Knight;
He marries, bows at Court, and grows polite:
Leaves the dull Cits, and joins (to please the Fair)
The well-bred Cuckolds in St. *James's Air*:
First, for his Son a gay *Commission* buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a Duel dies:
His Daughter flaunts a Viscount's tawdry Wife;
She bears a Coronet and Pox for Life.

In *Britain's Senate* he a Seat obtains,
And one more Pensioner St. *Stephen* gains.
My Lady falls to *Play*: So bad her Chance,
He must repair it; takes a Bribe from *France*;
The House impeach him; *Coningsby* harangues,
The Court forsake him, and Sir *Balaam* hangs:
Wife, Son, and Daughter, *Satan*, are thy own,
His Wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the Crown:
The Devil and the King divide the Prize,
And sad Sir *Balaam* curses God and dies.

And the Poet goes on upon the same Subject to the Earl
of *Burlington*, a Nobleman worthy the greatest Praise,
of a distinguish'd and true Taste, and a very great
Friend to Mr. *Pope* and his Writings, and indeed it
has been much Matter of Wonder to us, considering

the great Love and Esteem there was between them, that we do not find the Earl of *Burlington's* Name in Mr. *Pope's* Will, we do not mean otherwise than that it might have been expected, that out of Mr. *Pope's* Collection of Books, and other Curiosities, something might have been found, which might have remain'd with my Lord, as a Memorial of the long Friendship between them—This Epistle, of which we are now about to speak, is a Corollary to the preceeding. As that treated of the Extremes of Avarice and Profusion, this takes up one Branch of the latter, the Vanity of Expende in People of Quality or Fortune, and the Poet admires that Misers should be so anxious to heap up Riches, which they never can have Enjoyment of, and Prodigals spend so much Money, in what they have no Taste of; he ridicules several patch'd Buildings, and Buildings of ill Taste, to taste Architecture he says, Sense should be previous, of which the chief Proof is to follow Nature, and adapt all to the Nature and Use of the Place, the Beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it.

After this, Mr. *Pope* goes on with a Description, intended to comprize the Principles of a false Taste of Magnificence, and to exemplify what was said before, that nothing but good Sense can attain it; the first wrong Principle is to think that true Greatness consists in Size and Dimension, whereas, let the Work be ever so vast, unless the Parts cohere in one Harmony, it will be but a great many Littlenesses put together, there must be no Disproportion, nor the Ends and Bounds must not be seen at once, which, however large, will diminish both the Grandeur and the Surprize. Mr. *Pope* says thus:

At *Timon's* Villa let us pass a Day,
Where all cry out, " what Sums are thrown away !

So proud, so grand, of that stupendous Air,
Soft and Agreeable come never there.
 Greatness, with *Timon*, dwells in such a Draught
 As brings all *Brobdingnag* before your Thought.
 To compass this, his Building is a Town,
 His Pond an Ocean, his Parterre a Down :
 Who but must laugh, the Master when he sees?
 A puny Insect, shiv'ring at a Breeze.
 Lo, what huge Heaps of Littleness around !
 The Whole, a labour'd Quarry above Ground.
 Two *Cupids* squirt before : a Lake behind
 Improves the Keeness of a northern Wind.
 His Gardens next your Admiration call,
 On ev'ry Side you look, behold the Wall !
 No pleasing Intricacies intervene,
 No artful Wildness to perplex the Scene ;
 Grove nods at Grove, each Alley has a Brother,
 And half the Platform just reflects the other.
 The suffr'ing Eye inverted Nature sees,
 Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as Trees,
 With here a Fountain, never to be play'd,
 And there a Summer-House that knows no Shade.
 Here *Amphitrite* sails thro' Myrtle Bowers ;
 There *Gladiators* fight, or die in Flow'rs ;
 Un-water'd see the drooping Sea-horse mourn,
 And Swallows roost in *Nilus'* dusty Urn.

My Lord advances with majestic Mien,
 Smit with the mighty Pleasure, to be seen :
 But soft——by regular Approach——not yet——
 First thro' the Length of yon hot Terras sweat,
 And when up ten steep Slopes you've dragg'd your
 Just at his Study-door he'll bless your Eyes. [Thighs,
 His Study? with what Authors is it stor'd?
 In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord ;
 To all their dated *Backs* he turns you round
 These *Aldus* printed, those *Du Suëil* has bound.

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Lo some are *Vellom*, and the Rest as good
For all his Lordship knows, but they are Wood.
For *Lock* or *Milton* 'tis in vain to look,
These Shelves admit not any modern Book.

And now the Chappel's silver Bell you hear,
That summons you to all the Pride of Pray'r:
Light Quirks of Musick, broken and uneven,
Make the Soul dance upon a Jig to Heav'n.
On painted Cielings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the Saints of *Verrio*, or *Laguerre*,
On gilded Clouds in fair Expansion lie,
And bring all Paradise before your Eye.
To rest, the Cushion and soft * *Dean* invite,
Who never mentions Hell to Ears polite.
But hark! The chiming Clocks to Dinner call,
A hundred Footsteps scrape the Marble Hall:
The rich Beaufet well-colour'd *Serpents* grace,
And gaping *Tritons* spew to wash your Face.
Is this a Dinner? this a Genial Room?
No, 'tis a Temple, and a Hecatomb;
A solemn Sacrifice, perform'd in State,
You drink by Measure, and to Minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying Course, you'd swear
Sancho's dread Doctor and his Wand were there.
Between each Act the trembling Salvers ring,
From Soup to Sweet-wine, and *God bless the King*.
In Plenty starving, tantaliz'd in State,
And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, caress'd, and tir'd, I take my Leave,
Sick of his civil Pride from Morn to Eve;
I curse such lavish Cost, and little Skill,
And swear no Day was ever past so ill.

These

* This is a Fact, a Reverend Dean of *Peterborough* preaching at Court, threatned the Sinner with Punishment in "a Place which he thought it not decent to name in so polite an Assembly."

These Lines to a certain Grandee, no less than a Duke, gave great Offence, the Description was too plain not to be known (as the malicious Town said) who was pointed at at first Sight, and many Persons began to think that Mr. *Pope* was out of his Place in attacking a Peer, and one of the first Rank, in so publick a Manner, and Terms of so little Respect, Numbers of Complaints were made, the Duke himself wrote Mr. *Pope* a Letter, and made him sensible, that he ought to have confin'd himself to a made Character, and not pretend to give for a real one, what altogether belong'd to no Body, in short, Mr. *Pope* began to wish he had not push'd the Matter so far, but there was no receding, all he could do was a little to palliate the Business, and partly deny that the Character was meant for that noble Duke, and this he chose to do, or rather got Mr. *Cleland* to do, in a Letter to his dear and intrinsick Friend Mr. *Gay*, dated *December 16, 1731*;

I Am astonish'd at the Complaints occasioned by a late Epistle to the Earl of *Burlington*; and I should be afflicted, were there the least just Ground for them. Had the Writer attack'd *Vice*, at a Time when it is not only tolerated, but triumphant, and so far from being conceal'd as a *Defect*, that it is proclaim'd with Ostentation as a *Merit*, I should have been apprehensive of the Consequence: Had he satiriz'd Gamesters of a hundred thousand Pounds Fortune, acquir'd by such Methods as are daily in Practice, and almost universally encourag'd: Had he over warmly defended the *Religion of his Country*, against such Books as come from every Press, are publickly vended in every Shop, and greedily bought by almost every Rank of Men; or had he called our excellent *Weekly Writers* by the same Names which they

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they openly bestow on the greatest Men in the Ministry, and out of the Ministry, for which they are all unpunish'd, and most rewarded: In any of these Cases, indeed, I might have judg'd him too presumptuous, and perhaps have trembled for his Rashness.

I could not but hope better for this small and modest Epistle, which attacks *no one Vice* whatsoever; which deals only in *Folly*, and not Folly in general, but a single Species of it; that only Branch, for the opposite Excellency to which, the noble Lord to whom it is written must necessarily be celebrated. I fancied it might escape Censure, especially seeing how tenderly those Follies are treated, and really less accus'd, than apologiz'd for.

*Yet hence the Poor are cloth'd, the Hungry fed,
Health to himself, and to his Infants Bread,
The Lab'rer bears——*

Is this such a *Crime*, that to impute it to a Man must be a grievous Offence? 'tis an *innocent Folly*, and much more *beneficent* than the Want of it; for *ill Taste* employs more Hands, and diffuses Expence more than a *good* one. Is it a *moral Defect*? No, it is but a *natural* one; a *want of Taste*. It is what the best good Man living may be liable to: The worthiest Peer may live exemplary in an ill-favour'd House, and the best reputed Citizen may be pleas'd with a vile Garden. I thought (I say) the Author had the common Liberty to observe a Defect, and to compliment a Friend for a Quality that distinguishes him: Which I know not how any Quality should do, if we were not to remark that it was wanting in others.

But they say the Satire is *Personal*. I thought it could not be so, because all its Reflections are on *Things*. His Reflections are not on the *Man*, but on his

his House, Garden, &c. Nay, he respects (as one may say) the *Persons* of the Gladiator, Amphitheatre, the Nile, and the Triton: He is only sorry to see them (as he might be to see any of his Friends) ridiculous, by being in the wrong Place, and in bad Company. Some fancy, that to say a Thing is *personal*, is the same as to say it is *unjust*, not considering, that nothing can be *just* that is not *personal*. I am afraid, that "all such Writings and Discourses as touch no Man, will mend no Man." The Good natur'd, indeed, are apt to be alarm'd at any Thing like Satire; and the *Guilty* readily confer with the *Weak* for a plain Reason, because the Vicious look upon Folly as their *Frontier*:

— Jam proximus ardet
Ucalegon —

No wonder those who know Ridicule belongs to them find an inward Consolation in removing it from themselves as far as they can; and it is never so far, as when they can get it fix'd upon the *best Characters*: No wonder those who are Food for Satirists, should rail at them as Creatures of Prey; every Beast born for our Use would be ready to call a Man so.

I know no Remedy, unless People in our Age would as little frequent the Theatres, as they begin to do the Churches; unless Comedy were forsaken, Satire silent, and every Man left to do what seems good in his own Eyes, as if there were no King, no Priest, no Poet in *Israel*.

But I find myself oblig'd to touch a Point, on which I must be more serious; it well deserves I should: I mean the malicious Application of the Character of *Timon*, which I will boldly say, they would impute to the Person the most different in the World from a *Man-hater*, and the Person whose *Taste* and
Encourage-

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Encouragement of Wit, have been often shewn in the *rightest Place*. The Author of that Epistle must certainly think so, if he has the same Opinion of his own Merit as Authors generally have; for he has been favoured by this very Person.

Why, in God's Name, must a *Portrait* apparently collected from twenty different Men, be applied to one only? Has it his *Eye*? No, it is very unlike. Has it his *Nose* or *Mouth*? No, they are totally differing. What then, I beseech you? Why it has the *Mole on his Chin*. Very well; but must the Picture therefore be his, and has no other Man that Blemish.

Could there be a more melancholy Instance how much the Taste of the Publick is vitiated, and turns the most seasonable and salutary Physick into Poison, than if amidst the Blaze of a thousand bright Qualities in a great Man, they should only remark there is a *Shadow* about him, as what Eminence is without? I am confident the Author was incapable of imputing any such to one, whose whole Life (to use his own Expression in Print of him) is *a continued Series* of good and generous Actions.

I know no Man would be more concerned, if he gave the least Pain or Offence to any innocent Person; and none who would be less concerned, if the Satire were challenged by any one at whom he would really aim at. If ever that happens, I dare engage he will own it, with all the Freedom of one whose *Censures* are *just*, and who sets his *Name* to them.

But this Letter did not do, neither one that he wrote to the Duke, wherein he protests himself innocent, and that the Insult to his Grace, was from the Malignity of those who had rais'd the Report, and made the Resemblance. The Town still continued

rued unconvinced of this, and Mr. *Pope's* Character lay under a most violent Lash, by the Imputation of this Scandal; it was said, that no one would soon be safe, and that nothing but a publick Disowning of these Verses, as meant to signify the Character of the Duke, could possibly be sufficient to obviate the Sentence the Town must pass against him; this, in some Measure, he complied with, having Leave from the Earl of *Burlington* to address it to him, it is in a Letter dated *March 7, 1731*.

My Lord,

THE Clamour rais'd about my Epistle to you, could not give me so much Pain, as I receiv'd Pleasure in seeing the general Zeal of the World in the Case of a great Man, who is beneficent; and the particular Warmth of your Lordship in that of a private Man, who is innocent.

It was not the Poem that deserv'd this from you; for as I had the Honour to be your Friend, I could not treat you quite like a Poet: But sure the Writer deserv'd more Candor, even in those who knew him not, than to promote a Report, which, in regard to that noble Person, was impertinent; in regard to me, villainous. Yet I had no great Cause to wonder, that a Character belonging to twenty, should be applied to one, since, by that Means, nineteen would escape the Ridicule.

I was too well content with my Knowledge of that noble Person's Opinion in this Affair, to trouble the Publick about it. But since Malice and Mistake are so long a dying, I have taken this Opportunity of a third Edition to declare his Belief, not only of my Innocence, but of their Malignity, of the former of which my own Heart is as conscious, as I fear some of theirs must be of the latter. His Humanity feels

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feels a Concern for the Injury done to me, while his Greatness of Mind can bear with Indifference the Insult offered to himself.*

However, my Lord I own, that Criticks of this Sort can intimidate me, nay half incline me to write no more: That would be making the Town a Compliment it deserves; and which some, I am sure, would take very kindly. This Way of Satire is dangerous, as long as Slander rais'd by Fools of the lowest Rank can find any Countenance from those of a higher. Even from the Conduct shewn on this Occasion, I have learnt there are some who would rather be wicked than ridiculous; and therefore it may be safer to attack Vices than Follies. I will therefore leave my Betters in the quiet Possession of their Idols, their Groves, and their high Places; and change my Subject from their Pride to their Meanness, from their Vanities to their Miseries: And as the only certain Way to avoid Misconstructions, to lessen Offence, and not to multiply ill-natur'd Applications, I may probably, in my next, make use of real Names, and not of Fictitious Ones.

I am, my Lord,

Your Faithful,

Affectionate Servant,

A. POPE.

This at last cool'd the false Rage of the Town, and was look'd upon as a full Denial of the Character of Lord *Timon* belonging to the beforementioned Duke, and as it could now belong to no Body, it remains the imaginary *Timon*. In the winding up of this Poem, he mentions opening Harbours, making publick Ways, and building Churches, Bridges, and other

* Alludes to the Letter the Duke of Chandos wrote to Mr. Pope.

other useful Parts of Architecture, which would become a Prince:

These are Imperial Works, and worthy Kings!

For this Poem was publish'd in the Year 1732: When some of the new built Churches, by the Act of *Q. Anne*, were ready to fall, being founded in boggy Land, and others vilely executed, thro' fraudulent Cavils between Undertakers, Officers, &c. when *Dagenham* Breach had done very great Mischiefs; when the Proposal of building a Bridge at *Westminster* had been petition'd against, and rejected; when many of the Highways throughout *England* were hardly passable, and most of those that were repair'd by Turnpikes, made Jobbs for private Lucre, and infamously executed, even to the Entrances of *London* itself.

These four original Epistles, we desire to distinguish from those wrote when our Poet was younger, as well as from those wherein he professes to imitate *Horace*, and *Dr. Donne*, these being purely his own Wit and Philosophy, and are sufficient, had he wrote nothing else, to have prov'd him a very great Poet and nice Thinker, where nothing but Morals were to be discours'd of; of this Sort, or very like, we have one more to *Dr. Arbuthnot*, which contains an Apology of *Mr. Pope* for himself and Writings; it was drawn up at several Times, as Occasion offer'd; he had no Thought of publishing it, till it pleas'd some Persons of Rank and Fortune to attack, in a very extraordinary Manner, not only his Writings, but his Morals, Person, and Family, of which he therefore thought himself oblig'd to give some Account.

Dr. Arbuthnot was besides an excellent Physician, a very ingenious Gentleman, his Epitaph on *Col. Chartres* shows it: It was reported that he, as well

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as Mr. *Pope*, had a Hand in the Comedy call'd, *Three Hours after Marriage*, that goes in the Name of Mr. *Gay*, which not succeeding, for it was a mean Performance, occasioned Reflections on all the three Gentlemen beforementioned: In the Prologue to the *Sultaneſs*, spoken by Mr. *Wilks*, was this Fling at it.

*Such were the Wags who boldly did adventure,
To club a Farce by Tripartite Indenture:
But let them ſhare their Dividend of Praise.
And wear their own Fools Cap inſtead of Bays.*

Mr. *Pope* us'd to ſay, and has confeſs'd it in Writing, that if it had not been for Dr. *Arbuthnot*, he ſhould not have had ſufficient Health to apply himſelf to Study, ſo that much of Mr. *Pope*'s Writings, muſt be allowed to be owing to his Care of him; he had a Brother of the greateſt Affability and good Nature, of whom Mr. *Pope*, writing to Mr. *Digby* then at *Bath*, ſpeaks, *September 1, 1722.*

DOCTOR *Arbuthnot* is going to *Bath*, and will ſtay there a Fortnight or more: Perhaps you would be comforted to have a Sight of, whether you need him or not. I think him as good a Doctor as any Man for one that is ill, and a better Doctor for one that is well. He would do admirably for Mrs. *Marry Digby*: She needed only to follow his Hints, to be in eternal Buſineſs and Amuſement of Mind, and as active as ſhe could deſtre. But indeed I fear ſhe would out-walk him; for (as Dean *Swift* obſerv'd to me the very firſt Time I ſaw the Doctor) “ He “ is a Man that can do every Thing, but walk.” His Brother, who is lately come into *England*, goes alſo to the *Bath*; and is a more extraordinary Man than he, worth your going thither on purpoſe to know him. The Spirit of *Philanthropy*, ſo long dead

dead to our World, is reviv'd in him: He is a Philosopher all of Fire; so warmly, nay so wildly in the right, that he forces all others about him to be so too, and draws them into his Vortex. He is a Star that looks as if it were all Fire, but is all Benignity, all gentle and beneficial Influence: If there be other Men in the World that would serve a Friend, yet he is the only one I believe that could make even an Enemy serve a Friend, &c.

In this Epistle to Dr. *Arbuthnot*, our Author complains how he is pester'd with troublesome and impertinent Visitants, which put him by better Company, and consequently out of Humour; of these Disturbers of his Peace he reckons up a few:

Is there a Parson, much be-mus'd in Beer,
A maudlin Poetess, a rhyming Peer,
A Clerk, foredoom'd his Father's Soul to cross,
Who pens a Stanza when he should *engross*?
Is there, who lock'd from Ink and Paper, scrawls
With desp'rate Charcoal round his darken'd Walls?
All fly to *Twit'nam*, and in humble Strain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy Son neglects the Laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd Works the Cause:
Poor *Cornus* sees his frantic Wife elope,
And curses Wit, and Poetry, and *Pope*.

And after he makes a second Person (like *Horace*) object against him for meddling with the Great, with Ministers, and Queens, and Kings; to which he replies:

Whom have I hurt? Has Poet yet, or Peer,
Lost the arch'd Eye-brow, or *Parnassian* Sneer?

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And has not *Colley* still his Lord and Whore?
His Butcher *Henley* and Free-Mason *Moor*?

The Lines which reflects on Mr. *Cibber* he quietly let alone, not thinking it (I believe) for his Advantage, to take up a Pen against an Adversary so potent, and now so much in Favour with the World; but after the Publication of the new *Dunciad*, where Mr. *Pope* was still very bright upon his Dulness, he immediately endeavoured to answer those Bills of Discredit, which *he says* Mr. *Pope* had drawn on him: And Mr. *Cibber* has been of that very peaceable Nature, in Regard to the Defence of his Odes and other poetical Performances, that though he has been persecuted for Twenty Years together, he never 'till now made any Answer; nay, he has wrote Verses against his own Odes, meerly for the Pleasure of sitting in Coffee-Houses and hearing them (for they were not known to be his) praised and called palpable Hits, keen, Things with a Spirit in them, &c. He had in this Contest with Mr. *Pope*, which is a Letter to him, the Cunning to write in Prose, and to keep his Temper, which he has done extremely well. As to his own Poetry, he openly and candidly confesses, that he wrote more to be fed than to be famous; and that he is so contented a Dunce, that he would not have even Mr. *Pope's* merited Fame attended with the Solicitude he has been at to maintain it, allowing at the same Time the *Dunciad* to be a better Poem, in its Kind, than ever was writ.

He protests that he had never used Mr. *Pope* nor any Body else with Ill-manners, and seems to give other Reasons for his Ill-will towards him. In his Letter he says:

THE

THE Play of the *Rehearsal*, which had lain some few Years dormant, being by his present Majesty (then Prince of *Wales*) commanded to be revived, the Part of *Bays* fell to my Share. To this Character there had always been allow'd such ludicrous Liberties of Observation, upon any Thing new or remarkable in the State of the Stage, as Mr. *Bays* might think proper to take. Much about this Time, then, the *Three Hours after Marriage* had been acted without Success; when Mr. *Bays*, as usual, had a Fling at it, which in itself was no Jest, unless the Audience would please to make it one: But however, flat as it was, Mr. *Pope* was mortally sore upon it. This was the Offence; in this Play two Coxcombs being in Love with a learned Virtuoso's Wife, to get unsuspected Access to her, ingeniously send themselves, as two presented Rarities to the Husband, the one curiously swath'd up like an *Egyptian* Mummy, and the other sily covered in the Paste-board Skin of a Crocodile: Upon which poetical Expedient I, Mr. *Bays*, when the two Kings of *Brentford* came from the Clouds into the Throne again, instead of what my Part directed me to say, made Use of these Words, viz. "Now, Sir, this Revolution I had some Thoughts of introducing by a quite different Contrivance; but my Design taking Air, some of your sharp Wits, I found, had made Use of it before me; otherwise, I intended to have stolen one of them in the Shape of a *Mummy*, and t'other in that of a *Crocodile*." Upon which, I doubt, the Audience by the Roar of their Applause, shew'd their proportionable Contempt of the Play they belong'd to. But why am I answerable for that? I did not lead them, by any Reflexion of my own, into that Contempt: Surely, to

have used the bare Word *Mummy* and *Crocodile*, was neither unjust, or unmannerly; Where then was the Crime of simply saying there had been two such Things in a former Play? But this, it seems, was so heinously taken by Mr. *Pope*, that, in the Swelling of his Heart, after the Play was over, he came behind the Scenes, with his Lips pale and his Voice trembling to call me to Account for the Insult; and accordingly fell upon me with all the foul Language, that a Wit out of his Senses could be capable of.—

How durst I have the Impudence to treat any Gentleman in that Manner? &c. &c. &c. Now let the Reader judge by this Concern, who was the true Mother of the Child! When he was almost choaked with the Foam of his Passion, I was enough recover'd from my Amazement, to make him (as near as I can remember) this Reply, *viz.* “ Mr. *Pope*—You are so particular a Man, that I must be ashamed to return your Language as I ought to do: But since you have attack’d me in so monstrous a Manner, this you may depend upon; That as long as the Play continues to be acted, I will never fail to repeat the same Words over and over again.” Now, as he accordingly found I kept my Word, for several Days following, I am afraid he has since thought, that his Pen was a sharper Weapon than his Tongue to trust his Revenge with. And however just Cause this may be for his so doing, it is, at least, the only Cause my Conscience can charge me with.

The *Nonjuror*, and Mr. *Pope* was one as being a Papist, being brought upon the Stage with great Success, he was displeased, and spoke of it to Mr. *Jervas* contemptuously, *Such a Play as the Nonjuror*: And here Mr. *Cibber* thinks arose another Cause. Mr. *Cibber* reasons thus: WELL

WELL then! upon the great Success of this enormous Play the *Nonjuror*, poor Mr. *Pope* laments the Decay of Poetry; though the Impoliteness of the Piece is his only insinuated Objection against it. How nice are the Nostrils of this delicate Critick! This indeed is a Scent, that those wide-mouth'd Hounds the Daily-Paper Criticks could never hit off! though they pursued it with the Imputation of every Offence that could run down a Play: Yet Impoliteness at least they oversaw. No! they did not disguise their real Dislike, as the prudent Mr. *Pope* did; they all fairly spoke out, and in full Cry open'd against it, only for its so audaciously exposing the sacred Character of a lurking, treason-hatching Jesuit, and for inhumanly ridiculing the conscientious Cause of an honest deluded Jacobite Gentleman. Now may we not as well say to Mr. *Pope*, *Hinc illæ Lachrymæ*! Here was his real Disgust to the Play! For if Impoliteness could have so offended him, he would never have bestowed such Encomiums upon the *Beggars Opera*, which, whatever Beauties it might boast, Politeness certainly was not one of its most striking Features. No, no! if the Play had not so impudently fallen upon the poor Enemies of the Government, Mr. *Pope*, possibly, might have been less an Enemy to the Play: But he has a charitable Heart, and cannot bear to see his Friends derided in their Distress: Therefore you may have observed, whenever the Government censures a Man of Consequence for any extraordinary Disaffection to it; then is Mr. *Pope*'s Time generously to brighten and lift him up with Virtues, which never had been so conspicuous in him before. Now, though he may be led into all this, by his thinking it a religious Duty; yet those who are of a different Religion may

sure be equally excused, if they should notwithstanding look upon him as their Enemy. But to my Purpose.

Whatever might be his real Objections to it, Mr. *Pope* is at least so just to the Play, as to own it had great Success, though it grieved him to see it; perhaps too he would have been more grieved, had he then known, that his late Majesty, when I had the Honour to kiss his Hand, upon my presenting my Dedication of it, was graciously pleased, out of his Royal Bounty, to order me two Hundred Pounds for it. Yes, Sir! 'tis true—such was the Depravity of the Times, you will say, and so enormous was the Reward of *such a Play as the Nonjuror*!

He expostulates with him concerning the various Strokes he has given him in the *Dunciad*, and pleading his own Cause not amiss, proves himself (Odes and Tragedies excepted) no Duncè. Then proceeds to the Line above quoted:

And has not *Colley* too his Lord and Whore.

To this he pleads guilty in a Manner, though he denies it to be possible for Mr. *Pope* to have certain Knowledge of any Amour of his, but charges it back upon him, to which, he says, he was an Eye-witness; and tells a comical loose Story of a Nobleman, who enticed Mr. *Pope* from *Button's* to a Brothel: The particular Circumstances are nothing to the Proof which was positive, and Mr. *Gibber* dragged him from the private Room; my Lord all the while standing tittering without, called Mr. *Gibber* Puppy for spoiling the Diversion he proposed himself. In this Manner he revenged himself, and indeed we think fairly, on Mr. *Pope*, whose Friend's Reply (who is but a Bungler) made still more Sport for the Town,

Town, and caus'd another Letter, and supposing the Advocate of Mr. *Pope's* to be a Parson (and really by the miserable Stile we should guess so) Mr. *Cibber* says :

“ Would it not become a Divine (though a Poet
“ might say any Thing) when he detracts from any
“ Man's Character in so publick a Manner, to
“ have his Assertions (though they were true) back'd
“ with a little better Evidence? Lest the Licence of
“ his Pen should be thought a Vice of a deeper Dye,
“ than any you have accus'd me of?”

If this Person does no better for Mr. *Pope* in other Things, than he has done in this, we believe he had better (if his Interest don't suffer by it) let his, i. e. Mr. *Pope's* Fame and Writings quite alone; we are particularly fearful for the Essay on Criticism, on which we have not yet had Time (as not having much Leisure for Trifles) to read the Commentation.

But we were speaking of the Epistle to Dr. *Arbuthnot*, in which he does not forget Mr. *Ambrose Philips*, there having been Enmity sown between them ever since the Writing of Mr. *Pope's* Pastorals, which grew by Degrees to almost the Breach of the Peace between them; it was reported, that Mr. *Philips* procur'd a great Rod, shew'd it at *Button's* Coffee-House, then resorted to by all the reigning Wits and Poets, and had it stuck up in the publick Coffee Room, vowing to exercise it upon Mr. *Pope* whenever he should meet him there; but this is not true, he said some foolish Things once concerning Mr. *Pope*, but not what was reported; for a Proof of this, we refer to a Letter of Mr. *Pope's* to an honourable Gentleman, dated June 8, 1714.

THE Question you ask in Relation to Mr. *Addison* and *Philips*, I shall answer in a few Words.

G &

Mr.

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Mr. *Philips* did express himself with much Indignation against me one Evening at *Button's Coffee-house* (as I was told) saying, That I was entered into a Cabal with *Dean Swift* and others, to write against the *Whig-Interest*, and in particular to undermine his own Reputation, and that of his Friends *Steele* and *Addison*. But Mr. *Philips* never open'd his Lips to my Face, on this or any other like Occasion, tho' I was almost every Night in the same Room with him, nor ever offer'd me any Indecorum. Mr. *Addison* came to me a Night or two after *Philips* had talk'd in this idle Manner, and assured me of his Disbelief of what had been said, of the Friendship we should always maintain, and desir'd I would say nothing further of it. My Lord *Halifax* did me the Honour to stir in this Matter, by speaking to several People to obviate a false Aspersion, which might have done me no small Prejudice with one Party. However *Philips* did all he could, secretly to continue the Report with the *Hanover Club*, and kept in his Hands the Subscriptions paid for me to him, as Secretary to that Club. The Heads of it have since given him to understand, that they take it ill; but (upon the Terms I ought to be with a Man whom I think to be a Scoundrel) I would not even ask him for this Money, but commissioned one of the *Players*, his Equals, to receive it. *This is the whole Matter; but as to the secret Grounds of *Philips's* Malignity, they will make a very pleasant History when we meet. Mr. *Congreve* and some others have been much diverted with it, and most of the Gentlemen of the *Hanover Club* have made it the Subject of their Ridicule on their Secretary. It is to this Management of *Philips* that the World owes Mr. *Gay's* Pastorals. The ingenious Author is extremely your Servant, and would have comply'd with your kind Invitation, but that he

he is just now appointed Secretary to my Lord *Clarendon*, in his Embassy to *Hanover*.

I am sensible of the Zeal and Friendship with which I am sure you will always defend your Friend in his Absence, from all those little Tales and Calumnies, which a Man of any Genius or Merit is born to. I shall never complain while I am happy in such noble Defenders, and in such contemptible Opponents. May their Envy and ill Nature ever increase, to the Glory and Pleasure of those they would injure; may they represent me what they will, as long as you think me what I am,

Your most devoted Servant, &c.

A. POPE.

This we hope will clear Mr. *Philips* from such ill-manner'd and unlawful Intentions, without that, there was enough pass'd to keep up perpetual Animosity, and draw from Mr. *Pope* in the Epistle we are speaking of, the following Lines:

The Bard whom pilf' red Pastorals renown,
Who turns a *Persian* Tale for half a Crown,
Just writes to make his Barrenness appear,
And strains, from hard-bound Brains, eight Lines a
He, who still wanting tho' he lives on Theft, [Year:
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:
And he, who now to Sense, now Nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a Meaning:
And he, whose Fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not Poetry, but Prose run mad:
All these my modest Satire bade translate,
And own'd that nine such Poets made a *Tate*.

This Gentleman was, as he is often stil'd, the ingenious Author of the *Distress'd Mother*, chiefly a Transla-

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Translation from *Rapin*, for in that Tragedy is contain'd most, if not all of his *Ingenuity*, *Pastorals* and *Free Thinkers* excepted; he us'd to write Verses on Infants, in a strange Stile, which Dean *Swift* calls the *Namby Pamby* Stile, two of these elegant Pieces we have thought worth inserting, lest what we have said might look only like a bare Assertion.

To Miss Charlotte Pulteney, in her Mother's Arms.

Timely Blossom, infant Fair,
Fondling of a happy Pair,
Every Morn and every Night,
Their solicitous Delight;
Sleeping, waking, still at Ease,
Pleasing, without Skill to please:
Little Gossip blythe and hale,
Tattling many a broken Tale,
Singing many a tuneless Song,
Lavish of a heedless Tongue;
Simple Maiden void of Art,
Babbling out the very Heart;
Yet abandoned to thy Will,
Yet imagining no Ill:
Yet too innocent to blush,
Like the Linnet in the Bush,
To the Mother Linnet's Note,
Modelling her slender Throat;
Chirping forth her pretty Joys,
Wanton in the Change of Toys;
Like the Linnet green in May,
Flutt'ring to each bloomy Spray;
Wearied then and glad of Rest,
Like the Linnet in the Nest;
This, thy present happy Lot,
This in Time will be forgot;
Other Pleasures, other Cares,
Every busy Time prepares;

And

And thou shalt in thy Daughter see,
This Picture once resembled thee.

The other, though it makes no mention of the *Linnet*, like the foregoing, it being to a Sister of the first little tattling simple Heart-babbling Gossip, ends with a Prophecy like the foregoing.

To Miss Peggy Pulteney, in the Nursery.

DImply Damsel sweetly smiling,
All caressing, none beguiling;
Bud of Beauty, fairly blowing,
Every Charm to Nature owing;
This and that new Thing admiring,
Much of this and that enquiring;
Knowledge by Degrees attaining,
Day by Day some Virtue gaining:
Ten Years hence when I leave chiming,
Beardless Poets fondly rhyming,
(Fescued now perhaps in Spelling)
On thy riper Beauties dwelling,
Shall accuse each killing Feature,
Of the cruel charming Creature,
Whom I knew complying, willing,
Tender, and averse from killing.

How this Gentleman lost his good Taste, we cannot tell, he having done very well in the *Distress'd Mother*, and in his Pastorals, though the Friends of Mr. Pope, in Hopes by decrying them, to enhance the Value of his, will not be brought to allow this: *Scriblerus* in particular, who was deeper in Mr. Pope's Interest than any Man (nay, sometimes we believe he has wrote under that Name himself) mentions
them

them as Things contemptible, and fit Subjects for Satire.

To sing of Shepherds, and of Shepherdesses,
 Their awkward Humours, Dialogues, and Dresses :
 The Manner how they plow, and sow, and reap,
 How silly they, more silly than their Sheep,
 In Mantles blue, can trip it o'er the Green,
 In *Namby Pamby's* Past'als may be seen.

In this Gentleman Mr. *Pope* expected a formidable Enemy and Rival, but was disappointed ; as Mr. *Pope* advanced in Poetry and the Voice of the World, the other gave back, and getting into easier Circumstances, left Mr. *Pope* to his Muse, always bearing in Mind the old Quarrel, which cost him this *Lash*, and others in the *Dunciad*

Mr. *Pope*, though very conversant with a great Number of the Nobility, was nevertheless no Courtier ; he had particular Dislikes to some Persons of the greatest Quality, and in particular, to the Duke and Dutchess of *Marlborough* ; at the Duke he glances in one of the Epistles beforementioned :

Triumphant Leaders, at an Army's Head,
 Hemm'd round with Glories, pilfer Cloth or Bread,
 As meanly plunder, as they bravely fought,
 Now save a People, and now save a Groat.

This Dislike at first arose from an early Prejudice in Favour of Dean *Swift*, who, in the *Examiner*, has made a great Stir about the Bread Affair, and the Complaints of the Duke that were made from the Army ; it was heighten'd, in that he thought himself neglected by the Heads of that Family, for he, as most of the Nobility took Notice of him, expected it from all ; when he went to *Oxford*, he made a Visit to *Blenheim*, and in a Letter to Mrs. *Blount*, gives
 such



DUTCHESS of MARLBOROUGH
from an Original of S.^r Godfrey Kneller's at her first coming to C.

Parr Sculp

such a Description of it, as it does, is rather worse than it deserves, he likewise strikes at the noble Owners in a Manner we believe he did not ever intend should meet the publick Eye:

I Will not describe *Blenheim* in particular, not to forestal your Expectations before you see it: Only take a short Account, which I will hazard my little Credit is no unjust one. I never saw so great a Thing with so much Littleness in it: I think the Architect built it entirely in Compliance to the Taste of its Owners: For it is the most inhospitable Thing imaginable, and the most selfish: It has, like their own Hearts, no Room for Strangers, and no Reception for any Person of superior Quality to themselves. There are but just two Apartments, for the Master and Mistress, below; and but two Apartments above, (very much inferior to them) in the whole House. When you look upon the Outside, you'd think it large enough for a Prince; when you see the Inside, it is too little for a Subject; and has not Conveniency to lodge a common Family. It is a House of Entries and Passages; among which there are three Vista's through the Whole, very uselessly handsome. There is what might have been a fine Gallery, but spoil'd by two Arches towards the End of it, which take away the Sight of the several Windows. There are two ordinary Stair Cases instead of one great one. The best Things within the House, are the Hall, which is indeed noble and well proportion'd; and the Cellars and Offices underground, which are the most commodious, and the best contriv'd of the Whole. At the Top of the Building are several Cupola's and little Turrets that have but an ill Effect, and make the Building look at once finical and heavy. What seems of the best Taste,

Taste, is that Front towards the Gardens, which is not yet loaded with these Turrets. The two Sides of the Building are entirely spoil'd by two monstrous Bow-windows which stand just in the Middle, instead of Doors: And as if it were fatal, that some trifling Littleness should every where destroy the Grandeur, there are in the chief Front two Semi-circles of a lower Structure than the rest, that cut off the Angles, and look as if they were purposely design'd to hide a loftier and nobler Piece of Building, the Top of which appears above them. In a Word, the Whole is a most expensive Absurdity; and the Duke of *Shrewsbury* gave a true Character of it, when he said, it was a great *Quarry of Stones above Ground.*

We paid a Visit to the Spring where *Rosamond* bath'd herself, on a Hill where remains only a Piece of a Wall of the old Palace of *Henry II.* We toasted her Shade in cold Water, not without a Thought or two, scarce so cold as the Liquor we drank it in. I dare not tell you what they were, and so hasten to conclude,

Your, &c.

Notwithstanding these his mean Thoughts of those two great Personages, his ill Opinion did not fix on their beautiful Descendants, as appears in the Epistle he wrote to Mr. *Jervas*, with *Fresnoy's* Art of Painting, of which he speaks thus:

How finish'd with illustrious Toil appears
This small, well polish'd Gem, the Work of Years!
Yet still how faint by Precept 1. express
The living Image in the Painter's Breast?
Thence endless Streams of fair Ideas flow,
Strike in the Sketch, or in the Picture glow;

Thence

Thence Beauty, waking all her Forms, supplies
An Angel's Sweetness, or *Bridgewater's* Eyes.

Muse ! at that Name thy sacred Sorrows shed,
Those Tears eternal, that embalm the Dead :
Call round her Tomb each Object of Desire,
Each purer Frame inform'd with purer Fire :
Bid her be all that cheers or softens Life,
The tender Sister, Daughter, Friend and Wife :
Bid her be all that makes Mankind adore ;
Then view this Marble, and be vain no more !

Yet still her Charms inbreathing Paint engage ;
Her modest Cheek shall warm a future Age.
Beauty, frail Flow'r that every Season fears,
Blooms in thy Colours for a Thousand Years.
Thus *Churchill's* Race shall other Hearts surprize,
And other Beauties envy *Wortley's* Eyes,
Each pleasing *Blount* shall endless Smiles bestow,
And soft *Belinda's* Blush for ever glow.

Which is a very fine Complement to the Dut-
chess of *Bridgewater*, and at the same Time literally
true.

To speak the Truth of Mr. *Pope*, he was not
made for Courts ; he had nothing insinuating nor
fawning about him, neither could he flatter any
Body : His Person was not such as is sought out to
make a Figure, and his Constitution would not have
supported the Fatigue of Attendance : His Religion
excluded him from all Offices of Trust and Profit,
and he rather wanted somebody to humour him than
to humour others ; so that he was calculated for the
private Life he led. His Vein of Satire he never wan-
ted, subject Matter to satisfy ; could write plain
Truth at any Time ; liv'd where his Figure was of
no Signification ; had Attendance enough for all the
Offices he wanted, and could afford to pay double
Taxes

Taxes and live like a Gentleman. When he speaks of *the Great*, by *the Great* he generally desires to be understood the *Court*, to which his Disgust was augmented by the Disappointment Mr. Gay met with in his Expectations there :

Blest be the Great ! for those they take away,
And those they left me, for they left me GAY.

Of all Mr. *Pope's* Friends, this may be said to have been one of the most dear ; he assisted him in his Writings, he lov'd him for his Truth, Honour, Honesty, and Wit. A firmer Friendship we believe is not possible to be contracted ; disinterested, both Parties equally warm, equally faithful, without Interruption or accidental Allay ; never lessened by Distance, by no Difference of Humour, Principles, Temper ; or Religion, about which it was agreed between them never to discourse ; for Mr. *Gay* remembered the vain Effort of the Bishop of *Rocheſter*, and perceiv'd it rather sower'd than added to the Sweetness of their Conversation ; so Mr. *Pope* thought it against the suppos'd rising Interest of the other, and therefore was willing to keep silent on that Subject.

Mr. *Gay* was born at *Barnſtople* in *Devonſhire*, in the Year 1688. Mr. *Pope* and he ('tis observable) were of the same Age. The Time of the *Gays* or *Lé Gays* settling in that County, is to be seen in *Rifdon's* Survey of *Devonſhire*, Vol. 1, 8vo. Page 80, viz.

That one “ *Gilbert le Gay* gave Name to, and
“ settled at a Place called *Hampton-Gay*, in *Oxford-*
“ *ſhire* ; and by Match of a Daughter and Heir of
“ the Family of *Curtoſe*, or *Curtis*, he became
“ Proprietor of the Lordſhip of *Goldworthy* in *De-*
“ *vonſhire*. This Lordſhip was the ancient Dwell-
“ ing of the Name of *Gay*, for many Deſcents.”

Mr.

Mr. *Gay* was the Son of a Gentleman, but the Estate of his Family was very much diminish'd and incumber'd, insomuch, that not having a Dependance on any Thing worth staying in the Country for, he was sent up to *London*; the Trade which he chose to be put Apprentice to, was a Mercer, but he grew so fond of Reading and Study, that he frequently neglected to exert himself in putting off Silks and Velvets to the Ladies, and suffer'd them (by reason of his wanting to finish the Sale in too few Words) to go to other Shops, where they might be kept longer in Play; this Way of Gossipping about among the Silk Mercers, is said to be practis'd among young Ladies, often for Amusement, or to cure the Vapours, when in Reality they want to purchase nothing: Not being able to go thro' this Slavery, and doing what he did in the Shop with a Mind quite bent another Way, his Master seldom put him forward to serve, but some other, who had the Business more at Heart: By Degrees Mr. *Gay* became entirely to absent himself from the Shop, and at last, by Agreement with his Master, to withdraw from it, and retire into the Country, and having made an Acquaintance with Mr. *Pope*, and contracted a Friendship with him and all his Friends; he wrote several small Poems very full of Wit, and much in Taste, and having espous'd the high Party, appear'd at Court, soon after his writing the *Shepherd's Week*, of which we shall beg Leave, in a fit Place, (imagining it will be very grateful to most Readers) to make Comparison with Mr. *Pope*, and other great Pastoral Writers.

He would fain have made the Tour of *Europe* with Mr. *Pope*; but, besides that he was unable to leave his Parents, his weak Body could not support the Fatigue, nor had he then Leisure enough, or For-

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tune equal to what such a Voyage, as they must have liv'd at great Expence, would have requir'd; for discourfing of these Things, their Resolution if they had gone, was to have pass'd the first Summer in *Tuscany*, and the whole Winter at *Rome*, where they would have found it Time little enough to see only the choicest Part of the Curiosities, and converse with the Learned; but as Mr. *Pope* could not accompany him, who was chiefly also to have born the Expence, these Thoughts were turn'd another Way.

Among many small Pieces of Mr. *Gay's*, *Trivia*, or, *the Art of walking the Streets*, has had a very great Number of Admirers; but particularly the Rise of the Patten, and its being made by *Vulcan*, for a *Lincolnshire* Girl, and the more witty, and more humorous Birth of the Shoe-boy, from nothing less than a Goddess: It deserves to be quoted.

LIKE mortal Man, great *Jove* (grown fond of Change)

Of old was wont the nether World to range
To seek Amours; the Vice the Monarch lov'd
Soon thro' the wide *Ætherial* Court improv'd.
And ev'n the proudest Goddess now and then
Would lodge a Night among the Sons of Men;
To vulgar Deities descends the Fashion,
Each, like her Betters, bad her Earthly Passion.
Then *Cloacina* * (Goddess of the Tide
Whose *sable Streams* beneath the City glide)
Indulg'd the modish Flame: the Town she rov'd,
A mortal Scavenger she saw, she lov'd;

The

* *Cloacina* was a Goddess, whose Image *Tatius*, a King of the *Sabines*, found in the Common-sewer; and not knowing what Goddess it was, he call'd it *Cloacina*, from the Place in which it was found, and paid to it divine Honours. *Laſtant.* 1. 20, *Minuc. Fel. Oct.* p. 23.2

The muddy Spots that dry'd upon his Face,
Like Female Patches, heighten'd ev'ry Grace:
She gaz'd; she sigh'd, for Love can Beauties spy,
In what seem Faults to ev'ry common Eye.

Now had the Watchman walk'd his second Round,
When *Gloacina* hears the rumbling Sound
Of her brown Lover's Cart, for well she knows
That pleasing Thunder: Swift the Goddess rose,
And thro' the Streets pursu'd the distant Noise,
Her Bosom panting with expected Joys.
With the Night-wandering Harlot's Airs she past,
Brush'd near his Side, and wanton Glances cast;
In the black Form of Cinder-wench she came,
When Love, the Hour, the Place, had banish'd Shame,
To the dark Alley, Arm in Arm they move;
O may no Link-boy interrupt their Love!
When the pale Moon had nine Times fill'd her Space,
The pregnant Goddess (cautious of Disgrace)
Descends to Earth; but sought no Midwife's Aid,
Nor midst her Anguish to *Lucina* pray'd;
No chearful Gossip wish'd the Mother Joy,
Alone, beneath a Bulk, she dropt the Boy.

The Child, thro' various Risques, in Years improv'd
At first a Beggar's-brat, Compassion mov'd;
His Infant-tongue soon learnt the canting Art,
Knew all the Pray'rs and Whines to touch the Heart.

O happy unown'd Youths, your Limbs can bear
The scorching Dog-star, and the Winter's Air,
While the rich Infant, nurs'd with Care and Pain,
Thirsts with each Heat, and coughs with ev'ry Rain!

The Goddess long had mark'd the Child's Distress,
And long had sought his Sufferings to redress;
She prays the Gods to take the Fondling's Part,
To teach his Hands some beneficial Art,
Practis'd in Streets: The Gods her Suit allow'd,
And made him useful to the walking Crowd,

To cleanse the miry Feet, and o'er the Shoe
 With nimble Skill the glossy Black renew.
 Each Pow'r contributes to relieve the Poor :
 With the strong Bristles of the mighty Boar
Diana forms his Brush ; the God of Day
 A Tripod gives, amid the crowded Way
 To raise the dirty Foot, and ease his Toil ;
 Kind *Neptune* fills his Vase with foetid Oil,
 Press'd from th' enormous Whale ; the God of Fire ;
 From whose Dominion smoaky Clouds aspire,
 Among these gen'rous Presents joins his Part,
 And aids with Soot the new japanning Art :
 Pleas'd she receives the Gifts ; she downward glides,
 Lights in *Fleet-Ditch*, and shoots beneath the Tides.
 Now dawns the Morn, the sturdy Lad awakes,
 Leaps from his Stall, his tangled Hair he shakes,
 Then leaning o'er the Rails, he musing stood,
 And view'd below the black Canal of Mud,
 Where Common-Sewers a lulling Murmur keep,
 Whose Torrents rush from *Holbourn's* fatal Steep :
 Pensive, thro' Idleness, Tears flow'd apace,
 Which eas'd his loaded Heart, and wash'd his Face ;
 At length he sighing cry'd ; That Boy was blest,
 Whose Infant-Lips have drain'd a Mother's Breast ;
 But happier far are those (if such be known)
 Whom both a Father and a Mother own :
 But I, alas ! hard Fortune's utmost Scorn,
 Who ne'er knew Parent, was an Orphan born !
 Some Boys are rich by Birth beyond all Wants,
 Belov'd by Uncles, and kind good old Aunts ;
 When Time comes round a Christmas-Box they bear,
 And one Day makes 'em rich for all the Year.
 Had I the Precepts of a Father learn'd,
 Perhaps I then the Coachman's Fare had earn'd ;
 For lesser Boys can drive ; I thirsty stand,
 And see the double Flaggon charge their Hand,

See 'em puff off the Froth and gulp amain,
While with dry Tongue I lick my Lips in vain.

While thus he fervent prays, the heaving Tide
In widen'd Circles beats on either Side;
The Goddess rose amid the inmost Round,
With wither'd Turnip-Tops her Temples crown'd;
Low reach'd her dripping Tresses, lank and black
As the smooth Jet, or glossy Raven's Back;
Around her Waist a circ'ling Eel was twin'd,
Which bound her Robe that hung in Rags behind.
Now beck'ning to the Boy; she thus begun:
Thy Pray'rs are granted; weep no more, my Son:
Go thrive. At some frequented Corner stand;
This Brush I give thee, grasp it in thy Hand,
Temper the Soot within this Vase of Oil,
And let the little Tripod aid thy Toil;
On this, methinks, I see the walking Crew,
At thy Request support the miry Shoe; [brown'd,
The Foot grows black, that was with Dirt im-
And in thy Pocket jingling Ha'pence found.
The Goddess plunges swift beneath the Flood,
And dashes all around her Show'rs of Mud:
The Youth strait chose his Post; the Labour ply'd,
Where branching Streets from *Charing-Cross* divide;
His Treble Voice resounds along the *Meuse*,
And *Whitehall* ecchoes——*clean your Honour's Shoes.*

The latter Part of this Quotation, we think,
bears a very strong Resemblance to some Lines in the
Dunciad.

The Comedy of *Three Hours after Marriage*, came
out in Mr. Gay's Name, but Dr. *Arbutnot* and Mr.
Pope were both said to be concern'd in it: It was le-
vell'd at Dr. *Woodward*, who was pointed at in it
under the Name of *Fossile*, acted by the best Come-
dian, but could not support itself, for indeed it was

but a poor Performance ; Mr. *Pope* never own'd to have had any Share in the Composition of it : But a Letter from Mr. *Gay* to him, while it was yet under Condemnation, will give a little Light into this Affair.

Dear Pope,

TOO late I see, and confess myself mistaken, in Relation to the Comedy, yet I do not think had I follow'd your Advice, and only introduc'd the *Mummy*, that the Absence of the *Crocodile* had sav'd it. I can't help laughing myself, (though the Vulgar do not consider that it was design'd to look very ridiculous) to think how the poor Monster and Mummy were dash'd at their Reception, and when the Cry was loudest, thought that if the Thing had been wrote by another, I should have deem'd the Town in some Measure mistaken, and as to your Apprehension that this may do us future Injury, do not think it ; the Doctor has a more valuable Name than can be hurt by any Thing of this Nature, and yours is doubly safe ; I will (if any Shame there be) take it all to myself, as indeed I ought, the Motion being first mine, and never heartily approv'd of by you. As to what your early Enemy said at the Duke of *Dorset's* and Mr. *Pulteney's*, you will live to prove him a false Prophet, as you have already a Liar, and a Flatterer, and Poet in Spight of Nature ; whether I shall do so or no, you can best tell, for with the Continuance of your dear Friendship and Assistance, never yet withheld from me, I dare promise as much.

I beg of you not to suffer this, or any Thing else, to hurt your Health. As I have publickly said, that I was assisted by two Friends, I shall still continue in the same Story, professing obstinate Silence about

Dr.

Dr. *Arbutnot* and yourself, I am going Tomorrow to *Hampton Court* for a Week, notwithstanding the Badness of the Weather, where, tho' I am to mix with Quality, I shall see nothing half so engaging as you my dear Friend.

I am (not at all cast down)

Your sincere Friend,

JOHN GAY.

This Comedy, Mr. *Gay* has not inserted in the Collection of his poetical Writings, which, though it met with the Disapprobation of the Town was soon forgot, he still following the Court, writing Verses upon her Royal Highness the Princess of *Wales*, afterwards Queen, and waiting in Expectation of some Employment, as he was frequently promis'd by my Lord *Oxford* and others, before the Death of Queen *Anne*, and through his Means was nominated and appointed Secretary to the Embassy to *Hanover*, in the Year 1714, the last Year of the Reign of Queen *Anne*, when the Lord *Paget*, the Earl of *Clarendon*, and Mr. *Harley*, were all sent to *Hanover*, to assure that illustrious House, of her Majesty's Affection towards them, but at the same Time to express her high Resentment at the Demand of a Writ for summoning his Electoral Highness as Duke of *Cambridge* to the House of Lords; by this Means (though the Profits arising from the Employment were very small) he had the Honour of being personally known to the present Royal Family, to whom he had shown in many of his Writings, Loyalty and Affection enough to have serv'd them in any Capacity, and it remains a great Question, if ever an honest Man offered himself to the Service of a Court.

As soon as he arriv'd, Mr. *Pope* met him with a Letter, dated *Sept. 23, 1714*, than which nothing

can better express the Love that was between these two:

Dear Mr. Gay,

Welcome to your native Soil! welcome to your Friends! thrice welcome to me! whether return'd in Glory, blest with Court-interest, the Love and Familiarity of the Great, and fill'd with agreeable Hopes; or melancholy with Dejection, contemplative of the Changes of Fortune, and doubtful for the future: Whether return'd a triumphant Whig or a desponding Tory, equally all hail! equally lov'd and welcome to me! If happy, I am to partake in your Elevation; if unhappy, you have still a warm Corner in my Heart, and a Retreat at *Binfield* in the worst of Times at your Service. If you are a Tory, or thought so by any Man, I know it can proceed from nothing but your Gratitude to a few People who endeavour'd to serve you, and whose Politicks were never your Concern. If you are a Whig, as I rather hope, and as I think your Principles and mine, (as Brother Poets) had ever a Bias to the Side of Liberty, I know you will be an honest Man and an inoffensive one. Upon the Whole, I know you are incapable of being so much of either Party as to be good for nothing. Therefore once more, whatever you are, or in whatever State you are, all hail!

One or two of your old Friends complain'd they hear nothing from you since the Queen's Death; I told 'em no Man living lov'd Mr. Gay better than I, yet I had not once written to him in all his Voyage. This I thought a convincing Proof, how truly one may be a Friend to another without telling him so every Month. But they had Reasons to themselves to alledge

ledge in your Excuse; as Men who really value one another will never want such as make their Friends and themselves easy. The late universal Concern in publick Affairs, threw us all into a Hurry of Spirits: Even I who am more a Philosopher than to expect any Thing from any Reign, was born away with the Current, and full of the Expectation of the Successor. During your Journeys I knew not whither to aim a Letter after you; that was a Sort of shooting flying: Add to this the Demand *Homer* had upon me, to write fifty Verses a Day, besides learned Notes, all which are at a Conclusion for this Year. Rejoice with me, O my Friend, that my Labour is over; come and make merry with me in much Feasting: We will feed among the Lillies, (by the Lillies I mean the Ladies.) Are not the *Rosalinda's* of *Britain* as charming as the *Blousalinda's* of the *Hague*? Or have the two great pastoral Poets of our Nation renounced Love at the same Time? For *Philips*, immortal *Philips*, hath deserted, yea, and in a rustick Manner kick'd, his *Rosalind*. Dr. *Parnelle* and I have been inseparable ever since you went. We are now at the *Bath*, where (if you are not, as I heartily hope, better engag'd). your coming would be the greatest Pleasure to us in the World. Talk not of Expences: *Homer* shall support his Children. I beg a Line from you directed to the Posthouse in *Bath*. Poor *Parnelle* is in an ill State of Health.

Pardon me if I add a Word of Advice in the poetical Way. Write something on the King, or Prince, or Princess. On whatsoever Foot you may be with the Court, this can do no Harm—I shall never know where to end, and am confounded in the many Things I have to say to you, tho' they all amount but to this that I am entirely, as ever,

Your sincere Friend,

A. POPE.
Mr.

Mr. Gay's next Trip was to *France* with Mr. *Pulzeney*, which Place was Matter of much Ridicule to him, who was so very fond of natural Simplicity; but there he saw, he heard nothing, but what was Art and Artifice: It drew from him some very witty Lines, on the egregious Fopperies and extravagant Deportment of that Nation:

IN *Paris* there's a Race of Animals,
 (I've seen 'em at their Operas and Balls)
 They stand erect, they dance whene'er they walk,
 Monkeys in Action, Paroquetes in Talk;
 They're crown'd with Feathers like the Cockatoo,
 And, like Camelions, daily change their Hue;
 From Patches, justly plac'd, they borrow Graces,
 And with Vermilion lacquer o'er their Faces;
 This Custom, as we visibly discern,
 They by frequenting Ladies Toilets learn.

How happy lives the Man, who sure to charm,
 Whose Knot embroider'd flutters down his Arm!
 On him the Ladies cast the yielding Glance,
 Sigh in his Songs, and languish in his Dance;
 While wretched is the Wit, contemn'd, forlorn,
 Whose gummy Hat no Scarlet Plumes adorn;
 No broider'd Flowers his Worsted Ankle grace,
 Nor Cane emboss'd with Gold directs his Pace;
 No Lady's Favour on his Sword is hung.
 What tho' *Apollo* dictate from his Tongue.
 His Wit is spiritless and void of Grace,
 Who wants th' Assurance of Brocade and Lace:
 While the gay Fop genteely talks of Weather,
 The Fair in Raptures doat upon his Feather;
 He dresses, fences. What avails to know?
 For Women chuse their Men, like Silks, for Show.
 Yet let us not their loose Coquet'ry blame;
Women of every Nation are the same.

You

You ask me, if *Parisian* Dames, like our's,
 With ratt'ling Dice profane the *Sunday's* Hours?
 If they the Gamester's pale-ey'd Vigils keep,
 And stake their Honour while their Husbands sleep?
 Yes, Sir; like *English* Toasts, the Dames of *France*
 Will risque their Income on a single Chance:
 But here no Wife can blast her Husband's Fame,
 Cuckold is grown an honourable Name.
 Stretch'd on the Grass, the Shepherd sighs his Pain;
 And on the Grass what Shepherd sighs in vain?
 Such were our Pleasures in the Days of Yore,
 When am'rous CHARLES *Britannia's* Scepter bore;
 The Nightly Scene of Joy the *Park* was made,
 And Love, in Couples, peopled ev'ry Shade:
 But since at Court the Rural-Taste is lost,
 What mighty Sums have Velvet-Couches cost?
 Like *France*, our Courtiers keep a num'rous Train,
 To load their Coach; and Tradesmen dun in vain.

Nor has Religion left us in the Lurch,
 And, as in *France*, our Vulgar croud the Church;
 Our Ladies too support the Masquerade;
 The Sex, by Nature, love the' Intriguing-Trade.

Here, on the Opera-Stage, the Youth of *France*,
 In bright Array attract the Female Glance:
 This languishes, this struts, to shew his Mien;
 And not a gold-clock'd Stocking moves unseen,

But hark! the full Orchestra strikes the Strings;
 The Hero struts, and the whole Audience sings:
 My jarring Ear harsh, grating, Murmurs wound,
 Hoarse and confus'd, like *Babel's* mingled Sound.

O sooth me with some soft *Italian* Air,
 Let Harmony compose my tortur'd Ear!
 When *Anastasia's* Voice commands the Strain,
 The melting Warble thrills thro' ev'ry Vein;
 Thought stands, Suspence and Silence pleas'd attends,
 While in her Notes the heav'nly Choir descends.

You'll

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You'll think 'tis Time some other Theme to chuse,
And not with Beaus and Fops fatigue the Muse.
Should I let Satire loose on *English* Ground,
There, Fools of various Characters abound;
But here, my Verse is to one Race confin'd;
All *Frenchmen* are of *Petit-maitre* Kind.

On his Return from *France*, the Friendship between Mr. *Pope* and him, was grown to such an Height, that they began to think of living entirely together, which, however, they did not do, Mr. *Gay* being call'd for a Time to *Stanton Harcourt*, my Lord being excessively fond of his Company; while he was there, a Storm of Thunder and violent Lightning put all the Inhabitants into a very great Consternation, and two People were kill'd by it, who happened to be out in the Field, and too far off other Shelter, could only reach the Side of a Cock of Barley, of which he writes in a very particular Manner to Mr. *Fenton*, dating his Letter from that Place, Aug. 3, 1718.

THE only News that you can expect to have from me here, is News from Heaven, for I am quite out of the World, and there is scarce any Thing can reach me except the Noise of Thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read in old Authors of high Towers levell'd by it to the Ground, while the humble Valleys have escap'd: The only Security against it is the Laurel, which however, I take to be no great Security to the Brains of modern Authors. But to let you see that the contrary of this oft happens, I must acquaint you, that the highest and most extravagant Heap of Towers in the Universe, which is in this Neighbourhood, stands still undefac'd, while a Cock of Barley in our next Field

Field has been consum'd to Ashes. Would to God that this Heap of Barley had been all that had perish'd! For unhappily beneath this little Shelter sat two much more constant Lovers than ever were found in Romance under the Shade of a Beech Tree. *John Hewet* was a well-set Man of about five and twenty, *Sarah Drew* might be rather call'd comely than beautiful, and was about the same Age. They had pass'd thro' the various Labours of the Year together, with the greatest Satisfaction; if she milk'd, 'twas his Morning and Evening Care, to bring the Cows to her Hand; it was but last Fair that he bought her a Present of green Silk for her Straw Hat, and the Posy on her silver Ring was of his chusing. Their Love was the Talk of the whole Neighbourhood; for Scandal never affirm'd, that they had any other Views than the lawful Possession of each other in Marriage. It was that very Morning that he had obtain'd the Consent of her Parents, and it was but till the next Week they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps in the Intervals of their Work they were now talking of the Wedding Cloaths, and *John* was suiting several Sorts of Poppies and Field Flowers to her Complexion, to chuse her a Knot for the Wedding-day. While they were thus busied, (it was on the last of *July* between two and three in the Afternoon) the Clouds grew black, and such a Storm of Lightning and Thunder ensued, that all the Labourers made the best of their Way to what shelter the Trees and Hedges afforded. *Sarah* was frightned and fell down in a Swoon on a Heap of Barley. *John* who never separated from her, sat down by her, having rak'd together two or three Heaps the better to secure her from the Storm. Immediately there was heard so loud a Crack, as if Heaven had split asunder; every one was now solicitous for the Safety of

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of his Neighbour, and called to one another throughout the Field: No Answer being return'd to those who call'd to our Lovers, they stept to the Place where they lay; they perceiv'd the Barley all in a Flame, and then spy'd this faithful Pair: *John* with one Arm about *Sarah's* Neck, and the other held over her, as to skreen her from the Lightning. They were struck dead, and stiffen'd in this tender Posture. *Sarah's* left Eye-brow was sing'd, and there appear'd a black Spot on her Breast: Her Lover was all over black, but not the least Signs of Life were found in either. Attended by their melanchoiy Companions, they were convey'd to the Town, and the next Day were interr'd in *Stanton-Harcourt* Church-yard. My Lord *Harcourt*, at Mr. *Pope's* and my Request, has caused a Stone to be plac'd over them, upon Condition that we furnish'd the Epitaph, which is as follows;

When Eastern Lovers feed the Funeral Fire,
On the same Pile the faithful Pair expire;
Here pitying Heaven that Virtue mutual found,
And blasted both that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleas'd,
Sent his own Lightning, and the Victims seiz'd.

But my Lord is apprehensive the Country People will not understand this, and Mr. *Pope* says he'll make one with something of Scripture in it, and with as little of Poetry as *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*.

Your, &c.

Whenever Mr. *Gay* had any Time upon his Hands, or was free from the Great, who us'd to be giving him continual Invitations to their Seats, Mr. *Pope* was still harping upon the old String of their living together, which only now depended upon the
Death

Death of his Mother; this is evident in a Letter of his to Mr. *Gay*, just after he was recover'd from a Fit of Illness, and while Mr. *Pope's* Mother was in such declining Health, as well as Age, that he daily expected she would be call'd hence. Thus he writes to Mr. *Gay*:

I Faithfully assure you, in the Midst of that Melancholy with which I have been so long encompass'd, in an hourly Expectation almost of my Mother's Death; there was no Circumstance that render'd it more insupportable to me, than that I could not leave her to see you. Your own present Escape from so imminent Danger, I pray God may prove less precarious than my poor Mother's can be; whose Life at best can be but a short Reprieve, or a longer dying. But I fear, even that is more than God will please to grant me; for, these two Days past, her most dangerous Symptoms are return'd upon her; and unless there be a sudden Change, I must in a few Days, if not in a few Hours, be depriv'd of her. In the afflicting Prospect before me, I know nothing that can so much alleviate it as the View now given me (Heaven grant it may encrease) of your Recovery. In the Sincerity of my Heart, I am excessively concern'd, not to be able to pay you, dear *Gay*, any Part of the Debt I very gratefully remember I owe you on a like sad Occasion, when you was here comforting me in her last great Illness. May your Health augment as fast as I fear her's must decline: I believe that would be very fast — may the Life that is added to you be pass'd in good Fortune and Tranquillity, rather of your own giving to yourself, than from any Expectations or Trust in others. May you and I live together, without wishing more Felicity or Acquisitions than Friendship can give and receive

ceive without Obligations to Greatness. God keep you, and three or four more of those I have known as long, that I may have something worth surviving my Mother. Adieu dear *Gay*, and believe me (while you live and while I live.)

Your, &c.

As I told you in my last Letter, I repeat it in this: Do not think of writing to me. The Doctor, Mrs. *Howard*, and Mrs. *Blount*, give me daily Accounts of you.

Nay, so earnest was Mr. *Pope* for the Recovery of Mr. *Gay's* Health, that he at last resolves to run the Risque of all Fatigue, and Change of Climate, and go with him where it might be thought the Climate might afford the best Air for him; this was when Mr. *Gay* met with his Disappointment at Court.

NO Words can tell you the great Concern I feel for you; I assure you it was not, and is not lessen'd, by the immediate Apprehension I have now every Day lain under of losing my Mother. Be assur'd, no Duty less than that should have kept me one Day from attending your Condition: I would come and take a Room by you at *Hampstead*, to be with you daily, were she not still in Danger of Death. I have constantly had particular Accounts of you from the Doctor, which have not ceas'd to alarm me yet. God preserve your Life, and restore your Health. I really beg it for my own Sake, for I feel I love you more than I thought in Health, though I always lov'd you a great deal. If I am so unfortunate as to bury my poor Mother, and yet have the good Fortune to have my Prayers heard for you, I hope we may live most of our remaining Days together.

gether. If, as I believe, the Air of a better Clime, as the southern Part of *France*, may be thought useful for your Recovery, thither I would go with you infallibly; and it is very probable we might get the Dean with us, who is in that abandoned State already which I shall shortly be, as to other Cares and Duties. Dear *Gay* be as chearful as your Sufferings will permit: God is a better Friend than a Court: Even any honest Man is better. I promise you my entire Friendship in all Events, heartily praying for your Recovery.

Your, &c.

P. S. Do not write, if you are ever so able: The Doctor tells me all.

This was not an unexpected Turn to Mr. *Pope*, who knew the Uncertainty, Instability, and strange quick Turns of Courts, neither should Mr. *Gay* have taken it so much to Heart, seeing he had been promised and disappointed so many Times. When he was in *France*, a young Prince was born here, and Mr. *Pope* thereon writes to him, Nov. 8, 1718. The Postscript is a Proof of our Assertion,

I Have no Story to tell you worth your Hearing; you know I am no Man of Intrigue; but the Dutches of *Hamilton* has one which she says is worth my Hearing, that relates to Mr. *Pulteney* and yourself; and which she promises, if you won't tell me, she will. Her Grace has won in a Raffle a very fine Tweezer-case; at the Sight of which, my Tweezer-case, and all other Tweezer-cases on the Globe hide their diminish'd Heads.

That Dutches, Lord *Warwick*, Lord *Stanhope*, Mrs. *Bellenden*, Mrs. *Lepell*, and I can't tell who else, had your Letters: Dr. *Arbuthnot* and I expect

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to be treated like Friends. I would send my Service to Mr. *Pulteney*, but that he is out of Favour at Court, and make some Compliment to Mrs. *Pulteney*, if she is a *Whig*. My Lord *Burlington* tells me she has as much outshin'd all the *French Ladies*, as she did the *English* before: I am sorry for it, because it will be detrimental to our holy Religion, if heretical Women should eclipse those Nuns and orthodox Beauties, in whose Eyes alone lie all the Hopes we can have, of gaining such fine Gentlemen as you to our Church.

Your, &c.

P. S. I wish you Joy of the Birth of the young Prince, because he is the only Prince we have, from whom you have had no Expectations and no Disappointments.

In this Letter, we observe Mrs. *P-l-t-n-y* mentioned with Respect and Esteem, but she altering her Carriage, and becoming superfelious as she grew great, and prodigious haughty, though only a *Glass-man's Daughter*, was left to her own dear Vanity and Ambition, by Mr. *Gay* and Mr. *Pope* too, though not without a Memorandum:

With scornful Mien, and various Toss of Air,
Fantastick, vain, and insolently fair;
Grandeur intoxicates her giddy Brain,
She looks Ambition, and she moves Disdain.
Far other Carriage grac'd her Virgin Life,
But charming *Gumley's* lost in *P-l-t-n-y's* Wife:
Not greater Arrogance in him we find,
And this Conjunction swells at last her Mind.
O could the Sire, renown'd in *Glass*, produce
One faithful Mirrour for his Daughter's Use,

Wherein

Wherein she might her haughty Errors trace,
And by Reflection learn to mend her Face;
The wonted Sweetness to her Form restore,
Be what she was, and charm Mankind once more.

Now we must speak no more of Mr. Gay at Court, nor in Favour with any that ow'd any Dependance to it: Yet was he not left without Friends; the Duke and Dutchess of *Queensberry* took him to their kind and noble Protection, and he was encourag'd as well by the great Reputation, as well as Profit he had receiv'd from the *Beggars Opera*, to write a Sequel to it. The *Beggars Opera* had indeed met with incredible Success, much of which was owing to the Squibs that were thrown at the Court, and many of which, of right appertain'd to Mr. Pope. The Song of *Peachum*, the Thief-catcher, was offer'd to the Publick, as follows:

THRO' all the Employments of Life
Each Neighbour abuses his Brother,
Whore and Rogue they call Husband and Wife,
All Professions be-rogue one another.
The Priest calls the Lawyer a Cheat,
The Lawyer be-knaves the Divine,
And the Statesman because he's so great,
Thinks his Trade as honest as mine.

This, before it was alter'd by Mr. Pope, was not so sharp, the two last Lines only saying:

And there's many arrive to be Great,
By a Trade not more honest than mine.

And the Song of *Mackeath* after his being taken,

SINCE Laws were made for every Degree,
 To curb Vice in others as well as me,
 I wonder we han't better Company
 Upon Tyburn Tree, &c.

Was wholly added by Mr. *Pope*, after Mr. *Gay* had given it the finishing Hand, as was most of the satirical Part upon the Court, and the Courtiers, which makes a very considerable Part of the Opera.

Mr. *Pope* encourag'd Mr. *Gay* to write the Sequel, and to write it still more severe against the Court, which Counsel, though not the best, he took, and being patroniz'd as he was, seem'd to be also without Fear or Apprehension of meeting with a Repulse from Power.

The Sequel was finish'd, and nam'd after the favourite Character in the *Beggars Opera*, POLLY; in which Opera, we are fully persuaded, are as many Lines of Mr. *Pope*'s as Mr. *Gay*'s: It was given into the Hands of Mr. *Rich*, who had conceiv'd Hopes of great Gain from it, which must unavoidably have ensued; but Mr. *Gay*, to his no small Surprise, receiv'd Notice from my Lord Chamberlain, to bring to him the Opera, for his Perusal, which was accordingly done, and when, after some Time, he was waited on for it to be return'd to the House, he told Mr. *Gay*, that for several Reasons, he did not think proper for it to be acted, and accordingly prohibited it: Nothing was left now but to publish it, and first, to soften here and there an Expression, to cause the less Reason to appear for its being suppress'd.

It wanted the natural Turn of the *Beggars Opera*, and seems upon the Whole, to mean little more than a fresh Satire, levell'd at the same Place as the *Beggars Opera* was. Those who had taken Mr. *Gay* into

into Protection, still upheld him, yet he could not bear this (to him) so very great a Disappointment, and on this Subject, not long after, he writes to Mr. *Pope*, who was so deeply concern'd at it, that he (being ill before) was made so much worse as to keep his Chamber many Weeks. Mr. *Gay's* Letter was thus :

Dear Mr. Pope,

MY Melancholy increases, and every Hour threatens me with some Return of my Distemper ; nay, I think I may rather say I have it on me. Not the divine Looks, the kind Favours and Expressions of the divine Dutches, who hereafter shall be in Place of a Queen to me, (nay, she shall be my Queen) nor the inexpressible Goodness of the Duke, can in the least cheer me. The Drawing-Room no more receives Light from those two Stars. There is now what *Milton* says is in Hell, Darkness visible.—O that I had never known what a Court was ! Dear *Pope*, what a barren Soil (to me so) have I been striving to produce something out of ! Why did I not take your Advice before my writing Fables for the Duke, not to write them ? Or rather, to write them for some young Nobleman ? It is my very hard Fate, I must get nothing, write for them or against them. I find myself in such a strange Confusion and Depression of Spirits, that I have not Strength even to make my Will ; though I perceive, by many Warnings, I have no continuing City here. I begin to look upon myself as one already dead ; and desire, my dear Mr. *Pope*, (whom I love as my own Soul) if you survive me, (as you certainly will) that you will, if a Stone should mark the Place of my Grave, see these Words put on it :

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Life is a Jest, and all Things shew it ;
I thought so once, but now I know it.

With what more you may think proper.

If any Body should ask, how I could communicate this after Death ? Let it be known, it is not meant so, but my present Sentiment in Life. What the Bearer brings besides this Letter, should I die without a Will, (which I am the likelier to do, as the Law will settle my small Estate much as I should myself) let it remain with you, as it has long done with me, a Remembrance of a dead Friend : But there is none like you, living or dead.

I am, dear Mr. Pope,
Your's, &c. JOHN GAY.

When all his Expectations from the Court were thus reduced to nothing, Mr. *Pope*, before this last Letter, wrote him one in a Boldness of Spirit, and with Freedom ; fit to be seen and read by him, but never meant to be the Object of the publick Eye. It was dated Oct. 6, 1727.

Dear Sir,

I HAVE many Years ago magnify'd in my own Mind, and repeated to you, a ninth Beatitude, added to the eighth in the Scripture ; “ Blessed is he “ who expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed.” I could find in my Heart to congratulate you on this happy Dismission from all Court-Dependence : I dare say, I shall find you the better and the honestest Man for it many Years hence ; very probably the healthfuller, and the chearfuller into the Bargain. You are happily rid of many cursed Ceremonies, as well as of many ill and vicious Habits, of which few or no Men escape the Infection, who are
hack-

hackney'd and tramelled in the Ways of a Court. Princes indeed, and Peers, (the Lackies of Princes) and Ladies (the Fools of Peers) will smile on you the less; but Men of Worth and real Friends will look on you the better. There is a Thing, the only Thing which Kings and Queens cannot give you, (for they have it not to give) Liberty, and which is worth all they have; which, as yet I thank God, *Englishmen* need not ask from their Hands. You will enjoy that, and your own Integrity, and the satisfactory Consciousness of having *not* merited such Graces from Courts as are bestow'd only on the mean, servile, flattering, interested, and undeserving. The only Steps to the Favour of the Great are such Complacencies, such Compliances, such distant Decourments, as delude them in their Vanities, or engage them in their Passions. He is their greatest Favourite, who is the falsest; and when a Man, by such vile Gradations, arrives at the Height of Grandeur and Power, he is then at best but in a Circumstance to be hated, and in a Condition to be hanged, for serving their Ends: So many a Minister has found it!

I believe you did not want Advice, in the Letter you sent by my Lord *Grantham*; I presume you writ it not without; and you could not have better, if I guess right at the Person who agreed to your doing it, in Respect to any Decency you ought to observe; for I take that Person to be a perfect Judge of Decencies and Forms. I am not without Fears even on that Person's Account: I think it a bad Omen; but what have I to do with Court-Omens?—Dear *Gay*, adieu. I can only add a plain, uncourtly Speech: While you are no Body's Servant, you may be any one's Friend; and as such I embrace you, in all Conditions of Life. While I have a Shilling, you

shall have Six-pence, nay Eight-pence, if I can contrive to live upon a Groat.

I am faithfully, Your's, &c.

And now Mr. *Gay's* Life was spent chiefly in the Country with the Duke and Dutches of *Queensberry*. His Melancholy and Distemper continuing to get the better of him, (though he had been always a Man of but few Words) he began to grow still more reserved, and seem'd to lose something of his Invention and Strength of Genius. Whether it were so in Reality, or whether he began to think it vain and of no Effect, his Stomach grew weak, and his Head began to be troubled with Dizziness; he with cold damp Sweats all over him, and such a Dejection of Spirits, that the very Entrance into the Room of any Stranger would give him Disorder. Of this he wrote, as well as of his Intention of coming to *London*, to Mr. *Pope*; who in his Reply strives to keep him in Heart a little by Mirth, and laughs at *Stephen Duck* and the Laureat, (who was Mr. *Eusden*) whom he calls a drunken *Sot of a Parson*: It is dated Oct. 23, 1730.

YOUR Letter is a very kind one, but I can't say so pleasing to me as many of your's have been, thro' the Account you give of the Dejection of your Spirits: I wish the too constant Use of Water does not contribute to it; I find Dr. *Arbuthnot* and another very knowing Physician of that Opinion. I also wish you were not so totally immers'd in the Country: I hope your Return to Town will be a prevalent Remedy against the Evil of too much Recollection: I wish it partly for my own Sake. We have lived little together of late, and we want to be Physicians for one another. It is a Remedy that agreeed

greed very well with us both for many Years, and I fancy our Constitutions would mend upon the old Medicine of *Studiorum similitudo*, &c. I believe we both of us want whetting; there are several here who will do you that good Office, merely for the Love of Wit, which seems to be bidding the Town a long and last Adieu. I can tell you of no one Thing worth reading, or seeing; the whole Age seems resolv'd to justify the *Dunciad*, and it may stand for a publick Epitaph or monumental Inscription like that at *Thermopylae*, on a whole People perish'd! There may indeed be a wooden Image or two of Poetry, set up, to preserve the Memory that there once were Bards in *Britain*; and (like the *Giants at Guildhall*) show the Bulk and bad Taste of our Ancestors: At present the poor Laureat and *Stephen Duck* serve for this Purpose; a drunken Sot of a *Parson* holds forth the Emblem of *Inspiration*, and an honest industrious *Thresher* not unaptly represents *Pains and Labour*. I hope this Phænomenon of *Wiltshire* has appear'd at *Amesbury*, or the *Dutchess* will be thought insensible of all bright Qualities and exalted Genius's, in Court and Country alike. But he is a harmless Man, and therefore I am glad.

This is all the News talk'd of at Court, but it will please you better to hear that Mrs. *Howard* talks of you, tho' not in the same Breath with the *Thresher*, as they do of me. By the Way, have you seen or convers'd with Mr. *Chubb*, who is a wonderful Phænomenon of *Wiltshire*? I have read thro' his whole Volume with Admiration of the Writer; tho' not always with Approbation of the Doctrine. I have past just three Days in *London* in four Months, two at *Windsor*, half an one at *Richmond*, and have not taken one Excursion into any other Country. Judge now whether I can live in my Library? Adieu. Live
mindful

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mindful of one of your first Friends, who will be so to the last. Mrs. *Blount* deserves your Remembrance, for she never forgets you, and wants nothing of being a Friend.

I beg the Duke's and her Grace's Acceptance of my Services: The Contentment you express in their Company pleases me, tho' it be the Bar to my own, in dividing you from us. I am ever very truly

Dear Sir, Your, &c.

A. POPE.

Mr. *Gay* came shortly to Town, but his Fever growing inflammatory, he died the 4th of *December*, 1732, at his Grace the Duke of *Queensberry's* House in *Burlington Gardens*, near *Piccadilly*.

He, as he had five Years before hinted to Mr. *Pope*, died intestate, and out of Place:

Gay dies unpension'd, with a thousand Friends.

POPE.

His Fortune was but small, and fell to his two Sisters; it was wholly owing to his own Labour and Prudence, during his Stewardship under the late Dutchess of *Monmouth*.

His Body was brought, by the Company of Upholders, from the Duke of *Queensberry's* to *Exeter Exchange* in the *Strand*, and on the 23d of *December*, after lying in solemn State, was at eight o'Clock in the Evening, drawn in a Hearse adorn'd with black and white Feathers, attended by three Mourning Coaches and six Horses, to *Westminster Abbey*.

His Pall was supported by the Right Hon. the Earl of *Chesterfield*, the Lord Viscount *Cornbury*, the Hon. Mr. *Berkeley*, General *Dormer*, Mr. *Gore*, and Mr. *Pope*.

The





Parr sculp

The last Offices were perform'd by the Right Reverend Dr. *Wilcox*, Bishop of *Rocheſter*, the Choir attending, and his Body was depoſited in the South Croſs-Ile, over againſt *Chaucer's* Tomb.

There is erected to his Memory a fine Monument, by *Ryſbrack*; on which, according to his Deſire, is put:

Life is a Jeſt, and all Things ſhow it;
I thought ſo once, but now I know it.

A LITTLE BELOW.

Of Manners gentle, of Affections mild,
In Wit a Man, Simplicity, a Child;
With native Humour temp'ring virtuous Rage,
Form'd to delight at once and laſh the Age.
Above Temptation in a low Eſtate,
And uncorrupted, e'en among the Great.
A ſafe Companion, and an eaſy Friend,
Unblam'd thro' Life, lamented in thy End.
Theſe are thy Honours! Not that here thy Buſt,
Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy Duſt:
But that the Worthy and the Good ſhall ſay,
Striking their penſive Boſoms,—Here lies *Gay*.

Here lie the Aſhes of Mr. *JOHN GAY*:

The warmeſt Friend,
The gentleſt Companion,
Who maintain'd,
Independency
In low Circumſtances of Fortune;
Integrity,
In the miſt of a corrupt Age;
And that equal Serenity of Mind,
Which conſcious Goodneſs alone can give,
Thro' the whole Courſe of his Life.
Favourite

Favourite of the Muses,
 He was led by them to every elegant Art :
 Refined in Taste,
 And fraught with Graces all his own.
 In various Kinds of Poetry
 Superior to many,
 Inferior to none.

His Works continue to inspire
 What his Example taught :
 Contempt of Folly, however adorn'd ;
 Detestation of Vice, however dignified ;
 Reverence for Virtue, however disgraced.

CHARLES and CATHARINE,
 Duke and Dutcheſs of *Queensberry*,
 Who lov'd this excellent Perſon Living,
 And Regret him Dead,
 Have cauſ'd this Monument to be erected
 To his Memory.

Now having decently interr'd Mr. *Gay*, we deſire our Reader to prepare for what was before promis'd, that is, ſome Diſcourſe on Paſtoral, taking Opportunity of Mr. *Gay's Shepherd's Week*, to make a Criticiſm thereon, not ſuch as may only ſhew our Knowledge of Defects, but of Beauty alſo. *There have been always Criticks*, and (ſays a right noble and worthy one indeed) *among a great many bad, ſome good ones* : But I believe there was never ſuch an Age and Nation for that Humour as ours is at preſent. In ſo great a Town as *London* there is always a little of the Plague in ſome odd Corner or other ; but ſometimes 'tis epidemical, and ſweeps all away. Juſt ſo 'tis now with Criticiſm, which without the leaſt Diſtinction ſpares no Body. That I mean, which is vented in Eating-houſes, Coffee-houſes, and Play-houſes ;

houses; and is nothing in the World but a Mixture of Ill-nature and Ignorance. But, the worst is, these bleak Winds are ever blasting our hopeful Blossoms; for they hinder the modestest and best Wits from writing; but, like Winds too, they can hardly hurt what is well ripened, and come forth: For 'tis almost infallible that a real good Thing will bear out itself, and get the better of all Opposition. Time, therefore, in all Matters of Writing, is the only true Touchstone of Merit; which at length will prevail over all the Folly and Faction imaginable.

As in old *Rome*, what made such excellent Orators above any since, but the universal Endeavour of all Mankind then to be eloquent? So here, among so many Criticks, 'tis impossible but some few must be fitted by Nature for such an exact Judgment of Things; and it being so much the Fashion, they cannot fail by Art and Practice to improve their Talent.

The Business of the Critick is mightily mistaken among us: For our Town-sparks think it consists in nothing but finding Fault, which is but the least Half of their Work. Every Man who drinks his Pot, can judge a paultry Picture in an Alehouse to be worth nothing; but how few can discern the best Touches, and judge of a good Collection!

When I meet with any Thing that deserves it, I approve it gladly, both for the Justice of the Thing, and because I give some Proof of my own Candour and Easiness of Humour, which, without Partiality, hath nothing of the Envy so common now a-days even among our best Wits. Yet perhaps this may proceed from a Sort of Vanity, of which I am as apt to suspect myself guilty, as any Body; knowing so well that all Sort of Writers, are too much inclin'd to it.

However,

However, (be it from what Motive it may) the following is a Criticism chiefly, if not altogether, on the Praise-worthy Side of our Authors considered, not proceeding from Envy of true Merit, nor Ill-nature in the Critick; therefore expect little except Comparison, Explanation, and bringing to light some beautiful Passages, in several great pastoral Poets, Mr. *Pope*, Mr. *Gay*, Mr. *Philips*, and in dramatick Pastoral, *Tasso*, *Guarini*, and our *British*, and much to be admir'd *gentle Shepherd*, *Allan Ramsay*.

There are four Sorts of Pastorals; the first Sort is that which is wrote with an Eye to antient *Arcadian* Shepherds, and this rises in the Stile, and assumes more poetical Liberty than otherways would be allowed to simple Shepherd Swains; of this Sort are the Pastorals of Mr. *Pope* and Mr. *Philips*.

The second Sort keeps in View only modern Shepherds, speaking in more homely Guise, without the poetical Painting mentioned in the first, of this Kind are Mr. *Gay*'s.

The third Sort is as either of these are manag'd by the Poet, and is the old *Arcadian*, or else the modern, and more natural Pastoral, either in *Description*, or *Dialogue*, of this Kind are some of the Pastorals of each of the three Poets beforementioned.

The fourth Sort is *pastoral Comedy*, and this admits of Description, Dialogue, Accident, Incident, and Action, and is the greatest Perfection to which pastoral Poetry can be brought; of this Kind, is the *Aminta* of *Tasso*—The *Faithful Shepherd* of *Guarini*, and the *Gentle Shepherd* of *Allan Ramsay*. *Boileau*, in his *Art of Poetry*, has given very good Instruction to a pastoral Writer, in the following Lines, translated from the original *French*, by Sir *William Soames*, and afterwards revis'd by the great Mr. *Dryden*.

AS a fair Nymph, when rising from her Bed,
 With sparkling Diamonds dresses no ther Head;
 But without Gold, or Pearl, or costly Scents,
 Gathers from neighb'ring Fields her Ornaments:
 Such, lovely in its Drefs, but plain withal,
 Ought to appear a perfect *Pastoral*:
 Its humble Method nothing has of fierce,
 But hates the rattling of a lofty Verse:
 There, native Beauty pleases, and excites,
 And never with harsh Sounds the Ear affrights.
 But in this Stile a Poet often spent,
 In Rage throws by his rural Instrument,
 And vainly, (when disorder'd Thoughts abound,)
 Amidst the Eclogue makes the Trumpet sound:
Pan flies, alarm'd, into the neighb'ring Woods.
 And frighted *Naiads* dive into the Floods.

Mr. *Philips*, who wrote his Pastorals before Mr. *Pope*, says little concerning the Manner of writing, or of the Nature of this Sort of Poetry, which, for many Years before he took his rural Pipe in Hand, had been quite neglected; it is therefore, I think, a little strange, that on the Revival of pastoral Poetry in *England*, he should only say:

IT is strange to think, in an Age so addicted to the Muses, how Pastoral Poetry comes to be never so much as thought upon; considering especially, that it has been always accounted the most considerable of the smaller Poems: *Virgil* and *Spencer* made use of it as a Prelude to heroick Poetry. But I fear the Innocency of the Subject makes it so little inviting at present.

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of this in a peculiar Manner : For, as in Painting, so I believe, in Poetry, the Country affords the most entertaining Scenes, and most delightful Prospects.

Gassendus, I remember, tells us, that *Pierreskius* was a great Lover of Musick, especially that of Birds ; because their artless Strains seem to have less of Passion and Violence, but more of a natural Easiness, and therefore do the rather befriend Contemplation. It is after the same Manner that Pastoral gives a sweet and gentle Composure to the Mind ; whereas the Ethick and Tragick Poem put the Spirits in too great a Ferment by the Vehemence of their Motions.

To see a stately, well built Palace strikes us, indeed, with Admiration, and swells the Soul, as it were, with Notions of Grandeur : But when I view a little Country Dwelling, advantagiously situated amidst a beautiful Variety of Fields, Woods, and Rivers ; I feel an unspeakable Kind of Satisfaction, and cannot forbear wishing, that my good Fortune would place me in so sweet a Retirement.

When Mr. *Pope* publish'd his, he was kinder to the Publick : Besides what we quoted in the Beginning of the first Volume of this Work, he has wrote many Things worthy Notice, and what will be of great Help to future Writers, in this Kind of Poem. The Original of Poetry, says Mr. *Pope*, is ascribed to that Age which succeeded the Creation of the World ; and as the Keeping of Flocks, seems to be the first Employment of Mankind, the most antient Sort of Poetry, was probably Pastoral : 'Tis natural to imagine, that the Leisure of those antient Shepherds requiring some Diversion, none was so proper to that solitary Life, as singing, and that in their Songs, they took Occasion to celebrate their own

own Felicity: From hence a Poem was invented, and afterwards improv'd to a perfect Image of that happy Time, which, by giving an Emblem of the Virtues of a former Age, might recommend them to the present; and since the Life of Shepherds was attended with more Tranquility than any other rural Employment, the Poets chose to introduce their Persons, from whom it receiv'd the Name of Pastoral.

If we could copy Nature, it may be useful to take this Consideration along with us, that Pastoral is an Image of what we call the Golden Age.

By this it is plain, that Mr. *Pope* esteem'd himself a Writer only of that Sort of Pastoral which painted the Golden Age. Mr. *Gay*, on the contrary, leaves that behind, and gives his Shepherds and Shepherdesses a Turn altogether modern and natural, for which he artfully and properly prepares the Reader, in a masterly Manner, affecting Simplicity of Stile, and a Language a little older than what was us'd in his Time. Great Marvel hath it been, says Mr. *Gay*, (and that not unworthily) to diverse worthy Wits, that in this our Island of *Britain*, in all rare Sciences so greatly abounding, more especially in all Kinds of Poésie highly flourishing, no Poet (though otherways of notable Cunning in Roundelays) hath hit on the right simple Eclogue after the true ancient Guise of *Theocritus*, before this mine Attempt.

Other Poet travailing in this plain High-way of Pastoral know I none. Yet, certes, such it behoveth a Pastoral to be, as Nature in the Country affordeth; and the Manners also meetly copied from the rustical Folk therein. In this also my Love to my native Country *Britain* much pricketh me forward, to describe aright the Manners of our own honest and labourious Plough-men, in no wise sure more unworthy a *British* Poet's Imitation, than those of *Sicily* or *Ar-*

cadie; albeit, not ignorant I am, what a Rout and Rabblement of critical Gallimawfry hath been made of late Days by certain young Men of insipid Delicacy, concerning, I wist not what, golden Age, and other outrageous Conceits, to which they would confine Pastoral.

Verily, as little Pleasance receiveth a true home-bred Taste, from all the fine finical new-fangled Fooleries of this gay *Gothic* Garniture, wherewith they so nicely bedeck their Court Clowns, or clown Courtiers, (for, which to call them rightly, I wot not) as would a prudent Citizen journeying to his country Farms, should he find them occupied by People of this motley Make, instead of plain downright hearty cleanly Folk; such as be now Tenants to the Burgessees of this Realme.

Furthermore, it is my Purpose, gentle Reader, to set before thee, as it were, a Picture, or rather lively Landscape of thy own Country, just as thou mightest see it, didst thou take a Walk in the Fields at the proper Season.

Thou wilt not find my Shepherdesses idly piping on oaten Reeds, but milking the Kine, tying up the Sheaves, or if the Hogs are astray driving them to their Styes. My Shepherd gathereth none other Nofegays but what are the Growth of our own Fields, he sleepeth not under Myrtle Shades, but under a Hedge, nor doth he vigilantly defend his Flocks from Wolves, because there are none, as Maister *Spencer* well observeth.

Well is known that since the *Saxon King*
Never was Wolf seen, many or some
Nor in all *Kent* nor in *Christendom*.

For as much, as I have mentioned Maister *Spencer*,
soothly I must acknowledge him a Bard of sweetest
Memorial,

Memorial. Yet hath his Shepherd's Boy at some-times raised his rustick Reed to Rhimes more rumbling than rural. Diverse grave Points also hath he handled of churchly Matter and Doubts in Religion daily arising, to great Clerks only appertaining. What liketh me best are his Names, indeed right simple and meet for the Country, such as *Lobbin*, *Cuddy*, *Hobbinol*, *Diggon*, and others, some of which I have made bold to borrow. Moreover, as he call'd his Eclogues, the *Shepherd's Calender*, and divided the same into the twelve Months, I have chosen (peradventure not over rashly) to name mine by the Days of the Week, omitting *Sunday* or the *Sabbath*, ours being suppos'd to be christian Shepherds, and to be then at Church Worship. Yet further of many of Maister *Spencer's* Eclogues it may be observ'd; tho' Months they be call'd, of the said Months therein, nothing is specify'd; wherein I have also esteem'd him worthy mine Imitation.

And here, much Comfort ariseth in me, from the Hopes, in that I conceive, when these Words in the Course of transitory Things shall decay, it may so hap, in meet Time that some Lover of Simplicity shall arise, who shall have the Hardiness to render these mine Eclogues into such more modern Dialect as shall be then understood, to which End, Glosses and Explications of uncouth pastoral Terms are annex'd.

In this *Shepherd's Week*, or Pastorals for six Days, Mr. *Pope* had little Share, he having before declar'd, that Pastorals ought to be an Imitation of the golden Age, yet not entirely to abandon his Friend, he wrote a few Lines for him in the fifth Pastoral, call'd the *Dirge*; they express the dying Words of *Blouzelinda*:

K 2

Mother,

Mother, quoth she, let not the Poultry need,
 And give the Goose wherewith to raise her Breed,
 Be these my Sister's Care—and ev'ry Morn
 Amid the Ducklings let her scatter Corn;
 The sickly Calf that's hous'd, be sure to tend,
 Feed him with Milk, and from bleak Colds defend.
 Yet e'er I die—see, Mother, yonder Shelf,
 There secretly I've hid my wordly Pelf.
 Twenty good Shillings in a Rag I laid,
 Be ten the Parson's, for my Sermon paid.
 The Rest is yours—My Spinning-wheel and Rake,
 Let *Susqu* keep for her dear Sister's Sake;
 My new straw Hat that's trimly lin'd with green,
 Let *Peggy* wear, for she's a Damsel clean.
 My leathern Bottle, long in Harvests try'd,
 Be *Grubbinol's*—this silver Ring beside:
 Three silver Pennies, and a Ninepence bent,
 A Token kind, to *Bumkinet* is sent.
 Thus spoke the Maiden, while her Mother cry'd,
 And peaceful, like the harmless Lamb, she dy'd.

In this Mr. *Pope* endeavour'd to imitate the Stile
 of Mr. *Gay*, but the last Line betrays him; his *Ar-*
cadian Strain, which charmed him in his Youth, al-
 ways was his Song, except as now, he by Force
 chang'd a Note or two: How different are his Ver-
 ses in his fourth Pastoral, to the Memory of Mrs.
Tempest:

Ye gentle Muses leave your chrystal Spring,
 Let Nymphs and Sylvans Cypress Garlands bring;
 Ye weeping Loves, the Stream with Myrtles hide,
 And break your Bows, as when *Adonis* dy'd;
 And with your golden Darts, now useless grown,
 Inscribe a Verse on this relenting Stone:

“ Let

“ Let Nature change, let Heav’n and Earth deplore

“ Fair *Daphne*’s dead, and Love is now no more!

’Tis done, and Nature’s various Charms decay;

See gloomy Clouds obscure the chearful Day!

Now hung with Pearls the dropping Trees appear,

’Their faded Honours scatter’d on her Bier.

See, where on Earth the flow’ry Glories lie;

With her they flourish’d, and with her they die.

Ah what avail the Beauties Nature wore?

Fair *Daphne*’s dead, and Beauty is no more!

For her, the Flocks refuse their verdant Food,

Nor thirsty Heifers seek the gliding Flood.

The silver Swans her hapless Fate bemoan,

In sadder Notes than when they sing their own.

Echo no more the rural Song rebounds,

Her Name alone the mournful Echo sounds,

Her Name with Pleasure once she taught the Shore,

Now *Daphne*’s dead, and Pleasure is no more!

No grateful Dews descend from Ev’ning Skies,

No Morning Odours from the Flow’rs arise.

No rich Perfumes refresh the fruitful Field,

Nor fragrant Herbs their native Incense yield.

The balmy Zephyrs, silent since her Death,

Lament the ceasing of a sweeter Breath.

Th’ industrious Bees neglect their golden Store;

Fair *Daphne*’s dead, and Sweetness is no more!

No more the mounting Larks while *Daphne* sings,

Shall list’ning in mid Air suspend their Wings;

No more the Nightingales repeat her Lays,

Or hush’d with Wonder, hearken from the Sprays:

No more the Streams their Murmurs shall forbear,

A sweeter Musick than their own to hear;

But tell the Reeds, and tell the vocal Shore,

Fair *Daphne*’s dead, and Musick is no more!

Her Fate is whisper’d by the gentle Breeze,

And told in Sighs to all the trembling Trees;

The trembling Trees, in ev'ry Plain and Wood,
 Her Fate remurmur to the silver Flood;
 The silver Flood, so lately calm, appears
 Swell'd with new Passion, and o'erflows with Tears;
 The Winds and Trees and Floods her Death deplore,
Daphne, our Grief! our Glory now no more.

Here you see all the Harmony of Numbers, and Beauty of Poetry. It is, notwithstanding, a very great Pity, that Mr. *Pope* did not, instead of writing Pastoral so young, defer it to be one of his last Works; for Pastoral Poetry (we dare boldly assert) is the most difficult of all, and never so well conducted as when it is Dramatick; This Mr. *Walsh* seems thoroughly sensible of, when he so earnestly perswades Mr. *Pope* to write a Pastoral Comedy, It was this high, harmonious Verse, made Sir *Richard Steele* say, it was not Pastoral, but somewhat better; allowing at the same Time, that Mr. *Phillips* had wrote in a Stile truly Pastoral, which evidently shews the Partiality of Sir *Richard* to that Author: For when he writes on the same Subject in his third Pastoral, speaking of the Death of *Albino*, (under which Character he endeavours to figure the young Duke of *Gloucester*, the only Child of Queen *Anne*) we should be gladly inform'd, whether he has not aimed as high as Mr. *Pope*, though, to be sure, his Strain is widely different. Give Attention, Reader, to his Attempt:

Can we forget how ev'ry Creature moan'd,
 And sympathizing Rocks in Eccho groan'd,
 Prefaging future Woe, when, for our Crimes,
 We lost *Albino*, Pledge of peaceful Times?
 The Pride of *Britain*, and the darling Joy
 Of all the Plains, and ev'ry Shepherd Boy.

No

No joyous Pipe was heard, no Flocks were seen,
Nor Shepherds found upon the grassy Green;
No Cattle graz'd the Field, nor drunk the Flood;
No Birds were heard to warble thro' the Wood.

In yonder gloomy Grove stretch'd out he lay,
His beauteous Limbs upon the damping Clay;
The Roses on his pallid Checks decay'd,
And o'er his Lips a livid Hue display'd:
Bleating around him lye his pensive Sheep,
And mourning Shepherds come in Crowds to weep;
The pious Mother comes, with Grief oppress'd;
Ye, conscious Trees and Fountains, can attest
With what sad Accents and what moving Cries
She fill'd the Grove, and importun'd the Skies,
And ev'ry Star upbraided with his Death,
When in her Widow'd Arms, devoid of Breath,
She clasp'd her Son, Nor did the Nymph for this
Place in her Dearling's Welfare all her Bliss,
And teach him young the *Sylvan* Crook to wield,
And rule the peaceful Empire of the Field.

As milk-white Swans on silver Streams do show,
And silver Streams to grace the Meadows flow;
As Corn the Vales, and Trees the Hills adorn,
So thou to thine an Ornament was born.
Since thou, delicious Youth, didst quit the Plains,
Th' ungrateful Ground we till with fruitless Pains:
In labour'd Furrows sow the Choice of Wheat,
And over empty Sheaves in Harvest sweat:
A thin Increase our woolly Substance yields,
And Thorns and Thistles overspread the Fields.

What wants there here of the *Arcadian* Stile.
This also must be pronounced to be no Pastoral, but
something better; that is, Sir *Richard Steele* means
finer Verses, too high for Shepherds Notes: Nay,

this Poet soar'd so high in his Pastorals, that he has aspired to rob the Canticles:

Breath soft, ye Winds; ye Waters gently flow;
Shield her ye Trees; ye Flowers around her grow;
Ye Swains, I beg you, pass in Silence by;
My Love in yonder Vale asleep does lie.

In the Song of *Solomon*, from which he has translated it, our Version has it, Chap. ii. Verse 5, "I charge you, O ye Daughters of Jerusalem! by the Roes and by the Hinds of the Field, that you not stir not up nor awake my Love, 'till he pleases." We would by no Means be understood to blame this Liberty, more especially in this Place, the Song of *Solomon* being most beautifully Pastoral; we rather take an Opportunity to encourage Poets, to adorn their Verses with Flowers from that *Eastern Garden*, and make no Scruple, thinking it is thereby profaned, for it is indeed thereby the more honour'd. And certain it is, the aforementioned Song of *Solomon* is fitlier imitated by Pastoral Writers, than many Poets pretending to have touch'd on the Strains of Shepherds. Less pleaseth me Mr. *Philips*, (notwithstanding much Sound be in the Verse) where he laments the Death of *Stella*: Such courtly Lines are meet for Personages, more than rustick Swains and Youths, who have spent great Travail in Education, might wail in such Guise:

Unhappy *Colinet*! What boots thee now
To weave fresh Garlands for the Damsel's Brow?
Throw by the Lilly, Daffadil, and Rose;
One of black Yew, and Willow pale, compose,
With baneful Henbane, deadly Night-shade dress;
A Garland, that may witness thy Unrest.

My Pipe, whose soothing Sound could Passion move,
And first taught *Stella's* Virgin Heart to love,
Untun'd, shall hang upon this blasted Oak,
Whence Owls their Dirges sing, and Ravens croak :
Nor Lark, nor Linnet shall by Day delight,
Nor Nightingale divert my Moan by Night ;
The Night and Day shall undistinguish'd be
Alike to *Stella*, and alike to me.

Let us see how these three Writers of Pastoral Dialogue have described their favourite Shepherdesses, or Mistresses. We shall, in Order as they were wrote, begin with Mr. *Philips*.

Mild as a Lamb, and harmless as a Dove,
True as the Turtle, is the Maid I love.
How we in secret love, I shall not say ;
Divine her Name, and I give up the Day.

Here is enough Simplicity, and rather too much ; for the Shepherd is very thoughtless to risque his Prize that he contends for, on *Hobbinol's* guessing his Mistress's Name, and then after saying, that she is as harmless as a Dove, it is too much Sameness to say in the very next Line, that *she is as true as a Turtle*, that might have been well express'd in one Line ;

As true and harmless as the Turtle Dove.

And to speak the Truth, the Turtle Dove had been pretty well flown by most Pastoral Writers. And herein lies one of the greatest Difficulties in these Sort of Compositions, to avoid common-place Epithets, or else to introduce them in a Manner which may seem new. Upon this Head we cannot over-praise Mr. *Pope*, who speaketh himself in his own fine Phrase, instead of the Shepherd's :

Stephen

Strephon.

All Nature mourns, the Skies relent in Showers;
 Hush'd are the Birds, and clos'd the drooping Flowers:
 If *Delia* smile, the Flowers begin to spring,
 The Skies to brighten, and the Birds to sing.

Daphnis.

All Nature laughs, the Groves are fresh and fair,
 The Sun's mild Lustre warms the vital Air;
 If *Sylvia* smiles new Glories gild the Shore,
 And vanquish'd Nature seems to charm no more.

This last Line has so very remote Sense, and is of such difficult Reading, that it is more like a strain'd Line in Heroick, than what it ought here to be, the Praise of a young Shepherdess by a Swain. Think not, benign Reader, that we venture to find any Fault with these fine Verses, all we intend, or would be thought to mean is, that they are misplac'd: In what Manner has Mr. *Gay* express'd himself, who left the *Arcadian Plains*, and draws his Scene of Action at home.

Lobbin Clout.

My *Blouzelinda* is the blithest Lass,
 Than Primrose sweeter, or the Clover-grass.
 Fair is the King-cup that in Meadow blows,
 Fair is the Daisie that beside her grows,
 Fair is the Gillyflow'r, of Gardens sweet,
 Fair is the Mary-gold for Pottage meet.
 But *Blouzelinda*'s than Gillyflow'r more fair,
 Than Daisie, Mary-gold, or King-cup rare.

Cuddy.

Cuddly.

My brown *Buxoma* is the feateft Maid,
That e'er at Wake delightfome Gambol play'd.
Clean as young Lambkins or the Goose's Down,
And like the Goldfinch in her *Sunday Gown*.
The witless Lamb may sport upon the Plain,
The frisking Kid delight the gaping Swain,
The wanton Calf may skip with many a Bound,
And my Cur *Tray* play deffest Feats around:
But neither Lamb nor Kid, nor Calf nor *Tray*,
Dance like *Buxoma* on the first of *May*.

Lobbin' Clout.

Sweet is my Toil when *Blouzelind* is near,
Of her bereft 'tis Winter all the Year.
With her no sultry Summer's Heat I know;
In Winter, when she's nigh, with Love I glow.
Come *Blouzelinda*, ease thy Swain's Desire,
My Summer's Shadow and my Winter's Fire!

Here is nothing but plain and simple Nature: The Flowers, the Beasts, the Seasons, nothing out of their Sight, or Reach, nothing affected; but all in Character, and all beautifully so.

Now coming to speak of the Dramatick Pastoral Writers, and first of *Tasso*, we cannot help thinking, that his artful Manner of praising the Beauty of *Sylvia*, by another Woman, as quoted in the 20th Page of the foregoing Volume, has something in it very masterly, to which we refer, and proceed to *Guarini*, the other great Italian dramatick pastoral Poet, who makes his *Faithful Shepherd* speak of his Mistress's Beauty thus:

CRUDA

CRUDA *Amarilli*, che col nome ancora
D'amar, ah! lasso, amaramente insegna.

Amarilli del candido ligustro

Più candida, e più bella :

Ma del'aspido sordo

E più sorda, più fera, e più fugace :

Poiche col dirt' offendo,

I'mi morirò tacendo :

Mà grideran per me le piagge, e i monti,

E puesta selva, à cui

Si spesso il tuo bel nome

Di risonare insegno :

Per me piangendo i fonti,

E mormorando i venti

Diranno i miei lamenti :

Parlerà nel mio volto

La Pietate, e'l dolore ;

E se fia muta ogn'altra cosa, al fine

Parlerà il mio morire,

E ti dirà la morte il mio martire.

Which I have translated thus :

Ah *Amarillis* ! far more beautiful,

And much more fair than are the whitest Lillies ;

But than deaf Adders far more deaf and cruel :

Since I offend thee when I speak my Love,

My Tongue shall never dare ; but yet for me

Shall speak the Fields, the Mountains, and the

By me so often taught to sound thy Name : [Woods,

For me shall Fountains weep, and murmuring Winds

Whisper out my Complaints ; in my sad Face

Grief and Distress shall speak, and if at last

All other Things are mute, even then my Death

Shall speak, and tell thee, that Love's Martyr dies.

I shall speak with the more Pleasure on the next Poet; first, as he is a *Briton*, next, that he has Beauties equal to the two great *Italians* mention'd before, and lastly, that I have the Pleasure of being the first to point out to the Inhabitants of this Part of our Island, a Beauty that was conceiv'd and born in the North. Reader, be well aware, and despise not the Diction of this pastoral Comedy of the *Gentle Shepherd*: It is a Dialect well adapted to the Subject, and has great Applause from very great Men, Mr. *Pope* preferr'd it to any Pastoral in the *Italian*, except those wrote by *Tasso* and *Guarini*, and thou mayst understand, that *Tasso* was the Inventor of this Kind of Poesy.

In this Pastoral of our Countryman, Mr. *Allan Ramsay*, are many cooth Words and Phrases, right worthy being brought into the Dialect spoken by the most polite, in this most courtly Part of *Britain*; neither can we without Marvel, see so many Words borrow'd from *France* and other Countries, and grafted into our Speech, and see our best Writers, and most courtly Speakers, neglect so many well founding Expressions and significant Words, as are to be found in our northern Dialect.

The other Poets we have quoted have brought in Shepherds praising their belov'd Shepherdesses, but Mr. *Allan Ramsay* introduces a Maiden praising and describing the *Gentle Shepherd*.

Peggy. Patie to me is dearer than my Breath,
But want of him I dread nae other (a) Skaith.
There's nane of a' the *Herds* that tread the *Green*
Has sic a Smile or sic twa glancing E'en.
And then he speaks with sic a taking Art,
His Words they (b) thirle like Musick thro' my Heart.
How

(a) Damage.

(b) Thrill.

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How blithely can he sport, and gently rave,
And jest at little Fears that fright the (a) Lave.
Ilk Day that he's alone upon the Hill,
He reads fell Books that teach him meikle Skill.
He is—but what need I say that or this,
I'd spend a Month to tell you what he is!
In a' he says or does, there's sic a Gate,
The rest seem Coofs compar'd with my dear Pate.

This Writer has, with Mr. Gay left *Arcadian* Strains,
and Plains, to which Stile the Rest keep, but then
Tasso and *Guarini* as their Stile is *Arcadian*, their
Scenes are in *Arcady*; what most displeaseth us, when,
as Mr. *Philips* in his third Pastoral keeps up to the
Sicilian Stile, yet talks of *Thomas* and *Britain*.

Next to praising and describing those that they
love, generally pastoral Writers are fond of making
young Lovers complain of their Love, and here Mr.
Philips has done himself and our Language great Cre-
dit and Honour. Hear his charming *Shepherd's Boy*.

Ah well a Day! How long must I endure
This pining Pain? Or who shall work my Cure?
Fond Love no Cure will have; seeks no Repose;
Delights in Grief; nor any Measure knows.
And now the Moon begins in Clouds to rise;
The twinkling Stars are lighted in the (b) Skies;
The Winds are hush'd; the Dews distil; and Sleep
With soft Embrace has seiz'd my weary Sheep.

I only, with the prouling Wolf, constrain'd
All Night to wake. With Hunger is he pain'd,
And I with Love. His Hunger he may tame:
But who in Love can stop the growing Flame?
Whilome did I, all as this Poplar fair,
Up-raise my heedless Head, devoid of Care,
'Mong

(a) Rest,

(b) Boobies.

'Mong rustick Routs the chief for wanton Game;
 Nor could they merry make 'till *Lobbin* came.
 Who better seen, than I, in Shepherds Arts,
 To please the Lads and win the Lasses Hearts?
 How deftly to mine oaten Reed so sweet,
 Wont they, upon the Green, to shift their Feet?
 And, when the Dance was done, how would they
 Some well devised Tale from me to learn? [yearn
 For, many Songs and Tales of Mirth had I,
 To chase the lingring Sun adown the Sky.
 But, ah! since *Lucy* coy has wrought her Spite
 Within my Heart; unmindful of Delight,
 The jolly Grooms I fly; and all alone
 To Rocks and Woods pour forth my fruitless Moan.
 Oh quit thy wonted Scorn, relentless Fair!
 E'er, lingring long, I perish thro' Despair.
 Had *Rosalind* been Mistress of my Mind,
 Tho' not so fair, she would have been more kind.
 O think, unwitting Maid, while yet is Time,
 How flying Years impare our youthful Prime!
 Thy Virgin Bloom will not for ever stay;
 And Flow'rs, tho' left ungather'd, will decay.
 The Flow'rs a new returning Seasons bring;
 But Beauty faded has no second Spring.
 My Words are Wind! She, deaf to all my Cries,
 Takes Pleasure in the Mischief of her Eyes.
 Like frisking Heifers, loose in flow'ry Meads,
 She gads where-e'er her roving Fancy leads;
 Yet still from me. Ah me, the tiresome Chace!
 While, wing'd with Scorn, she flies my fond Em,
 She flies indeed: But ever leaves behind, [brace.
 Fly where she will, her Likeness in my Mind.
 Ah turn thee then! Unthinking Damsel! Why,
 Thus from the Youth, who loves thee, should'st thou
 No cruel Purpose in my Speed I bear: [fly?
 'Tis all but Love; and Love why should'st thou fear?
 What

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What idle Fears a Maiden Breast alarm !
Stay, simple Girl ! a Lover cannot harm.

What can be finer ! It would be Injustice to Mr. *Philips*, and to our own Soul, not to confess, that we think no Body who has any the least Harmony in their Mind, but it must be awak'd, and sympathize with this.

Mr. *Pope* introduces *Alexis*, and puts into his Mouth a very sweet Complaint :

That Flute is mine, which *Colin's* tuneful Breath
Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in Death :
He said, *Alexis*, take this Pipe, the same
That taught the Groves my *Rosalinda's* Name :
But now the Reeds shall hang on yonder Tree
For-ever silent, since despis'd by thee :
Oh ! Were I made by some transforming Pow'r,
The captive Bird that sings within thy Bow'r,
Then might my Voice thy listning Ears employ,
And I those Kisses he receives, enjoy.

And yet my Numbers please the rural Throng,
Rough *Satyrs* dance, and *Pan* applauds the Song :
The Nymphs forsaking ev'ry Cave and Spring,
Their early Fruit, and milk-white Turtles bring,
Each am'rous Nymph prefers her Gifts in vain,
On you their Gifts are all bestow'd again !
For you the Swains the fairest Flow'rs design,
And in one Garland all their Beauties join ;
Accept the Wreath which you deserve alone,
In whom all Beauties are compriz'd in one.

See what Delights in Sylvan Scenes appear !
Descending Gods have found *Elyzium* here,
In Woods bright *Venus* with *Adonis* stray'd,
And chaste *Diana* haunts the Forest-shade.

Come,

Come, lovely Nymph, and bless the silent Hours;
 When Swains from shearing seek their nightly Bow'rs;
 When weary Reapers quit the sultry Field,
 And crown'd with Corn, their Thanks to *Ceres* yield.
 This harmless Grove no lurking Viper hides,
 But in my Breast the Serpent Love abides.
 Here Bees from Blossoms sip the rosy Dew,
 But your *Alexis* knows no Sweet but you,
 Some God conduct you to these blissful Seats,
 The mossy Fountains, and the green Retreats!
 Where'er you walk, cool Gales shall fan the Glade,
 Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a Shade,
 Where'er you tread, the blushing Flow'rs shall rise,
 And all Things flourish where you turn your Eyes.
 Oh! how I long with you to pass my Days,
 Invoke the Muses, and resound your Praise;
 Your Praise the Birds shall chant in ev'ry Grove,
 And Winds shall waft it to the Pow'rs above.
 But would you sing, and rival *Orpheus*' Strain,
 The wond'ring Forests soon should dance again,
 The moving Mountains hear the pow'rful Call,
 And headlong Streams hang list'ning in their Fall.

Great has been the Strife whether these Verses, or those of Mr. *Ambrose Philips* just mentioned, are most worthy of Praise, which we believe no small Difficulty to decide.

Either of them may serve for future Poets to imitate, who purpose to excel in this *Sicilian*, or *Arcadian* Pastoral Stile: Many Friends has this Manner of Writing, its Softness stealing thro' the Ear; most young Minds are most strongly affected with it, it warms the very Hearts of all who are touch'd with the fine Passion of Love, and infuses a disinterested and noble Spirit into the Soul: It banishes from the Breast every Thing mean and contemptible, and

places in the Stead, a generous Beneficence and Benevolence, so that the Mind becomes perfectly serene and humane.

Not less pleasing is our *Devonshire* Shepherd, Mr. Gay, tho' his Images are much more familiar. *Sparabella* bewails her lost Love, devising her sad Complaint in these mournful Notes:

Come Night as dark as Pitch, surround my Head,
From *Sparabella Bumkinet* is fled;
The Ribbon that his val'rous Cudgel won,
Last Sunday happier *Clumfilis* put on.
Sure, if he'd Eyes (but Love, they say, has none)
I whilome by that Ribbon had been known.
Ah, well a-day! I'm shent with baneful Smart,
For with the Ribbon he bestow'd his Heart.

My Complaint, ye Lasses, with this Burthen aid,
'Tis hard so true a Damsel dies a Maid.

I've often seen my Visage in yon Lake,
Nor are my Features of the homeliest Make.
Though *Clumfilis* may boast a whiter Dye,
Yet the black Sloe turns in my rolling Eye;
And fairest Blossoms drop with ev'ry Blast,
But the brown Beauty will like Hollies last.
Her wan Complexion's like the wither'd Leek,
While Katherine Pears adorn my ruddy Cheek.
Yet she, alas! The witless Lout hath won,
And by her Gain, poor *Sparabell's* undone!
Let Hares and Hounds in coupling Straps unite,
The clocking Hen make Friendship with the Kite,
Let the Fox simply wear the nuptial Noose,
And join in Wedlock with the wadling Goose;
For Love hath brought a stranger Thing to pass,
The fairest Shepherd weds the foulest Lass.

My Complaint, ye Lasses, with this Burthen aid,
'Tis hard so true a Damsel dies a Maid.

Ah!

Ah! didst thou know what Proffers I withstood,
When late I met the Squire in yonder Wood!
To me he sped, regardless of his Game,
While all my Cheek was glowing red with Shame;
My Lip he kiss'd, and prais'd my healthful Look,
Then from his Purse of Silk a Guinea took,
Into my Hand he forc'd the tempting Gold,
While I with modest struggling broke his Hold.
He swore that *Dick* in Liv'ry strip'd with Lace,
Should wed me soon to keep me from Disgrace;
But I nor Footman priz'd nor golden Fee,
For what is Lace or Gold compar'd to thee?

My Complaint, ye Lasses, with this Burthen aid,
'Tis hard so true a Damself dies a Maid.

An Image so naturally painted, never fails to please good Judges; Mr. *Gay* has (I think we may venture to say so) pleas'd all, for he liv'd such an inoffensive Life, that he made no Enemies, and in his Writings copied Nature so closely, and kept up such a Spirit of Wit and good Humour in his Performances, that all judicious Readers were his Admirers.

Let us turn to our Dramatick Pastoral Writers, and just see how they have acquitted themselves, whether their Lovers do not complain as sweetly as possible, and how finely *Tasso* has brought in *Amin-tas* speaking to *Thyrsis*, making him in his Reply assist the Love-sick and scorn'd Shepherd.

Amin-tas.

O! I have heard the Waves and senseless Stories,
Echo my Sighs, and Trees return my Groans;
Compassion I must never hope to see
In her whose Chain I wear, that cruel she,
Whose lovely Form conceals a savage Heart,
Where Want of Pity heightens all my Smart:

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Than Things inanimate is the less kind,
And more severe than shows an human Mind.

Thyrsis.

On tender Tops of Grass the Lambkins feed ;
For hungry Wolves the tender Lambkins bleed ;
But cruel Love is ever fed with Tears,
Yet never full, or satisfied appears.

Amintas.

Ah ! Thou mistak'st, Love will have other Food ;
Cloy'd with my Tears, he now demands my Blood :
Love, and her Eyes, drink hourly from my Veins ;
Ah ! quickly drain forth all, and end my Pains.

Thyrsis.

Alas ! *Amintas* speak not so distressed ;
But hope, and gather Comfort in thy Breast ;
Who knows but Time may cure, and thou may'st find
Another Nymph as fair, and much more kind ?

Amintas.

Lost to myself, no other me can please :
Thy Remedies are not for my Disease.

Is not this Shepherddrawn as truly sick of Love ?
He has been us'd to sigh alone, and remarks, that
the Waves, and the very Stones, have echoed or re-
plied to his Sighs and Sorrows, which he, quite
despairing, says he expects not from *Sylvia*. The
Answer of *Thyrsis*, concerning what Love feeds on,
and the Reply of *Amintas*, I are Beauties but seldom
well imitated by our modern Poets : Indeed Mr.
Allan Ramsay, who we will venture to compare to
Tasso in many Places, and Mr. *Gay* in more, has
(not illjudgingly) put Thoughts into his Shepherds,
not less pleasing. The Scene is between *Patie*, the
gentle

gentle Shepherd, and *Roger*, a rich Swain, who is deeply in Love with *Jenny*.

Patie.

This sunny Morning, *Roger*, cheers my Blood,
And puts all Nature in a jovial Mood.
How hartsome is't to see the rising Plants,
To hear the Birds chirm o'er their pleasing Rants?
How halefome 'tis to snuff the cawler Air,
And all the Sweets it bears, when void of Care.
What ails thee, *Roger*, then? What gars thee
Tell me the Cause of thy ill-season'd Pain. (a) [grane?

Roger.

I'm born, O *Patie*, to a (b) thrawart Fate!
I'm born to strive with Hardships sad and great.
Tempests may cease to jaw the rowan Flood,
Corbies and Tods to (c) grein for Lambkins Blood.
But I, oppress'd with never ending Grief,
Maun ay despair of lighting on Relief.

Patie.

The Bees shall loath the Flour, and quit the Hive,
The (d) Saughs on boggie Ground shall cease to thrive,
Ere scornful Queans, or Lofs of warldly Gear,
Shall spill my Rest, or ever force a Tear.

Roger.

Sae might I say; but it's no easy done
By ane whafe Saul is sadly out of Tune.

By this Time it must appear that our Countryman
has an exceeding fine Talent at Pastoral, nor do we
think, if the Pastoral we quote from, had been
dress'd in our more courtly Dialect, it would have
been better clad.

L 3

Our

(a) Groan. (b) Wayward. (c) long. (d) Willows.

Our last Quotation on the Subject of the Complaints of Lovers, shall be from *Guarini*; and now, Reader, if thou art delighted with fine Poetry, (as if thou art not, little Pleasure will arise to thee from reading this Book, it being of the Life and Writings of a Poet, who did little but what was in the Study and Pursuit thereof) thou shalt find no small Contentment and Delight. After that *Amaryllis* (notwithstanding she bears a very strong Affection for *Mirtillo*) has given him a Repulse and Denial, and he by her Command is withdrawn, she exclaims this Soliloquy:

O Mirtillo, Mirtillo, anima mia,
 Se vedesti quì dentro,
 Come stà il cor di questa,
 Che chiami crudelissima Amarilii;
 Sò ben, che tù di lei
 Quella pietà, che da lei chiedi, havresti.
 O anime in amor troppo infelici.
 Che giova à te, cor mio, l'esser amato?
 Che giova à me l'haver sì caro amante?
 Perche crudo destino
 Ne disunisci tù, s'amor ne stringe?
 E perchè ne stringi,
 Se ne parte il destin, perfido amore?
 O fortunate voi fere selvagge,
 A cui l'alma natura
 Non diè legge in amar, se non d'amore:
 Legge humana inhumana,
 Che dai per pena de l'amar la morte.
 " Se'l peccar è sì dolce,
 " E'l non peccar sì necessario; ò troppo
 " Imperfetta natura,
 " Che repugni à la legge:
 " O troppo dura legge,

" Che

“ Che la natura offendi.

“ Ma che? poco ama altrui, ch’il morir teme.

Piaceffe pur’ al ciel, Mirtillo mio,

Che sol pena al peccar fuffe la morte.

Santiffima honeftà, che fola fei

D’alma ben nata inviolabil nume,

Queft’ amorofa voglia,

Che fvenato hò col ferro

Del tuo fanto rigor, qual’ innocente

Vittima à te confacro.

E tù, Mirtillo (anima mia) perdona

A chi t’ è cruda fol, dove pietofa

Effier non può: perdona à quefta folo

Ne i detti, e nel fembiente

Rigida tua nemica; ma nel core

Pietoffiffima amante.

F fe pur hai defio di vendicarti,

Deh qual vendetta haver puoi tù maggiore

Del tuo proprio dolore?

Che fe tù fe’l cor mio;

Come fe’ pur, mal grado

Del cielo, e de la terra;

Qualhor piangi, e fofpiri,

Quelle lagrime tuo fono il mio fangue:

Quei fofpiri il mio fpirto: e quelle pene,

E quel dolor, che fenti,

Son miei, non tuoi tormenti.

Which, that it may be the more generally under-
ftood, I have tranfated:

O My *Mirtillo*! if within my Breaft,
Thou couldft but fee, how far’d the Heart of
Who thou haft call’d moft cruel *Amarillis*; [her,
Full well I know, the Pity thou haft ask’d,
Now thou wouldft give: Ah Lovers too unhappy!

To be belov'd, ah! What avails it thee?
 Or me, to have a Lover, so belov'd?
 Why, cruel Fate, dost thou the Hearts divide,
 Which Love has join'd? Or why, perfidious Love,
 Dost thou, what Destiny divides unite?
 Happy the Brutes! to whom kind Nature gives,
 No Laws in Love, but those of Love alone:
 Inhuman human Laws, give Death for Love.
 If it be such a Pleasure to transgress,
 And not to offend, be yet so necessary;
 O too imperfect Nature, Law t'oppose!
 O Law too hard, free Nature to restrain!
 That Love which is afraid of Death is light,
 Ah! would ro Heaven that nothing else but Death,
 'Stood between thee and me: O sacred Virtue!
 Thou, who to Souls above the Vulgar rais'd,
 A Power inviolable art alone,
 With thy Severity, all soft Desires
 I kill within; and like an harmless Victim,
 To thee I consecrate: Pardon, *Mirtillo*,
 If I am cruel, where I must not pity:
 O pardon her, who in her Looks and Words,
 Seems a fierce Enemy, but is at Heart,
 A tender Lover; if thou seek Revenge,
 What greater canst thou have than thine own Grief?
 For if thou art my Heart, as such thou art,
 In Opposition, both to Heav'n and Earth,
 Then if thou weep or sigh, those Tears are thine,
 They are my Blood, and all those Sighs my Breath;
 Those grievous Pains, those Grievs and Groans of thine,
 Are not thy Pains, are not thy Grievs, but mine.

In this single Passage *Guarini* has, in our Opinion,
 outgone all other Poets in this Subject of Com-
 plaint.

Let

Let no one think it strange, or foreign to Mr. Pope, that we thus largely discourse, and shall discourse comparatively, on these Poets with him, for he fill'd up all his Time almost in such a Way; take from his Life his Perusal and Comparing the Poets, his Conversation about Literature with his Friends, receiving Letters on learned Subjects and Criticism from them, and writing again to them all, Mr. Pope's active Part of Life would not fill one Sheet of Paper. The two greatest Actions of his Life are, that he went from *London* when young to live at *Windfor-Forest*, and in the Year 1716 moved to *Twickenham*, for the Remainder of his Days: See his Letter to Mr. *Blount*, confessing the same; it is dated *June 22.*

IF a Regard both to publick and private Affairs, may plead a lawful Excuse in Behalf of a negligent Correspondent, I have really a very good Title to it. I cannot say, whether 'tis a Felicity or Unhappines, that I am obliged at this Time to give up my whole Application to *Homer*; when, without that Employment, my Thoughts must turn upon what is less agreeable, the Violence, Madness, and Resentment, of modern (*) War-makers, which are likely to prove (to some People at least) more fatal, than the same Qualities in *Achilles* did to his unfortunate Countrymen.

Tho' the Change of my Scene of Life from *Windfor-Forest* to the Side of the *Thames* be one of the grand Eras of my Days, and may be called a notable Period in so inconsiderable a History; yet you can scarce imagine any Hero passing from one Stage of Life to another with so much Tranquility, so easy

(*) This was written in the Year of the Affair at *Preston*.

a Transition, and so laudable a Behaviour. I am become so truly a Citizen of the World (according to *Plato's* Expression) that I look with equal Indifference on what I have lost, and on what I have gain'd. The Times and Amusements past are not more like a Dream to me, than those which are present: I lie in a refreshing Kind of Inaction, and have one Comfort at least from Obscurity, that the Darkness helps me to *sleep* the better. I now and then reflect upon the Enjoyment of my Friends, whom I fancy I remember much as seperate Spirits do us, at tender Intervals, neither interrupting their own Employments, nor altogether careless of ours; but, in general, constantly wishing us well, and hoping to have us one Day in their Company.

To grow indifferent to the World, is to grow philosophical or religious; (whichsoever of those Turns we chance to take) and indeed the World is such a Thing, as one that thinks pretty much, must either laugh at, or be angry with: But if we laugh at it, they say we are proud; and if we are angry with it, they say we are ill-natur'd. So the most politick Way is to seem always better pleas'd than one can be, greater Admirers, greater Lovers, and, in short, greater Fools than we really are: So shall we live comfortably with our Families, quietly with our Neighbours, favour'd by our Masters, and happy with our Mistresses. I have filled my Paper, and so adieu.

So that all Readers will be disappointed, who look into the Life of Mr. *Pope*, expecting to find any thing else but a Gentleman, a Scholar, and a Poet. He filled no Office or Place, was involv'd in no Law-Suits, was no Traveller, mov'd but little from one Place to another, never married and confined his
Conver-

Conversation within the Circle of his Friends; in short, his Life was wholly a State of Inaction, and spent in Conversation, Study, and Books: Upon this Subject, and we hope you will believe what he himself says, he writes (eight Years before the fore-mentioned Letter) to *Henry Cromwell, Esq; April 27, 1708.*

I Have nothing to say to you in this Letter; but I was resolv'd to write to you to tell you so. Why should not I content myself with so many great Examples, of deep Divines, profound Casuists, grave Philosophers; who have written not Letters only, but whole Tomes and voluminous Treatises about Nothing? Why should a Fellow, like me, who all his Life does nothing, be asham'd to write nothing? and that to one who has nothing to do but to read it? But perhaps you'll say, the whole World has something to do, something to talk of, something to wish for, something to be employ'd about: But, pray, Sir, cast up the Account, put all these Somethings together, and what is the Sum Total but just Nothing? I have no more to say, but to desire you to give my Service (that is nothing) to your Friends, and to believe that I am nothing more than,

Dear Sir, &c.

This Humour rather grew on him than abated, and he often said, *His Time was employ'd in multiplying of Nothings.* It was his taking so much Leisure that gave him an Opportunity to honour our Language, and oblige the World with so many fine Pieces, he never seems to wish to have been in the busy Part of the World, and never but once seem'd to repent his having liv'd single, that is in a Letter to

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to his dear Friend, Mr. *Blount*, (dearest except Mr. *Gay*) the Date of it is *October the 21st, 1721.*

Dear Sir,

YOur very kind and obliging Manner of enquiring after me, among the first Concerns of Life at your Resuscitation, should have been sooner answer'd and acknowledg'd. I sincerely rejoice at your Recovery from an Illness that gave me less Pain than it did you, only from my Ignorance of it. I should have else been seriously and deeply afflicted, in the Thought of your Danger by a Fever. I think it a fine and a natural Thought, which I lately read in a Letter of *Montaigne's*, publish'd by *P. Coste*, giving an Account of the last Words of an intimate Friend of his: "Adieu my Friend! The Pain I feel will soon be over, but I grieve for that you are to feel, which is to last you for Life."

I join with your Family in giving God Thanks for lending us a worthy Man somewhat longer. The Comforts you receive from their Attendance, put me in mind of what old *Fletcher* of *Saltonne* said one Day to me. *Alas, I have nothing to do but to die; I am a poor Individual; no Creature to wish, or to fear, for my Life or Death: 'Tis the only Reason I have to repent being a single Man; now I grow old, I am like a Tree without a Prop, and without young Trees to grow round me, for Company and Defence.*

This, we believe, will justify us in proceeding in our further Discourse on Pastoral, intending to continue our Comparison of the Authors under our Consideration, as well as to bring forward some of their greatest Beauties, which every Reader may not have seen in so good a Light.

Besides that Air of Piety which ought always to accompany the Character of a Shepherd, there is generally

generally, by the best Poets, thrown in a little Superstition, making them, for Want of more Knowledge, take for granted the Power of Magick and Witchcraft; this appears in all the six pastoral Poets about which we are now speaking, *Guarini* too, in the last Scene of the second Act, when *Corisca* has left her false Hair and Head-dress in the Hands of the Satyr, makes him call out to the Nymphs and Shepherds to come and see a Miracle, he at first imagining, that by some Magick, she had run away from him and left her Head in his Hands; it is the common Method of all these Poets, to give their Readers to understand that they themselves had no Belief in Magick, so that the Satyr is soon undeceiv'd, finding it to be nothing but a dress'd up Ornament for the Head of that old Coquet, which was design'd as a gentle Satire upon those *Italian* Ladies who at that Time wore false Hair; but this now is grown so common as well there as in *France*, and here in *England* too, that it is no longer wonder'd at.

Tasso, in like Manner introduces *Amintas*, in his Complaint to *Thyrsis*, saying, that his hard Lot was prophecy'd to him by *Mopsus*:

All my hard Fate me *Mopsus* did foretel,
Who knows each Plant and all their Virtues well;
In Springs the hidden Qualities can trace,
And talk familiar with the feather'd Race.

But *Thyrsis* (under which Name the Poet figures himself) soon undeceives him, and lets him know, that the pretended Fortune-teller was only an Impostor, and that what he had told him was not in future Fate, but Words spoke only to deject and frighten him; he instances himself, who having Inclination to see the great City, as well as having some Business

Business there, *Mopsus* had advised him not to go near the Court, which he calls *the Magazine of idle Sounds*, threatening him with abundance of Things that should happen to him, instead of which, he tells *Amintas* how he was invited thither, and with what Grace he was receiv'd, and with what Rewards honour'd, contrary to the Prediction of the wicked and false *Mopsus*; on which Grounds he encourages him to pursue his Love, and promises him Success, which happens accordingly.

Mr. *Pope*, in his third Pastoral, makes *Ægon* a Shepherd say, that *Pan* ask'd him if he was under a Charm of Magick? Which is intimating more than the other Poets, as if there was such a Thing in reality, otherways a God would not have ask'd such a Question. *Ægon* says:

Resound, ye Hills, resound my mournful Lay!
The Shepherds cry, "Thy Flocks are left a Prey"—
Ah! What avails it me the Flocks to keep!
Who lost my Heart while I preserv'd my Sheep.
Pan came, and ask'd what Magick caus'd my Smart,
Or what ill Eyes malignant Glances dart.

This is to be considered, that *Pan* is but a Sylvan Deity, that is, one of the lower Rank, and the last two Lines may be taken rather as a Suggestion, rising in the Breast of the Shepherd, than a Supposition of a real Appearance of *Pan*, and the next two Lines make it plain, that his last Determination is, that there is indeed no such Thing as Magick:

What Eyes but her's; alas! have Power to move!
And is there Magick but what dwells in Love?

Young as Mr. *Pope* was when he wrote his Pastorals, we will not shew so little Esteem for his Judgment, as to fancy that he subscrib'd to Magick, Witchcraft

craft is now pretty well exploded, though in former Years many Persons suffered Death, it having been pretended they were prov'd guilty of it, but now (for any Law to the contrary) People may bewitch one another as fast as they can.

The first Notions of it are from Superstition, that Bane of all Minds, where it prevails; nay, the Delusion run so high, that many Persons using Means with Intention to hurt or harm other People, if those People came to any Harm, or did not prosper, both the Sufferer and the Self-deceiv'd imaginary Witch or Wizard, thought it was the Effect of Charms.

Mr. *Philips* differs a little from Mr. *Pope*, *Colinet* makes heavy and grievous Complaint of his Unhappiness, and thinks that all Nature conspires against him to make him wretched, to which *Thenot* replies:

Thenot.

Sure thou in some ill-chosen Hour wast born,
When blighting Mill-dews spoil the rising Corn;
Or when the Moon, by Witchcraft charm'd fore-
Thro' sad Eclipse a various Train of Woes, [shows,
Untimely born, ill Luck betides thee still.

Colinet.

And can there, *Thenot*, be a greater Ill?

Thenot.

Nor Wolf, nor Fox, nor Rot amongst our Sheep;
From these the Shepherd's Care his Flock may keep:
Against ill Luck all cunning Foresight fails;
Whether we sleep or wake, it nought avails.

Colinet.

Ah me the while! Ah me the luckless Day!
Ah luckless Lad! the rather might I say.

Unhappy

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Unhappy Hour ! when first, in youthful Bud,
 I left the fair *Sabrina's* silver Flood :
 Ah silly I ! More silly than my Sheep,
 Which on thy flow'ry Banks I once did keep.
 Sweet are thy Banks ! Oh when shall I once more
 With longing Eyes review thy flow'ry Shore ?
 When, in the Crystal of thy Waters, see
 My Face, grown wan thro' Care and Misery ?
 When shall I see my Hut, the small Abode
 Myself had rais'd and cover'd o'er with Sod ?
 Tho' small it be, a mean and humble Cell,
 Yet there is room for Peace and me to dwell.

Here all manner of Thoughts of Magick is laid aside, and all is ascribed to Fortune that happens to us. It is *Lucklefs Lad ! Unhappy Hour !* and *Lucklefs Day !* and not the Force of Charms, that causes the Shepherd's Unrest.

Thus far our *Arcadian* Poets ; and now our other two, who fetch their Thoughts no farther than from their Native Country, Mr. Gay, instead of a *Sylvia* or *Amarillis*, has chose the Parson's Maid ; and for his Witchcraft, that of no higher Sort than studied and practis'd by Gypsies :

Last *Friday's* Eve, when as the Sun was set,
 I, near yon Stile, three fallow Gypsies met :
 Upon my Hand they cast a poring Look,
 Bid me beware, and thrice their Heads they shook ;
 They said, that many Crosses I must prove,
 Some in my wordly Gain, but most in Love.
 Next Morn I miss'd three Hens and our old Cock,
 And off the Hedge two Pinner and a Smock.
 I bore these Losses with a Christian Mind,
 And no Mishaps could feel, whilst thou wert kind.
 But since, alas ! I grew my *Colin's* Scorn,
 P've known no Pleasure, Night, or Noon, or Morn.
 Help

Help me, ye Gypsies, bring him home again,
And to a constant Lads give back her Swain.
If there wants Nature and Humour here, despair of
finding it in Description; though equally excellent,
and equal to any Thing of the Kind we ever met
with, is the Description of the suppos'd Witch by
Bauldy, in the *Gentle Shepherd* of Mr. *Allan Ramsay*;
he, certainly, as a Pastoral Writer, exceeds Mr.
Gay, (though may-be only equal to him in this
Place) not only as he has a great many Characters
and more Scope, but even in his Diction and Choice
of Terms. The following Quotation is exceeding
fine, it declares a great many finish'd Strokes from a
very Masterly Hand:

O *Peggy*, sweeter than the dawning Day,
Sweeter than *a* gowany *b* Glens or new-mawn Hay:
Blyther than Lambs that frisk out-oer the Knows,
Straighter than ought that in the Forest grows:
Her E'en the clearest Blob of Dew outshines;
The Lilly in her Breast its Beauty tines. [E'en,
Her Legs, her Arms, her Cheeks, her Mouth, her
Will be my *c* Deid, that will be shortly seen!
For *Pate* loos her,—waes me! and she loes *Pate*;
And I with *Neps*, by some unlucky Fate,
Made a *d* daft Vow!—O! but ane be a Beast,
That makes rash Aiths, 'till he's afore the Priest.
I darna speak my Mind, else a' the three,
Bot *e* Doubt, wad prove ilk ane my Enemy.
'Tis *f* fair to *g* thole—I'll try some Witchcraft Art,
To brak with ane, and win the other's Heart.
Here *Mausy* lives, a Witch, that for sma' Price,
Can cast her *h* Cantraips, and give me Advice.
She can o'ercastr the Night, and cloud the Moon,
And mak the Deils obedient to her Crune.

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M

At

a Full of Daifies. *b* Vales. *c* Death. *d* rash.
e without. *f* fore. *g* suffer. *h* Spells.

At Midnight Hours o'er the Kirk-yard she raves,
 And *a* howks uncristen'd *b* Weans out of their
 Boils up their Livers in a Warlock's Pow; [Graves;
 Rins *c* withershins about the Hamlock Low;
 And seven Times does her Pray'rs backwards pray;
 'Till *Plotcock* comes with Lumps of *Lapland* Clay,
 Mixt with the Venom of black Taids and Snakes.
 Of this *d* unsonfy Pictures aft she makes
 Of any ane she hates;—and gats expire
 With slaw and racking Pains afore a Fire,
 Stuck fou of Prines; the devilish Pictures melt,
 The Pain by Fowk they represent is felt.
 And yonder's *Mause*: Ay, ay, she kens fou weil,
 When ane like me comes rinnin to the Deil.
 She and her Cat sit beeking in her Yard,
 To speak my Errand ah! amaisht I'm fear'd:
 But I maun do't, tho' I shou'd never thrive;
 They gallop, fast, that Deels and Lassies drive.

This is all a Mistake of *Bauldy* taking a poor old Woman to be a Witch, because so reputed; and very well expresses the common Notions of ignorant People, about the Power of those, to whom they are pleased to ascribe the Art of Witchcraft, or practising diabolical and supernatural Charms.

The more this Pastoral passes under our Eye, the more are we won to admire and praise it; every Reader may observe, that in many Love Dialogues, either they are stuff'd with an unnatural and fullsome Fondness of the Woman, or such a Scorn and Waywardness of Behaviour, which is suppos'd to be put on by her, to show and exert the Power she has over her Lover; but it is very seldom seen that the Man and Woman meet, in the Dialogues of the Poets, (which is very natural, and what they often do in Life) with a reciprocal Affection openly profess'd to each

a digs. *b* Children. *c* moves contrary Ways. *d* unlucky.

each other, and a plain Declaration of their mutual Intention of passing the Remainder of their Lives together. I am afraid very few of our Poets (Pastoral Writer know I none) are able to paint such a Scene; it would keep them too closely confined to Nature, from whence they are fled far away; and, instead of looking round on all Sides, opening each Ear, and studying Mankind and the Operations of Nature working every-where, look only into their own barren Bosoms, where is nothing but Stuff which they weave their Fustian out of; they have added Pride to their Ignorance, and nothing, it is to be fear'd, can reform or do them good; nothing indeed is so likely as good Example, which certainly, as the Proverb teaches, goes beyond Precept: But unhappily for them and us, these Gentlemen, tho' they write much, seldom or never read, except the Title-Pages of Books and *Gildon's* Dictionary of Rhymes; which a young Smatterer the other Day told us, *had every Rhime of Mr. Pope's in it, except two or three Proper Names.* Thus set up for Poets they go to Work; the first Thing they attempt is a Song, where, after having wiredrawn one poor Thought 'till it will hold out no longer, they catch hold of some false Image or Sentiment, and very musically and nonsensically conclude.

One prays for *Fruit*, after gathering all the Blossoms from the Tree; another, that as the loud Thunder did not daunt nor wound him, so he mayn't die by the Lightning, which he supposes is to come after; a Third says, *back to the Rivers let the Fountains flow*; a Fourth describes a *Mistress reclining over a Stream.* These, and such as these, are the blest Effects of much Presumption, a little dangerous Learning, and the Vanity of being call'd a Poet. Nor is it strange, that some of these Songs are set by more than one or

two Composers; for the Authors are hard to be put by, and do not easily take a Denial: Nay, they have been seen making a Voyage to another Kingdom, in Hopes to put Songs on Foot there, suitable to what they imagine the Genius of the Nation.

But, dear Countrymen, pocket up your Mistakes, and know that it promises fair, there shall be no Distinction of Taste between *England* and *Ireland*; and look up (we own it is a great Way up, and enough to dazzle such weak Eyes) to the Poets we have lately quoted: Make Mr. *Pope* your Example, and carefully read Mr. *Allan Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd*, and the Songs there; so by Degrees (if Nature has not positively denied it) you may, though perhaps late, get into the Road of Sense and good Imitation; and for a Scene of reciprocal Love, such as but now we were speaking about, keep in Mind the following, which is inimitable, and yet quite beautiful:

Patie.

Here, where Primroses thickest paint the Green,
Hard by this little Burnie let us lean.
Hark how the * Lav' rocks chant aboon our Heads,
How fast the Westlin Winds sough thro' the Reeds.

Peggy.

The scented Meadows, Birds, and healthy Breeze,
For ought I ken, may mair than *Peggy* please.

Patie.

Ye wrang me fair, to doubt my being kind;
In speaking sae, ye ca' me dull and blind.
Gif I could fancy aught's sae sweet or fair
As my sweet *Meg*, or worthy of my Care.

Thy
two * Larks: I had only eyes for thee, I choos'd thee out of all the

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Thy Breath is sweeter than the sweetest Brier,
Thy Cheek and Breast the finest Flowers appear,
Thy Words excel the maist delightfu' Notes,
That warble thro' the Merl or Mavis' Throates.
With thee I tent nae Flowers that bask the Field,
Or ripest Berries that our Mountains yield,
The sweetest Fruits, that hing upon the Tree,
Are far inferior to a Kiss of thee.

Peggy.

But *Patrick* for some wicked End may * fleech,
And Lambs should tremble when the Foxes preach.
I darna stay,---ye Joker, let me gang,
Or swear ye'll never tempt to do me Wrang.

Patie.

Sooner a Mother shall her Fondness drap,
And wrang the Bairn sits smiling in her Lap.
The Sun shall change, the Moon to change shall
The Gaits to clim, the Sheep to yield the Fleece, [cease;
Ere ought by me be either said or done,
Shall do thee Wrang, I swear by all aboon.

Peggy.

Then keep your Aith--But mony Lads will swear,
And be mansworn to twa in Half a Year:
Now I believe ye like me wonder well;
But if anither Lads your Heart shou'd steel,
Your *Meg*, forsaken, bootless might relate
How she was dauted aries by faithless *Pate*.

Patie.

I'm sure I canna change, ye needna fear,
Tho' we're but young I've loo'd you mony a Year.
I mind it well. When thou cou'dst hardly gang,
Or lisp out Words, I choos'd ye frae the Thrang

M 3

Of

• Flatter.

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Of a' the Bairns, and led thee by the Hand,
Aft to the Tansy-know or rashy Strand;
Thou smiling by my Side--I took Delyte
To pou the Rashes green, with Roots sae whyte,
Of which, as well as my young Fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet the flow'ry Belt and * Snood.

Peggy.

When first thou gade with Shepherds to the Hill,
And I to milk the Ews first try'd my Skill,
To bear a Leglen was nae Toil to me,
When at the Bought at Even I met with thee.

Patie.

When Corns grew yellow, and the Hether Bells
Bloom'd bonny on the Moor and rising Fells,
Nae Birns, or Briers, or Whins e'er troubled me:
Gif I could find blae Berries ripe for thee.

Peggy.

When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the Stane,
And wan the Day, my Heart was fighting fain:
At all these Sports thou still gave Joy to me;
For nane can wrestle, run, or putt with thee.

Patie.

Jenny sings fast the Broom of Gowden Knows,
And Rosie lilt the Milking of the Ews;
There' nane, like Nansie, Jenny Nettles sings:
At Turns in Meggy Lowder, Marion dings:
But when my Peggy sings with sweeter Skill
The Boatman, or the Lass of Patie's Mill;
It is a thousand Times mair sweet to me,
Tho' they sing well they canna sing like thee.

There is some fine Moral couch'd under almost
every Speech in the whole Pastoral, and I well wish
that

* Garland.

that Mr. *Pope*, who lov'd it so much, had mark'd out those Passages that pleas'd him best, whereas we find no Notice but of two Places, discoursing to a Gentleman at two different Times, when speaking of those Poets who had wrote for and against the Marriage State, he mentioned *Milton* and the northern Dramatist together. *Milton* says *Hail*, and in a solemn Manner addresses himself to wedded Love, but Mr. *Ramsay* was only to tune a Reed :

But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
The Loss of Youth, when Love grows on the Mind.
Bairns and their Bairns make sure a firmer Tye,
Than aught in Love the like of us can spy.
See yon twa Elms that grow up Side by Side; [Bride:
Suppose them for some Years syne Bridegroom and
Nearer and nearer ilk a Year they've prest,
Till wide their spreading Branches are encreas'd, }
And in their Mixture now are fully blest.
This shields the other frae the Eastlin Blast,
That in return defends it frae the West.
Sic as stand single (a State so lik'd by you !)
Beneath ilk Storm frae every Airth maun bow.

This in the Mouth of a young Girl under Promise of Marriage, to one pretending to admire a single Life, sounds very sweetly.

The other Passage, which Mr. *Pope* to the same Gentleman one Day pointed out, was where the *Gentle Shepherd* and his Mistress exchange Vows :

Speak on !--speak ever thus, and still my Grief,
But short I dare to hope the fond Relief.
New Thoughts a gentler Face will soon inspire,
That with nice Air swims round in silk Attire ;

Then I! Poor me!--With Sighs may ban my Fate,
 When the young Laird's nae mair my heartsome
 Nae mair again to hear sweet Tales exprest, [*Patie.*
 By the blyth Shepherd that excell'd the rest:
 Nae mair be envied by the tatling Gang,
 When *Patie* kiss'd me, when I danc'd or sang:
 Nae mair, alake! we'll on the Meadow play!
 And rin half breathless round the Rucks of Hay,
 As aftimes I have fled from thee right fain,
 And fawn on Purpose that I might be tane.
 Nae mair around the *Foggy-Know* I'll creep,
 To watch and stare upon thee, while asleep.
 But hear my Vow--'twill help to give me Ease,
 May sudden Death, or deadly fair Disease,
 And warst of Ills attend my wretched Life,
 If e'er to ane but you I be a Wife.

Patie.

Sure Heav'n approves—and be assur'd of me,
 I'll ne'er gang back of what I've sworn to thee:
 And Time, tho' Time maun interpose a while,
 And I maun leave my *Peggy* and this Isle;
 Yet Time, nor Distance, nor the fairest Face,
 If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy Place.
 I'd hate my rising Fortune, should it move
 The fair Foundation of our faithful Love.
 If at my Foot were Crowns and Sceptres laid,
 To bribe my Soul frae thee, delightful Maid;
 For thee I'd soon leave these inferior Things
 To sic as have the Patience to be Kings.

And right worthy Mr. *Pope's* Approbation it was,
 and that of all Judges.

Surely if our Youth of solid Learning, good Taste,
 and rising Genius, would attend to the Study of this
 Pastoral, we should not be long without a pastoral

Co-

Comedy on this Side of our Island. The Subject not worn out, pleasing to every Body, and the Glory certain (if worthily compos'd) to be rank'd with *Tasso*, *Guarini*, and our own Countryman, of no less Merit: If any Author should hereby be excited to such an Attempt, we give as our best Council, to omit the little Prologues to each Scene, which seem to us not at all necessary, and rather pall our Curiosity than otherway.

Great was the Expectation of the Town, that Mr. *Pope* would have set a Hand to this Work; if he had, he declares it should have been on the Plan of *Tasso*, whom he sets up a great Way above *Guarini*, which we cannot so well do, except in the Singleness and Simplicity of the Plot; they are easily compar'd, and every Reader may judge for himself. *Tasso's Sylvia* is a very young Shepherdess; who will by no Means be brought to love, to which *Daphne*, an older and much more experienc'd, would fain persuade her. The Scene is abundantly prais'd by Mr. *Pope*; *Daphne*, after many other Arguments, urges these:

Daphne.

Tygers, Lions, Beasts of Prey,
Love finds Harbour in their Breast;

Thou more savage yet than they,
To refuse so kind a Guest.

Lions, Tygers, Beasts of Prey,
Strong Sensations all have these;

Great and stranger Truths to say,
Love has reach'd to Plants and Trees.

How the Vine does twine and cling!
Not a Tree that fills this Grove,

Could, or Beach, or Firr-tree, bring,
Without propagating Love.

That

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That tall Oak that lifts its Head,
Has its sympathetick Pow'rs;
Different Paths in Love we tread,
They have their's and we have of our's.
Has thy Spirit such Allay,
Not to join with Truths like these;
Thou hast thrown all Sense away,
Thou hast less than Plants and Trees.
Ah! change thy Carriage, change thy Heart;
Late Repentance causes Smart;
What a silly Girl thou art. }

Which Way of reasoning, *Silvia* by no Means seems to comprehend; and makes her, in a careless and insensible Manner, the following Reppartee:

When Sighs from Plants and Trees shall reach my
Amintas then may speak, and I shall hear. [Ear,

Which angers *Daphne* so, that she can no longer bear with this Over-coyness of *Silvia* to a Lover, who, in the Esteem of *Daphne*, has altogether as much Merit as she; insomuch, that she leaves off perswading of her, and begins to threaten her with Loss of her Beauty unenjoy'd, and future Punishment for her Barbarity, in such an artful Manner, as makes the young Shepherdess not quite so severe; but notwithstanding this, after asking a Question, she flies from *Daphne*, as perceiving a little Irresolution coming upon herself: The Scene is wonderful fine. *Daphne* makes Reply to the two Lines, which *Silvia* has proudly spoke above:

Foolish, deaf to all Advice,
Are my Reasons but a Jest?
Thou hadst better hear them twice,
They are Rules might make thee blest.

Live

Live a While, the Time comes on,
Thou shalt wish to call back this;

When thy Youth and Beauty gone,
Every Fountain thou wilt miss:

Fountains, where thy Face to view,
Now so many Hours are spent,

Always blooming, always new,
Beauty gives the full Content.

Then the Fountains thou wilt fly,
Shunning, hating to behold;

Wrinkled Cheek and faded Eye,
Locks of Grey and not of Gold.

Age at length, the common Ill,
Steals on and Youth before it flies:

Stor'd for thee a greater still,
Thy Desert, in Fate there lies.

Dost not thou remember well,
What *Elpino* t'other Day,

Did among the Shepherds tell,
Pleas'd and all Attention they?

Licoris his belov'd was there,
She who did his Pain prolong;

Grace and Beauty was her Care,
Love was his and charming Song.

He the full Relation gave,
Solemn was the Place and fit,

Great *Aurora's* awful Gave,
At whose Entrance there is writ;

HENCE YE PROPHANE! FAR HENCE! AND
TO APPROACH OR ENTER HERE. [FEAR

He said, and it to him was told
By him who sung of Arms and Love,

(That great Poet fam'd of old,
Favour'd by the Gods above)

Dying

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Dying, to him he bequeath'd
That Pipe he taught him how to use;
Nay, there's many think he breath'd
In him his departing Muse.

He said, *That low in Hell a Cave there lies,
From whence offensive stinking Fumes arise,
Exhal'd from Acheron; in which Abode,
Eternal Punishments do sting and goad,
Eternal Torments, Darknefs, and Despair,
Prepar'd for all the deaf and all th' ungrateful Fair.*

Place of Horrour! be assur'd
This is all for thee prepar'd,
This by thee must be endur'd,
Thou to merit it hast dar'd.

'Tis but just, that Smoak should force
From those Eyes incessant Tears,
Which could see, without Remorse,
Hourly Love and Love of Years.

Never strive to change thy Heart,
Keep obdurate as thou art.

Silvia gives a great Deal of Attention to this, and understanding *Elpino* was speaking to his Mistress, who had not listen'd to his Complaint, a Question naturally arises, What Effect it had on her?

But tell me, *Daphne*, to *Elpino's* Tale
Reply'd *Licoris*? ———

And the old Shepherdess perceiving her a little alter'd,
immediately replies;

——— What can that avail?
Why of others wouldst thou learn?
Mind thyself and to be wise.
Did she speak? I tell thee no,
But she answer'd with her Eyes.

To

To this *Silvia* pretends to be an utter Stranger; and with a seeming Wonder draws *Daphne* to a further Explanation:

Silvia.

O say, what Answer Eyes alone can make?

Daphne.

They can either give or take.

Smiling her's on him were cast,
As to say this Heart is thine;

Thou hast conquer'd at the last;
All is won, and I resign.

That's enough to ease his Pain,
If the Lover but believe;

But since Virgins learn'd to feign,
Eyes as well as Tongues deceive.

Now *Silvia* is silenc'd in this Argument; and leaving *Daphne* says, almost half consenting to what was said:

With thee conversing too much Time I waste.

And leaves her wholly in Uncertainty.

This we don't by any Means deny to be exceeding fine, and Pastoral in the true *Arcadian* Stile, where the Scene of Action is laid; but yet we cannot give up *Guarini* as any Way inferior. His *Silvio* is a young Shepherd who is averse to Love; and *Linco* an older and more experienc'd, suppos'd a Servant of his Father, who was High-Priest, endeavours to persuade him to the receiving so desirable a Passion: Among many more close Arguments he urges these:

Dimmi, se'n questa sì ridente, e vaga
Stagion, che'nfiora, e rinovella il mondo,
Vedessi in vece di fiorite piagge,

Di

Di verdi prati, e di vestite selve,
 Starfi il pino, e l' abete, e l' faggio, e l' orno
 Senza l' usara lor frondosa chioma,
 Non diresti tù Silvio, il mondo langue ?
 La natura vien meno ? hor quell' horrore,
 E quella maraviglia, che devresti
 Di novità sì mostruosa havere,
 Habbila di te stesso.
 Mira d' intorno, Silvio,
 Quanto il mondo hà di vago, e di gentile,
 Opra è d' Amore.
 Quell' augellin, che canta
 Sì dolcemente, e lascivetto vola
 Hor da l' abete al faggio,
 Et hor dal faggio al mirto,
 S' avesse humano spirito,
 Direbbe, ardo d'amore, ardo d'amore :
 Ma ben arde nel core,
 E parla in sua favella,
 Sì che l' intende il suo dolce desio :
 Et odi à punto, Silvio,
 Il suo dolce desio,
 E serà Silvio solo,
 Che gli risponde, ardo d'amore anch' io.
 In Cielo, in terra, in mare
 Anima senza amore ?
 Deh lascia homai le selve,
 Folle garzon, lascia le fere, ed ama.

From which Original we, as all along before have translated :

Tell me O *Silvio*, now the Season smiles
 Renews the World, and Nature is in Bloom;
 Instead of flow'ry Meads, and verdant Fields,
 And shady Woods, should'st thou behold the Pine,
 The Oak, and Elm, without their Leaves and bald,
 Fields

Field without Grass, and Banks without their Flowers,
 Would'st thou not say, the World is weak and languid,
 Nature is sick? Then think thus of thyself,
 Let all the Wonder such a Sight would raise
 Be center'd there: Look *Silvia* all around,
 All that the World has beautiful and pleasing
 Is but the Work of Love; that little Bird
 That sings so sweetly, and so wanton flies
 From Oak to Beech, from Beech to Elm, or Mistle;
 Had it a human Spirit and a Voice,
 Would say, I burn with Love, I burn with Love;
 For in its Heart it burns, and speaks in Sounds
 Well understood by its dear Mate; and hark,
 Its Mate returns, I also burn with Love.
 Art thou alone exempt? Leave, leave the Woods,
 Leave following Beasts, fond Boy, and follow Love.

We know not where *Guarini* in these Lines can
 lose by the Comparison. *Guarini* wrote after *Tasso*,
 and doubtless was in Hopes to have excell'd him; but
 that is impossible in the pastoral Way, on a Plot so
 extricate and full of Contrivance, as that of the
Faithful Shepherd, yet we believe that *Guarini's* Ver-
 ses have more universally pleas'd than *Tasso's*. How
 genteel and fine are the Sentiments of *Amarillis*, in
 Soliloquy:

Felice pastorella,
 Cui cinge à pena il fianco,
 Povera sì, ma schietta,
 E candida gonnella.
 Ricca sol di se stessa,
 E de la grazie di Natura adorna,
 Che'n dolce povertade
 Nè povertà conosce, nè i disagi
 De le ricchezze sente;

Ma

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Ma tutto quel possede,
 Per cui desio d'haver non la tormenta :
 Nuda sì, ma contenta.
 Co' doni di natura
 I doni di natura anco nudrica,
 Col latte il latte auviya,
 E col dolce del api
 Condifce il mel de le natie dolcezze.
 Quel fonte, ond' ella beve,
 Quel solo anco la bagna, e la consiglia
 Paga lei, pago'l mondo;
 Per lei di nemi il ciel s'oscura indarno,
 E di grandine s'arma,
 Che la sua povertà nulla paventa :
 Nuda sì, ma contenta.
 Sola una dolce, e d'ogn' affanno sgombra
 Cura le sta nel core.
 Pasce le verdi herbette
 La greggia à lei commessa, ed ella pasce
 De' suoi begli occhi il pastorello amante,
 Non qual le destinaro
 O gli huomini, ò le stelle ;
 Ma qual le diede Amore.
 Nè per lui
 Sente foco d'amor, che non gli scopra ;
 Ned' ella scopre ardor, ch'egli non senta :
 Nuda sì, ma contenta.

We render it thus into *English* :

Happy the Shepherdess who some coarse Stuff,
 Useful and plain and clean, but meanly cloaths ;
 Rich in herself alone, and only deckt
 With Nature's Graces ; whose sweet Poverty
 Knows nought of Poverty, nor feels the Plagues
 That Riches often bring : Low, but content

With

With Nature's Gifts, sustains the Gifts of Nature,
 And with the Sweets she gathers from the Bee,
 Seasons the Honey of her native Sweetness:
 The Fountain where she drinks, she makes her Bath,
 Makes that her Mirrour; if loud Storms arise
 Her Poverty fears not: Low, but content:
 Her only Thought is how to tend her Sheep
 Committed to her Care, and how to bless,
 And look with Eyes of Love on her young Shepherd,
 Not destin'd for her by the Stars, or Men;
 But one that Love has given, nor she for him
 Feels ought of Love, but what she dares disclose;
 Nor can she own a Flame he does not feel:
 Low, but content,

At the same Time we allow, that the Sentiments
 in many Places of the *Faithful Shepherd* are (taking
Tasso for a Rule) too lofty, and the Stile too sound-
 ing for pastoral Comedy; nevertheless, those very
 Passages by themselves are beautiful, and some of
 them as great as any to be found in the Tragedies of
 the Antients and Moderns; this Poet has in several
 Places in this Drama scattered Thoughts, which were
 indeed his own Sentiments, which, he did not
 dare to write, to speak, or even own to think, as a
 Christian Poet, but a Person filling a Character in a
 heathen Pastoral, safely enough: Of this we could
 give a great many Instances, but shall content our-
 selves with one, which has not escap'd Censure, and
 for which a Monk once told me, that all his Works
 ought to be burnt; this Recluse would have insin-
 uated, as if he (through the blind Prophet *Tirenio*)
 absolutely denied all Revelation, or possible Inter-
 course between Man and the Divinity; I shall put
 the Passage I speak of in the best Light I may—*Ama-*
rillis being falsely accus'd of Breach of Faith, is

condemn'd to Death, but the Law allowing any Person who should offer themselves, to die in her Stead, *Mirtillo*, the *Faithful Shepherd*, takes the Advantage of it, and demands that he may die, and she be set at Liberty. Upon which the Solemnity of the Sacrifice begins, and the Victim, after a certain limited Time of Speech, is to remain silent; but the Sacrifice is interrupted by the coming in of *Carino*, the suppos'd Father of *Mirtillo*, to whom unwittingly *Mirtillo* speaks, which makes void the preceding Rites, and he is sent back to the Temple to renew his Vow, and Messengers with him for fresh Wine and Water, and other Things proper for the Sacrifice: Mean time the Discovery is made, that *Mirtillo* is the Son of *Montano* the high Priest, who was going to offer him up, this raises a violent Conflict in the Breast of *Montano*, who declares, that he will instead of *Mirtillo*, kill himself; in this Circumstance Things are, when the blind Prophet is led in, and discovers *Mirtillo* to be the *Faithful Shepherd*, foretold by the Oracle to free this Land of Offerings of human Blood. It is the Beginning of *Tirenio's* Speech only that we shall quote.

O quanto spesso giova
 La cecità de gli occhi al veder molto;
 Ch' alhor non traviata
 L'anima, ad in se stessa
 Tutta raccolta, suole
 Aprir nel cieco senso occhi Lincei.
 Non bisogna, Montano,
 Passar sì leggermente alcuni gravi
 Non aspettati casi,
 Che trà l'opere humane han del divino.
 Però che i sommi Dei
 Non conversano in terra,

Nè favellan con gli huomini mortali;
 Mà tutto quel di grande, ò di stupendo,
 Ch' al cieco Caso il cieco volgo ascrive,
 Altro non è, che favellar celeste:
 Così parlan trà noi gli eterni Numi:
 Queste son le lor voci;
 Mute à l' orecchie, e risonanti al core
 Di chi le 'ntende.

The following is as close a Translation as we are able to give:

How often does the Want of Eyes give Sight!
 The Soul not wanders then, but in itself
 Collected, opens Eyes within. Nor we
 Slightly should pass o'er great and strange Events,
 Which speak a Hand divine: For the high Gods
 Converse not here on Earth, nor speak to Men;
 But all that's wonderful! All we admire
 Which the blind Vulgar to blind Chance ascribe,
 Is nothing but the Voice of Heaven: For thus
 To mortal Men, speak the eternal Gods:
 Mute to the outward Ear, but loud to him
 Whose Understanding hears, and happy he
 Who hearing understands.

Of this we shall not make the same Application as the Monk did; let every one judge for himself.

It is objected by Mr. Pope and others, that Guarini has, besides these deep and speculative Verses, too much Contrivance and too ravell'd a Plot for a Dramatick Pastoral: But this is supposing that every Pastoral Writer must follow Tasso exactly, because he invented this Sort of Poem. Tasso's Characters are nothing but Shepherds and Shepherdesses on their native Plains, suppos'd to know little else, but about

their Flocks and Sports, and a little Love; though you see his *Thyrsis* has been at Court, and speaks high Phrase to *Daphne*, of the Prince whose Favour he enjoy'd: Nay, *Daphne* tells him, *he has soar'd aloft*. However in *Tasso's Amintas* there appears no Plot, but all happens by Accident; the little Contrivance of bringing *Silvia* to the Fountain excepted. Take all this for granted, may not another Poet, still keeping the *Arcadian* Stile, introduce Characters, who may be suppos'd (though inhabiting the Plains) to act Parts fuller of Design. *Guarini's* Characters are, except two or three, of another Sort from those of *Tasso*. *Montano* is High-Priest of *Diana*, descended from the Gods; *Silvio* and *Mirtillo* are his Children; *Mirtillo* has seen the World, and liv'd a great While at *Elis*, to which Place *Amarillis* had also been conducted, to see the Sports that were celebrated there in Honour of *Jupiter*, and she is the Daughter of *Titirus*, descended likewise from the Gods; *Corisca* is an old Coquet and a Traveller, had liv'd in great Towns, come but lately from *Argos*, and the Satire is a Character which allows great Liberty. Here is a Prophet; and *Carino*, who had travelled all over those Parts, besides several other Characters. We can't see why it should be denied the Poet, to form what Plot might suit his Genius best out of these, who are naturally supposed to be capable of such Actions as we see them employ'd in: So that we think *Mr. Pope*, had he attempted such a Work, would have been deceiv'd, where he says, *he should certainly displease all those, who are charm'd with Bonarelli and Guarini, and imitate Tasso*; because (setting *Bonarelli* quite aside) we find almost all Lovers of Poetry equally charm'd with *Tasso* and *Guarini*; who, with *Mr. Allan Ramsay* are the best Writers

Writers of the Pastoral Drama, that have ever yet wrote.

We hope it will be observed, that we have impartially shown the Beauties of these Poets; not having any Regard to the Differences between Mr. *Philips* and Mr. *Pope*, we have done Justice to the former, and shall still quote from his Fifth Pastoral the Story of the Nightingale; which, though not entirely of Mr. *Philips's* Invention, (being first touched by *Strada*, and then by Mr. *Crasshaw*) is very finely improved:

When Shepherds flourish'd in *Eliza's* Reign,
There liv'd in great Esteem a jolly Swain,
Young *Colin Clout*; who well could pipe and sing,
And by his Notes invite the lagging Spring.
He, as his Custom was, at Leisure laid
In silent Shade, without a Rival play'd.
Drawn by the Magick of th' inticing Sound,
What Crouds of mute Admirers flock'd around!
The Steerlings left their Food; and Creatures wild
By Nature form'd insensibly grew mild.
He makes the Birds in Troops about him throng,
And loads the neighb'ring Branches with his Song.

Among the rest, a Nightingale of Fame,
Jealous, and fond of Praise, to listen came.
She tun'd her Ear; and emulous with Pride,
Like *Eccho*, to the Shepherd's Pipe reply'd.
The Shepherd heard with Wonder; and again,
To try her more, renew'd his various Strain.
To all his various Strain she shapes her Throat,
And adds peculiar Grace to ev'ry Note.
If *Colin* in complaining Accents grieves,
Or brisker Motion to his Measure gives;
If gentle Sounds he modulates, or strong,
She, not a little vain, repeats his Song:

But so repeats, that *Colin* half despis'd
 His Pipe and Skill, so much by others priz'd :
 And, sweetest Songster of the winged Kind,
 What Thanks, said he, what Praises can I find
 To equal thy melodious Voice ? In thee
 The Rudeness of my Rural Fife I see ;
 From thee I learn to vaunt no more my Skill.

Aloft in Air she sate, provoking still
 The vanquish'd Swain : Provok'd at last, he strove
 To shew the little Minstrel of the Grove
 His utmost Art ; if so some small Esteem
 He might obtain, and Credit lost, redeem.
 He draws in Breath, his rising Breast to fill ;
 Thro' all the Wood his Pipe is heard to shrill.
 From Note to Note in Haste his Fingers fly ;
 Still more and more his Numbers multiply ;
 And now they thrill, and now they fall and rise,
 And swift and slow they change, with sweet Surprise.

Attentive she does scarce the Sounds retain,
 But to herself first cons the puzzling Strain ;
 And tracing careful, Note by Note, repays
 The Shepherd, in his own harmonious Lays ;
 Thro' ev'ry changing Cadence runs at Length,
 And adds in Sweetness, what she wants in Strength.

Then *Colin* threw his Fife disgrac'd aside ;
 While she loud Triumph sings, proclaiming wide
 Her mighty Conquest. What could *Colin* more ?
 A little Harp, of Maple Ware, he bore :
 The Harp itself was old, but newly strung,
 Which usual he a-cross his Shoulders hung.
 Now take, delightful Bird, my last Farewel,
 He said ; and learn from hence, thou dost excel
 No trivial Artist. And at that he wound
 The murm'ring Strings, and order'd every Sound.
 Then earnest to his Instrument he bends,
 And both his Hands upon the Strings extends.

The

The Strings obey his Touch, and various move,
 The low'r answ'ring still to those above.
 His restless Fingers traverse to and fro,
 And in Pursuit of Harmony they go;
 Now, lightly skimming, o'er the Strings they pass,
 Like Winds that gently brush the plying Grass,
 And melting Airs arise at their Command:
 And now, laborious, with a weighty Hand
 He sinks into the Cords with solemn Pace,
 And gives the swelling Tones a manly Grace:
 Then, intricate he blends agreeing Sounds,
 While Musick thro' the trembling Harp abounds.

The double Sounds the Nightingale perplex,
 And pos'd, she does her troubled Spirit vex.
 She warbles diffident, 'twixt Hope and Fear,
 And hits imperfect Accents here and there.
 Then *Colin* play'd again, and playing sung:
 She, with the fatal Love of Glory stung,
 Hears all in Pain; her Heart begins to swell;
 In piteous Notes she sighs, in Notes that tell
 Her bitter Anguish. He, still singing, plies
 His limber Joints: Her Sorrows higher rise.
 How shall she bear a Conq'ror, who before
 No equal, thro' the Grove, in Musick bore?
 She droops, and hangs her flagging Wings, and moans,
 And fetches from her Breast melodious Groans.
 Oppress'd with Grief at last, too great too quell,
 Down breathless on the guilty Harp she fell.

Mr. *Pope's* Pastorals, being but four, afford not
 so much Room for Criticism as the others do, *Gua-*
rini's Pastoral being near Seven Thousand Lines; but
 we venture to say, that those four of Mr. *Pope's* are
 without any Fault almost, and were esteemed by the
 Author as the most perfect of his Works. In few
 Words, they were wrote in his first Manner, a

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smooth, soft Harmony in the Numbers, and a labour'd Correctness in the Stile. That this is true, we appeal to the following Lines spoken by the despairing Shepherd *Ægon*, in the third Pastoral:

Resound, ye Hills, resound my mournful Strains!
I'll fly from Shepherd's Flocks to flow'ry Plains.
From Shepherds Flocks and Plains I may remove,
Forsake Mankind, and all the World—but Love!
I know thee, Love! wild as the raging Main,
More fell than Tygers on the *Lybian* Plain:
Thou wert from *Ætna's* burning Entrails torn,
Got by fierce Whirlwinds, and in Thunder born!
Resound, ye Hills, resound my mournful Lay!
Farewell ye Woods, adieu the Light of Day!

All Mr. *Pope's* Pastoral Verses are very serious and solemn, whereas Mr. *Gay* (with whom this Discourse of Pastoral began, and with whom it shall end) has a great Deal of Comic Description in his; he has many very pretty quick Turns, that are sure to make the Reader smile, which was his natural Genius. The last Day of his *Shepherd's Week* he calls *THE FLIGHTS*; where *Bowzybee*, drunk and asleep under a Hedge, being wak'd by the Crowd of Lads and Lasses, begins to sing, they making a Circle round him:

Of Nature's Laws his Carrols first begun,
Why the grave Owl can never face the Sun.
For Owls, as Swains observe, detest the Light,
And only sing and seek their Prey by Night.
How Turnips hide their swelling Heads below,
And how the closing Colworts upwards grow;
How Will-a-wisp misleads night-faring Clowns,
O'er Hills, and sinking Bogs, and pathless Downs.

Of

Of Stars he told that shoot with shining Trail,
And of the Glow-worm's Light that gilds his Tail.
He sung where Wood-cocks in the Summer feed,
And in what Climates they renew their Breed;
Some think to northern Coasts their Flight they tend,
Or to the Moon in midnight Hours ascend.
Where Swallows in the Winter's Season keep,
And how the drowsy Bat and Dormouse sleep.
How Nature does the Puppy's Eyelid close,
Till the bright Sun has nine Times set and rose.
For Huntsmen by their long Experience find,
That Puppies still nine rolling Suns are blind.

Now he goes on, and sings of Fairs and Shows,
For still new Fairs before his Eyes arose.
How Pedlars Stalls with glitt'ring Toys are laid,
The various Fairings of the Country Maid.
Long silken Laces hang upon the Twine,
And Rows of Pins and Amber Bracelets shine;
How the tight Lafs, Knives, Combs and Scissars spys,
And looks on Thimbles with desiring Eyes.
Of Lott'ries next with tuneful Note he told,
Where silver Spoons are won and Rings of Gold.
The Lads and Lasses trudge the Street along,
And all the Fair is crouded in his Song.

His Carrols ceas'd: The list'ning Maids and Swains
Seem still to hear some soft imperfect Strains.
Sudden he rose; and as he reels along
Swears Kisses sweet should well reward his Song.
The Damsels laughing fly: the giddy Clown
Again upon a Wheat-sheaf drops adown;
The Pow'r that guards the drunk, his Sleep attends,
'Till, ruddy, like his Face, the Sun descends.

Thus have we (still under the Correction of abler
Pens) by Examples from six very great Writers of
Pastorals, shown that Sort of poetical Composition
to

to consist of the finest Descriptions of the Passions, of Landſcape, Actions of the most graceful and moving Kind, and inferior to no other Kind of Poetry whatever.

This Digression was made on the Mention of Mr. Gay in the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, which, though it mentions Mr. Gay with Praise, is not very full of that Sort of Address: It was indeed design'd a Satyr, and *Sporus*, who in the first Edition was call'd *Paris*, and is in real Life the same as Lord *Fanny*, lies under a most unmerciful Lash; Mr. *Pope*, whenever he takes this Gentleman in Hand, seems to have a particular Delight in touching him to the very Quick; nay, he has turn'd the Fineness of his Person to what Disadvantage he could, for my Lord had a very particular Softness, and a Clearness of Complexion usual to few Men, insomuch that when he was married, it occasioned a Ballad, Part of which was:

For *Venus* had never seen bedded
So perfect a Beau and a Belle,
As when *H--rv--y* the handsome was married
To the beautiful *Molly Le P--ll*.

But the first Bloom of his Youth was worn off, before Mr. *Pope* had any Thing satirical to say of him, the Occasion he took, was from my Lord's Behaviour after he became a Courtier, when it was imagin'd he said something of Disadvantage to Mr. *Pope* to the late Queen, and to a certain Duke, of whom we have before spoke, besides his Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity, where he dropt an Allusion to scandalous Reports made of Mr. *Pope*, farther intimating, that he was a Mechanick, some said a Hatter, some a Farmer, nay, a Bankrupt, which latter false Character this Nobleman (if such a Reflection could be thought to come from a Nobleman) gave into,

into. Mr. *Pope* never wrote Replies to *Curl's*, to his, or other Pamphlets, but in a few Lines, occasionally as he wrote, generally answered the same End: He begins this cutting Piece of Satire with a Threat:

Let *Sporus* tremble—"What? that Thing of Silk,
" *Sporus*, that mere white Curd of Ass's Milk?

"Satire or Sense alas! can *Sporus* feel?

"Who breaks a Butterfly upon a Wheel?"

Yet let me flap this Bug with gilded Wings,

This painted Child of Dirt, that stinks and flings,

Whose Buzz the Witty and the Fair annoys,

Yet Wit ne'er tastes, nor Beauty ne'er enjoys:

So well-bred Spaniels civilly delight

In mumbling of the Game they dare not bite.

Eternal Smiles his Emptiness betray,

As shallow Streams run dimpling all the Way.

Whether in florid Impotence he speaks,

And, as the Prompter breathes, the Puppet squeaks,

Or at the Ear of *Eve*, familiar Toad,

Half Froth, half Venom, spits himself abroad,

In Puns, or Politicks, or Tales, or Lies,

Or Spite, or Smut, or Rhymes, or Blasphemies.

His Wit all See-saw between *that* and *this*,

Now high, now low, now Master up, now Miss, }

And he himself one vile Antithesis. }

Amphibious Thing! That acting either Part,

The trifling Head, or the corrupted Heart,

Pop at the Toilet, Flatt'rer at the Board,

Now trips a Lady, and now struts a Lord.

Eve's Temper thus the Rabbins have express,

A Cherub's Face, a Reptile all the rest,

Beauty that shocks you, Parts that none will trust,

Wit that can creep, and Pride that licks the Dust.

After

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After this Heat is a little over, our Poet pretending to magnify his former Patience, seems in cool Blood to give Correction to several, and most deservedly on Mr. *Budgell*, *Welsted*, and the other Poetaster who turn'd Plagiary: What he says of poor *Dennis* is light, he, though he thought him too proud, did not think him unworthy his Regard, when in Distress, and here he only acknowledges, that he has been so intimate with Mr. *Theobald*, as to seek him at his own House.

He had drank with *Gibber*, very well! And so have most ingenious Men of his Time, this hurts them nothing, but the other Imputations are home. WELSTED'S LYE; (and he was a Parson) three thousand Suns went down on it. Mr. *Budgell*; he let him charge him with *Grub-street*, and write what he would, except his WILL: The Affair of Mr. TOLAND'S WILL was then recent. As to the Plagiary, Mr. *Pope* owns he had rhym'd for him, which was to be sure a very great Favour; but Mr. *Pope*'s Father and Mother had been abus'd, for which he very justly demands Reason; his Father being a Man so innocent and so harmless of Tongue, that he accounted it Sin to call his Neighbour a Fool: But now comes the Rod for the Fool's Back:

That Harmless Mother thought no *Wife* a *Whore*; Hear *this*, and spare his Family, *James Moor*.

When we read this Epistle over and over again, after fresh Admiration, a melancholy Thought arises, that we are without Hope of such another Genius, so expressive, so compact, so affecting, and so very full of Light and Brightness.

The Vanity which some have charged the Beginning of this Epistle with, where our Author intimates the Impossibility almost of hiding himself from impertinent

pertinent Visitors, if it be really so, will be easily pardoned, no Man but what has (at least, we believe so) greater Foibles.

What Walls can guard me, or what Shades can hide?
They pierce my *Thickets*, thro' my *Grot* they glide,
By Land and Water they renew the Charge,
They stop the *Chariot* and they board the *Barge*.

Sweetly intimating, say the Enemies of our Author, that he did not want the Conveniency of a Barge or a Chariot, that he had Gardens with fine Thickets, and an elegant Grotto.

We dare be perswaded that Mr. *Pope* had no Vanity in the Mention of either Barge or Chariot, for his Gardens we cannot so well answer; he had spent a great deal of Money and Time in them, and laboured to have every Thing there as great (that is as to Taste, not to Compass of Ground) as possibly might be, he ask'd Counsel with all he knew, who were likely to give him any good Advice; but at last he was forc'd chiefly to depend on his own good Sense and natural Taste, for in laying out of Gardens as in all other Things, different People have different Designs and Opinions, and one admires what is entirely disagreeable to another; one declares, he would not have too much Art in it, for my Notion (says he) of Gardening is, that it is only sweeping Nature; another declares, that Gravel Walks are not of a good Taste, for all the finest abroad are of loose Sand; a third advises peremptorily, there should not be one Lime Tree in the whole Plantation; a fourth makes the same exclusive Clause extend to Horse Chestnuts, which he affirms not to be Trees, but Weeds; *Dutch Elms* are condemn'd by a fifth, and about half the Trees are proserib'd. Some

Some cannot bear Ever-greens, and call them Never-greens; some who are only angry at them when they are cut in Shapes, and give the modern Gardiners the Name of Ever-green Taylors; some have no Dislike to Cones and Cubes, but would have them cut in Forest-Trees; some are in a Passion against any Thing in Shape, even against clipp'd Hedges, which they call green Walls. We have the same Sort of Criticks in Poetry; one is fond of nothing but Heroicks; another can't relish Tragedy; another hates Pastorals, but delights mightily (as all little Wits do) in Epigrams. Let me add there are the same in Divinity, where many leading Criticks are for rooting up more than they plant, and would leave the Lord's Vineyard either very thinly furnish'd, or very oddly trimm'd: But Mr. *Pope* had the Happiness to like all that was good, and excluded no beautiful Tree or Flower his Garden.

It is natural for a Man, when he has taken a great Deal of Pains about any Thing, to be fond of it, especially if it answers to the Idea of Beauty which he first intended it should: This was Mr. *Pope's* Case in his Gardens and Grotto, of which last see his own Description to Mr. *Blount*, dated June 2, 1725.

YOU shew yourself a just Man and a Friend, in those Guesses and Suppositions you make at the possible Reasons of my Silence; every one of which is a true one. As to Forgetfulness of you and yours, I assure you the promiscuous Conversations of the Town serve only to put me in Mind of better, and more quiet, to be had in a Corner of the World (undisturb'd, innocent, serene, and sensible) with such as you. Let no Access of any Distrust make you think of me differently in a cloudy Day from what you do in the most sun-shiny Weather.

ther. Let the young Ladies be assured I make nothing new in my Gardens, without wishing to see the Print of their fairy Steps in every Part of 'em. I have put the last Hand to my Works of this Kind, in happily finishing the subterraneous Way and Grotto: I there found a Spring of the clearest Water, which falls in a perpetual Rill, that ecchoes thro' the Cavern Day and Night. From the River *Thames*, you see thro' my Arch up a Walk of the Wilderness to a Kind of open Temple, wholly compos'd of Shells in the rustick Manner; and from that Distance under the Temple you look down thro' a sloping Arcade of Trees, and see the Sails on the River passing suddenly and vanishing, as through a perspective Glass. When you shut the Doors of this Grotto, it becomes on the Instant, from a luminous Room, a *Camera obscura*; on the Walls of which all the Objects of the River, Hills, Woods, and Boats, are forming a moving Picture in their visible Radiations; and when you have a Mind to light it up, it affords you a very different Scene; it is finished with Shells interspersed with Pieces of Looking-glass in angular Forms; and in the Cieling is a Star of the same Material, at which when a Lamp (of an orbicular Figure of thin Alabaster) is hung in the Middle, a thousand pointed Rays glitter and are reflected over the Place. There are connected to this Grotto by a narrower Passage two Porches, one towards the River of smooth Stones full of Light and open; the other toward the Garden shadow'd with Trees, rough with Shells, Flints, and Iron-ore. The Bottom is paved with simple Pebble, as is also the adjoining Walk up the Wilderness to the Temple, in the natural Taste, agreeing not ill with the little dripping Murmur, and the aquatick Idea of the whole Place. It wants nothing to compleat it but a
good

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good Statue with an Inscription, like that beautiful antique one which you know I am so fond of;

Hujus Nympha loci, sacri custodia fontis

Dormio, dum blandæ sentio murmur aquæ.

Parce meum, quisquis tangis cava marmora somnum

Rumpere, seu bibas, seu lavere, tace.

Nymph of the Grot, these sacred Springs I keep,
And to the Murmur of these Waters sleep;
Ah spare my Slumbers, gently tread the Cave!
And drink in Silence, or in Silence lave!

You'll think I have been very poetical in this Description, but it is pretty near the Truth. I wish you were here to bear Testimony how little it owes to Art, either the Place itself, or the Description I give of it.

I am, &c.

Here is no great Matter of Wonder, if what seem'd a little Vanity should appear, though in Reality there might be none; but wearied out with the Impertinence of troublesome Visitants, which prevented him from enjoying that Privacy and Retirement he lov'd, might make him speak in Terms seeming to say, that he was indeed above those Intrusions, and those bemoan'd Parsons (as he calls them) and maudlin Poetesses should have known it, have waited his Leisure, and not have behav'd with so little Decency, as to stop his Chariot, or rush into his House and Gardens, without knowing whether it would incommode him or no.

Here, in all Likelihood, the Vein of Satire had stopp'd, had not many Persons, taking Shame to themselves, made a great Stir about these Epistles; and a certain Lady of Quality and a great Wit took Offence;

Offence; (once in Esteem enough to have the following Character :)

I.

IN Beauty, or Wit,
No Mortal as yet
To question your Empire has dar'd;
But Men of Discerning,
Have thought that in Learning,
To yield to a Lady was hard.

II.

Impertinent Schools,
With musty dull Rules,
Have Reading to Females deny'd,
So *Papists* refuse
The **BIBLE** to use,
Left *Flocks* should be wise as their *Guide*.

III.

'Twas a **WOMAN** at first,
(Indeed she was curst)
In *Knowledge* that tasted *Delight*;
And Sages agree,
That Laws shou'd decree,
To the first Possessor the Right.

IV.

Then bravely, fair Dame,
Resume the old Claim,
Which to your whole Sex does belong;
And let **MEN** receive,
From a *Second* bright **EVE**,
The Knowledge of *Right* and of *Wrong*.

V.

But if the *First* EVE
 Hard Doom did receive,
 When only *One Apple* had she,
 What a Punishment new,
 Shall be found out for you,
 Who, tasting, have robb'd the *whole Tree*.

But (such is the Uncertainty of all Things) now from one Step of Dislike and Disgust to another, there was a total Misunderstanding between Mr. *Pope* and her; and as she took all Occasions to insinuate Things to the World disadvantageous to Mr. *Pope*, that he did not understand *Greek*, but was forc'd to hire Persons to translate *Homer*, and then have no farther Labour than to put it into Rhyme; that he was a Man of an unquiet Spirit and dangerous Conversation; that he was a Tool for *Rome*, and a great many other Reports, the baser for being false; so he, on the other Hand, (as 'twas reported to her) gave himself great Liberties about her; and great Mockery was made, and much loud Laughter, at the Story of a Visit, it was pretended the said Lady was permitted to make to the Seraglio, when her Husband was Ambassador at the *Porte*. It is certain, let the Tale arise from whence it will, it was very scandalous, neither can we think (if true) that it could possibly have ever come to their Knowledge; for it is to be thought, that the Lady, for the Sake of her own Fame, would never have divulg'd so strange a Secret; seeing that the World afforded no Remedy for the one Act, and the other slight Injury of being obliged to conform to the *Custom of the East*, a little Time would repair. However, as most Stories of the like Nature do, it gained Credit, and most

most prodigiously exasperated the Lady, who neglected no Opportunity of raising whoever she could against Mr. *Pope* and his Writings; imagining him the great Disperser of this Tale, and, perhaps, he was not entirely clear. He, on the defensive Part, flies to *Horace* and Dr. *Donne*, and imitates the former and modernizes the latter, which he introduces into the World by Advertisement:

THE Occasion of publishing these *Imitations* was the Clamour raised on some of my *Epistles*. An Answer from *Horace* was both more full, and of more Dignity, than any I could have made in my own Person; and the Example of so much greater Freedom in so eminent a Divine as Dr. *Donne*, seem'd a Proof with what Indignation and Contempt a Christian may treat Vice or Folly, in ever so low, or ever so high a Station. Both these Authors were acceptable to the *Princes* and *Ministers* under whom they lived: The Satires of Dr. *Donne* I versify'd, at the Desire of the Earl of *Oxford* while he was Lord Treasurer, and of the Duke of *Shrewsbury* who had been Secretary of State; neither of whom look'd upon a Satire on vicious Courts as any Reflection on those they serv'd in. And indeed there is not in the World a greater Error, than that which Fools are so apt to fall into, and Knaves with good Reason to encourage, the mistaking a *Satyr* for a *Libeller*; whereas to a true *Satyr* nothing is so odious as a *Libeller*, for the same Reason as to a Man truly virtuous nothing is so hateful as a *Hypocrite*.

In the first Satyr of *Horace* imitated, he vindicates himself, and shows the Reasons why he writes so severely, and then declares, that he would not spare even himself:

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In this impartial Glass, my Muse intends
Fair to expose myself, my Foes, my Friends;
Publish the present Age, but where my Text
Is Vice too high, reserve it to the next.

Peace is my dear Delight, not *Fleury's* more;
But touch me, and no Minister so sore.
Whoe'er offends at some unlucky Time,
Slides into Verse and hitches into Rhyme;
Sacred to Ridicule his whole Life long,
And the sad Burthen of some merry Song.

To this his Friend makes Answer, that it is dangerous, and that there are People who take Revenues upon such Occasions; insinuating, that a Six-penny Drug may chance to cut him off in the Middle of a Song: To which he makes this bold and open Reply:

What? arm'd for *Virtue* when I point the Pen,
Brand the bold Front of shameless, guilty Men,
Dash the proud Gamester in his gilded Car,
Bare the mean Heart that lurks beneath a *Star*;
Can there be wanting, to defend her Cause,
Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws?
Could pension'd *Boileau* lash in honest Strain
Flatt'ers and Bigots ev'n in *Louis's* Reign?
Could Laureate *Dryden* Pimp and Fry'r engage,
Yet neither *Charles* nor *James* fall in a Rage?
And I not strip the Gilding off a Knave,
Un-plac'd, un-pension'd, no Man's Heir, or Slave?
I will, or perish in the gen'rous Cause:
Hear this and tremble! you, who 'scape the Laws.
Yes, while I live, no rich or noble Knave
Shall walk in Peace, and Credit, to his Grave.

In

In this Satire, (though we point not out the Place, it being too harsh) the forenamed Lady of Quality and great Wit is said to be struck at, or at least she imagined so; for now, comes into the Publick: *Verses address'd to the Imitator, of the first Satire of the Second Book of Horace, BY A LADY*; where she takes a Fling at him about his Birth.

Hard as thy Heart, and as thy Birth obscure.

She, having taking it upon Trust, that Mr. Pope was meanly born; whereas, we have already prov'd him to be descended from genteel Families. But, this angry Lady let's nothing slip, that might any way contribute to the making Mr. Pope look mean and contemptible; she calls his Numbers crabbed, and makes a stinging Reflection on the Badness of his Person.

Thine is but such an Image of *his* Pen,
As thou thyself art of the Sons of Men:
Where our own Species in Burlesque we trace,
A Sign-post Likeness of the noble Race;
That is at once Resemblance and Disgrace.

Horace can laugh, is delicate, is clear;
You, only coarsely rail, or darkly sneer:
His Stile is elegant, his Diction pure,
Whilst none thy crabbed Numbers can endure.

If *he* has Thorns, they all on Roses grow;
Thine like rude Thistles, and mean Brambles show,
With this Exception, that tho' rank the Soil,
Weeds as they are, they seem produc'd by Toil.
Satire should like a polish'd Razor keen,
Wound with a Touch, that's scarcely felt or seen.

She keeps up her Spirit, and after having (as she thinks) lower'd his Pride pretty handsomely, she endeavours to insult him:

Is this the *Thing* to keep Mankind in Awe,
 To make those tremble who escape the Law?
 Is this the *Ridicule* to live so long,
 The deathless *Satire*, and immortal *Song*?
 No: like thy self-blown Praise, thy Scandal flies;
 And, as we're told of Wasps, it stings and dies.

It was said, that this Lady was one of those who hired the Persons to wait for Mr. *Pope* in *Ham-Walks*; and, indeed, in another Part of this Poem, she seems to hint at something like it:

When God created Thee, one would believe,
 He said the same as to the *Snake of Eve*;
 To human Race Antipathy declare,
 'Twixt them and Thee be everlasting War.
 But oh! the Sequel of the Sentence dread,
 And whilst you bruise their Heel, beware your Head.
 Nor think thy Weakness shall be thy Defence;
 The Female Scold's Protection in Offence.
 Sure 'tis as fair to beat who cannot fight,
 As 'tis to libel those who cannot write.
 And if thou draw'st thy Pen to aid the Law,
 Others a Cudgel, or a Rod, may draw.
 If none with Vengeance yet thy Crimes pursue,
 Or give thy manifold Affronts their Due:
 If Limbs unbroken, Skin without a Stain,
 Unwhipt, unblanketted, unkick'd, unstain,
 That wretched little Carcass you retain;
 The Reason is, not that the World wants Eyes;
 But thou'rt so mean, they see, and they despise.

By this an Observation may be made, that this Lady's Pen is sharp enough, and too sharp for her Subject; for all must own Mr. *Pope*'s Numbers not crabbed, that he is not thorny, and full of Thistles
 and

and Brambles, the Beauty of his Person is not contended for, so that the Lady got nothing there; neither was Mr. *Pope* ever despis'd so, as to be thought too mean for Notice: Tho' we think the Lady's Anger just, yet had she show'd the real Injury she receiv'd by his Reports or Pen, and prov'd what was said or wrote to have been Falshood, Mr. *Pope*, in the Opinion of moral People, would have suffer'd more; for now nothing is seen but the Lady's Resentment, while the Cause, or pretended Cause, lies conceal'd. Mr. *Pope*, towards the latter End of his Time, said, that setting apart Raillery and the Love of Satire, he wish'd he had never offended this Lady; which Repentance will, we hope, palliate and mitigate any too hard Sentence from the Ladies on him. 'Tis great Pity that any private Pique should so far influence Wits and Scholars, as to divide them against themselves; they have already too many Enemies, the Ignorant, the Dull, even the Schools and Colleges are Seminaries for their Foes, and the reverend Tutor breathes his No-spirit into the Pupil. If the few (tho' they are but few) of Wit, Sense, Taste, and Learning, would unite, the Dunces would either reform, or else it would be easy to keep them quiet; now they riggle to the Bar, up to the Pulpit, and higher up, where none but wise and good Men ought to sit.

The Second Satire of *Horace*, which Mr. *Pope* has imitated, is chiefly a Satire against Luxury and bad Oeconomy, and takes Occasion to show the Waste of some, and the sordid Penuriousness of others, recommending the Medium to him that knows how to live properly, then shows the great Advantages of Temperance, and the contrary:

Now hear what Blessings Temperance can bring:
 (Thus said our Friend, and what he said I sing)
 First Health: The Stomach (cramm'd from ev'ry
 A Tomb of boil'd, and roast, and Flesh, and Fish, [Dish,
 Where Bile, and Wind, and Phlegm, and acid Jar,
 And all the Man is one intestine War)
 Remembers oft the School-boy's simple Fare,
 The temp'rate Sleeps, and Spirits light as Air.

How pale each worshipful and rev'rend Guest
 Rise from a Clergy, or a City, Feast!
 What Life in all that ample Body, say,
 What heav'nly Particle inspires the Clay?
 The Soul subsides, and wickedly inclines
 To seem but mortal, ev'n in sound Divines.

Then speaking of the Boast of prodigious Wealth,
 our Author again darts his Satire at the Family of
 our greatest and most successful Soldier and General
 of the Age, not excepting Prince *Eugene*:

Oh Impudence of Wealth! with all thy Store,
 How darst thou let one worthy Man be poor?
 Shall half the new-built Churches round thee fall?
 Make Keys, build Bridges, or repair *Whitehall*;
 Or to thy Country let that Heap be lent,
 As *M——o's* was,—but not at Five per Cent.

These Words he puts into the Mouth of Mr. *Bethel*,
 a Gentleman of singular Probity, Temperance, Hu-
 mility, and Good-nature. After this Mr. *Pope* de-
 scribes his own Manner of Living, and concludes,
 that *Fortune*, if she leaves but a little, a prudent
 Man will make the most of it, and be content:

Fortune not much of humbling me can boast;
 Though double-tax'd, how little have I lost?

My

My Life's Amusements have been just the same,
 Before, and after Standing Armies came.
 My Lands are sold, my Father's House is gone:
 I'll hire another's: is not that my own?
 And yours, my Friends? thro' whose free opening
 None comes too early, none departs too late; [Gate
 (For I, who hold sage *Homer's* Rule the best,
 Welcome the coming, speed the going Guest.)
 " Pray Heav'n it last! (cries *Swift*) as you go on;
 " I wish to God this House had been your own:
 " Pity! to build, without a Son or Wife:
 " Why, you'll enjoy it only all your Life."—
 Well, if the Use be mine, can it concern one,
 Whether the Name belong to *Pope* or *Vernon*?
 Let Lands and Houses have what Lords they will,
 Let us be fix'd, and our own Masters still.

Of those two Satires which he has moderniz'd from
 Dr. *Donne*, we shall only say, that under that Cover
 he takes the Liberty to say, what without the Doctor
 at his Back, he would not.

Dr. *Donne* is known to be a keen Satirist, and
 wants nothing of Mr. *Pope* but his Numbers—He
 meets at Court, whither he was accidentally driven,
 a threadbare Parson seeking Preferment there, and
 affecting the Air of a Courtier already. This Scene,
 in the Doctors original Text, we have quoted in
Italicks, and as altered by Mr. *Pope*, on the Page
 on the other Side, in *Roman* Characters, by which
 will appear the Conformity of their Sentiments, and
 how our Language is altered and refined since Dr.
Donne's Time, who was born in *London* in the Year
 1573, descended from a very good Family in *Wales*,
 and had Parents capable of giving him the best Edu-
 cation, which they did; for at nine Years of Age
 he was sent to *Hart-Hall* in *Oxford*, having attain'd
 besides

besides the *Latin* and *Greek*, a Knowledge in the *French Tongue*. Here he became acquainted with that great Master of Language and Art, Sir *Henry Wotton*, with whom he contracted a lasting Friendship. From *Oxford* he was transplanted to the University of *Cambridge*, where he made great Improvements in his Literature. Coming from thence to *London*, he was entered of the Society of *Lincoln's-Inn*, and applied himself to the Study of the Law, but even here, he chiefly employ'd his Time in accomplishing himself with the politer Kinds of Learning. He soon enjoy'd the best Conversation in Town, to whom the Acuteness of his Wit, and the natural Gaiety of his Temper, soon render'd him highly acceptable: In which State of Life he compos'd most of his Love-Poems. His Father dying and leaving him a pretty handsome Fortune, he travelled into *Italy*, *Spain* and other foreign Countries, where he acquired a Perfection in those Languages, and returned home with many useful Observations. Being now qualified for the greatest Employments, he was made Secretary to the Lord *Elsmere*, Keeper of the Great Seal; in whose Service he became enamour'd with the Lady *Elsmere's* Neice, Daughter to Sir *George Moor*, Chancellor of the Garter, and Lieutenant of the *Tower*, who greatly opposed this Match; yet notwithstanding they were privately married: Which exasperated Sir *George* to such a Degree, that he prevailed on the Lord *Elsmere* to discharge him from his Service, and soon after cast him into Prison. But Mr. *Donne* had not been long confined before he found Means, by the Assistance of his Kinsman Sir *Francis Woolley*, to facilitate his Enlargement, and a Reconciliation between him and Sir *George Moor* ensuing, he was restored to his former Post. Now he was sought after by Men of the
best

best Learning more than ever, and his Company very much desired by the Nobility and foreign Embassadors, who were extremely fond of his Acquaintance. At last, at King James's Request, he applied himself to the Study of Divinity, and entered into Holy Orders: Whereupon, his Majesty first made him Preacher of *Lincoln's-Inn*, and he was afterwards advanced to the Deanery of *St. Paul's*. He died the 31st of *March*, 1631, and was buried in *St. Paul's Church* with great Solemnity, attended by many Persons of Quality.

Dr. King Bishop of *Chichester*, who was his Executor, erected a Monument to his Memory, with this Inscription.

JOHANNES DONNE, S. T. P.
 Post varia Studia, quibus ab Annis tenerrimis fideliter,
 Nec infelicitè, incubuit.
 Instinctu & impulsu Spiritus sancti, monitu & hortatu
 Regis Jacobi Ordines Sacros Amplexus
 Anno sui Jesu 1614. & suæ Etatis 42
 Decanatu hujus Ecclesiæ, indutus 27. Novembris 1621.
 Exutus morte ultima die Martii 1631.
 Hic, licet in Occiduo Cinere, aspiciet Eum,
 Cujus Nomen est Oriens.

But we must not forget our promised Quotation: The Parson that Dr. Donne met, had travell'd it seems, which was not an uncommon Thing then, and his Dress was not unlike that of a Scholar; his Cloaths were coarse, and black and bare, and his Jerkin had been Velvet, but now it was almost rubb'd to Rags, and began to let the Air in, so that in a very little Time it would not hang together, to be known what it originally was made of.

He

He names me, and comes to me; I whisper, God
 How have I sinn'd, that thy Wraths furious Rod,
 This Fellow, chuseth me! He saith, Sir,
 I love your Judgment, whom do you prefer
 For the best Linguist? and I seelily
 Said that I thought Calepines Dictionary.
 Nay, but of Men most sweet, Sir? Beza then,
 Some Jesuits, and two reverend Men
 Of our two Academies I named: here
 He stopt me, and said, Nay your Apostles were
 Good pretty Linguists, so Panurgus was;
 Yet a poor Gentleman; all these may pass
 By Travail. Then, as if he would have sold
 His Tongue, he prais'd it, and such Wonders told,
 That I was fain to say, if you had liv'd, Sir,
 Time enough to have been Interpreter
 To Babels Bricklayers, sure the Tower had stood.

He adds, if of Court Life you knew the good,
 You would leave Loneness. I said, not alone
 My Loneness is; but Spartanes Fashion
 To teach by painting Drunkards doth not last
 Now, Aretines Pictures have made few chaste;
 No more can Princes Courts, though there be few
 Better Pictures of Vice, teach me Virtue.

He like to a high-stretcht Lute-string squeakt, O Sir,
 'Tis sweet to talk of Kings. At Westminster,
 Said I, the Man that keeps the Abby Tombs,
 And for his Bribe, doth with whoever comes
 Of all our Harrys, and our Edwards talk,
 From King to King, and all their Kin can walk;
 Your Ears shall hear nought but Kings; your Eyes meet
 Kings only: The Way to it is King-street.
 He smack'd, and cry'd, He's base, mechanique, course,
 So're all your Englishmen in their Discourse.

He spies me out. I whisper, gracious God!
 What Sin of mine cou'd merit such a Rod?
 That all the Shot of Dulness now must be
 From this thy Blunderbuss discharg'd on me!
 Permit (he cries) no Stranger to your Fame
 To crave your Sentiment, if *Pope's* your Name. [I,
 What *Speech* esteem you most?—"The King's, said
 But the best Words?—"O Sir, the Dictionary.
 You miss my Aim: I mean the most acute
 And perfect Speaker?—"Onflow past Dispute.
 But Sir, of Writers? "*Swift*, for closer Stile,
 "But *Ho**y* for a Period of a Mile.
 Why yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass;
 Good common Linguists, and so *Panurge* was;
 Nay troth, th' Apostles (tho' perhaps too rough)
 Had once a pretty Gift of Tongues enough:
 Yet these were all poor Gentlemen! I dare
 Affirm, 'twas Travel made them what they were.

Thus others Talents having nicely shown,
 He came by sure Transition to his own:
 'Till I cry'd out, You prove yourself so able,
 Pity! you was not Druggerman at *Babel*;
 For had they found a Linguist half so good,
 I make no Question but the Tow'r had stood.

"Obliging Sir! for Courts you sure were made:

"Why then for ever buried in the Shade?

"Spirits like you, shou'd see and shou'd be seen,

"The King would smile on you--at least the Queen."

Ah gentle Sir! you Courtiers so cajole us—

But *Tully* has it, *Nunquam minus solus*;

And as for Courts, forgive me if I say

No Lessons now are taught the *Spartan* Way:

Tho' in his Pictures Lust be full display'd,

Few are the Converts *Aretine* has made;

And

Are not your Frenchman neat ? Mine, as you see,
 I have but one, Sir, look, he follows me.
 Certes they are neatly cloath'd. I, of this Mind am,
 Your only Wearing is your Grogaram.
 Not so, Sir, I have more. Under this Pitch
 He would not fly ; I chaf'd him : But as Itch
 Scratch'd into Smart, and as blunt Iron grown'd
 Into an Edge, hurts worse : So, I (Fool) found,
 Crossing hurt me. To fit my Sullenness,
 He to another Key his Stile doth dress ;
 And asks, what News ? I tell him of new Playes,
 He takes my Hand, and as a Still which staves
 A Sembrief, 'twixt each Drop, he niggardly,
 As loath to enrich me, so tells many a Ly.
 More than ten Hollenheads, or Halls, or Stows,
 Of trivial household Trash : He knows, he knows
 When the Queen frown'd or smil'd, and he knows what
 A suble States-man may gather of that ;
 He knows whom loves whom ; and whom by Poyson
 Hastes to an Office's Reversion ;
 Who wasts in Meat, in Clothes, in Horse, he notes,
 Who loveth Whores, and who Boys, and who Goats.
 He knows who hath sold his Land, and now doth beg
 A License, old Iron, Boots, Shoes, and Egge-
 Shels to transport ; shortly Boys shall not play
 At Span-counter, or Blow-point, but shall pay
 Toll to some Courtier ; and wiser than all us,
 He knows what Lady is not painted. Thus
 He with home Meats cloyes me. I belch, spue, spit,
 Look pale and sickly, like a Patient, yet
 He thrust on more, and as he had undertook,
 To say Gallo-Belgicus without Book,
 Speaks of all States and Deeds that have been since
 The Spaniards came, to th' Loss of Amyens.
 Like a big Wife, at Sight of loathed Meat,
 Ready to travail : So I sigh and sweat

And tho' the Court show Vice exceeding clear,
None shou'd, by my Advice, learn Virtue there.

At this entranc'd, he lifts his Hands and Eyes,
Squeaks like a high-stretch'd Lute-string, and replies

" Oh 'tis the sweetest of all earthly Things,
" To gaze on Princes, and to talk of Kings !

'Then happy Man who shows the Tombs ! said I,
He dwells amidst the Royal Family ;

He, ev'ry Day, from King to King can walk,
Of all our *Harries*, all our *Edwards* talk,

And get by speaking Truth of Monarchs dead,
What few can of the Living, Ease and Bread.

" Lord ! Sir, a meer Mechanick ! strangely low,

" And course of Phrase—your *English* all are so.

" How elegant your *Freuchman* ?—Mined'ye mean ?
I have but one, I hope the Fellow's clean.

" Oh ! Sir, politely well ! nay, let me die,

" Your only Wearing is your *Padua-sey*."

Not Sir my only, I have better still,

And this you see is but my Dishabille—

Wild to get loose, his Patience I provoke,

Mistake, confound, object at all he spoke.

But as coarse Iron, sharpen'd, mangles more,

And Itch most hurts when anger'd to a Sore ;

So when you plague a Fool, 'tis still the Curse,

You only make the Matter worse and worse.

He past it o'er ; affects an easy Smile

At all my Peevishness, and turns his Stile.

He asks, " What News ? I tell him of new Plays,

New Eunuchs, Harlequins, and Operas.

He hears, and as a Still with Simples in it,

Between each Drop it gives, stays half a Minute ;

Loth to enrich me with too quick Replies,

By little, and by little, drops his Lies. [Shows,

Meer household Trash ! of Birth-night Balls and

More than ten *Hollingheads*, or *Halls*, or *Stows*.

When

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To hear this Makaron talk : In vain, for yet,
 Either my Humour, or his own to fit,
 He like a privileg'd Spie, whom nothing can
 Discredit, libels now 'gainst each great Man.
 He names a Price of every Office paid ;
 He saith, our Wars thrive ill, because delay'd ;
 That Offices are intail'd, and that there are
 Perpetuities of them, lasting as far
 As the last Day ; and that great Officers
 Do with the Spaniards share, and Dunkirkers.

I more amaz'd than Circe's Prisoners, when
 They felt themselves turn Beasts, felt myself then
 Becoming Traytor, and methought I saw
 One of our Giant Statutes ope his Jaw,
 To suck me in for hearing him : I found
 That as burnt venomous Letchers do grow sound
 By giving others their Sores, I might grow
 Guilty, and be free : Therefore I did show
 All Signes of Loathing ; but since I am in,
 I must pay mine, and my Forefather's Sin
 To the last Farthing. Therefore to my Power
 Toughly and stubbornly I bear this Cross ; but the Hower
 Of Mercy now was come : He tries to bring
 Me to pay a Fine to 'scape his Torturing,
 And sayes, Sir, can you spare me ? I said ; willingly ;
 Nay, Sir, can you spare me a Crown ? Thankfully I
 Gave it as Ransom ; but as Fiddlers, still,
 Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
 Thrust one more Jigg upon you ; so did he
 With his long complemental Thanks vex me :
 But he is gone, Thanks to his needy Want,
 And the Prerogative of my Crown : Scant
 His Thanks were ended, when I (which did see
 All the Court fill'd with more strange Things than he)
 Ran from thence with such, or more Haste than One
 Who fears more Actions doth haste from Prison.

When the Queen frown'd, or smil'd, he knows; and
 A subtle Minister may make of that; [what
 Who sins with whom; who got his Pension Rug,
 Or quicken'd a Reversion by a Drug;
 Whose Place is quarter'd out three Parts in four,
 And whether to a Bishop or a Whore;
 Who, having lost his Credit, pawn'd his Rent,
 Is therefore fit to have a Government;
 Who in the Secret, deals in Stocks secure,
 And cheats th' unknowing Widow, and the Poor;
 Who makes a Trust, or Charity, a Job,
 And gets an Act of Parliament to rob;
 Why Turnpikes rose, and now no Cit, nor Clown,
 Can gratis see the Country, or the Town:
 Shortly no Lad shall chuck, or Lady vole,
 But some excising Courtier will have Toll.
 He tells what Strumpet Places sells for Life,
 What 'Squire his Lands, what Citizen his Wife!
 And last, (which proves him wiser still than all)
 What Lady's Face is not a whited Wall.
 As one of *Woodward's* Patients, sick and fore,
 I puke, I nauseate,—yet he thrusts in more;
 Trims *Europe's* Ballance, tops the Statesman's Part,
 And talks Gazettes and Post-boys o'er by Heart;
 Like a big Wife, at Sight of loathsome Meat
 Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh, I sweat.
 Then as a licens'd Spy, whom nothing can
 Silence or hurt, he libels the great Man:
 Swears every Place entail'd for Years to come,
 In sure Succession to the Day of Doom:
 He names the Price for ev'ry Office paid,
 And says our Wars thrive ill, because delay'd;
 Nay hints, 'tis by Connivance of the Court,
 That *Spain* robs on, and *Dunkirk's* still a Port.
 Not more Amazement seiz'd on *Circe's* Guests,
 To see themselves fall endlong into Beasts,

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At home in lonesome Solitariness
 My piteous Soul began the Wretchedness
 Of Suiters at Court to mourn, and a Trance
 Like his, who dreamt he saw Hell, did advance
 It self o'er me : Such Men as he saw there
 I saw at Court, and worse and more. Low Fear
 Becomes the Guilty, not th' Accuser : Then,
 Shall I, none's Slave, of high-born or rais'd Men
 Fear Frowns ; and my Mistress Truth, betray thee
 For the huffing, braggart, puffed Nobility ?
 No, no, thou which since Yesterday hast been,
 Almost about the whole World, hast thou seen,
 O Sun, in all thy Journey, Vanity,
 Such as swells the Bladder of our Court ? I
 Think he which made your* (*) Waxen-garden, and
 Transported it from Italy, to stand
 With us at London, flouts our Courtiers ; for
 Just such gay painted Things, which no Sap, nor
 Taste have in them, ours are ; and natural
 Some of the Stocks are, their Fruits Bastard all.

(*) A Show of the Italian Gardens in Wax-work, in
 the Time of King James the First.

Than mine to find a Subject stay'd and wise,
Already half turn'd Traytor by Surprise.
I fear'd th' Infection slid from him to me,
As in the Pox, some give it to get free;
And quick to swallow me, methought I saw
One of our Giant Statutes ope its Jaw!

In that nice Moment, as another Lye
Stood just a-tilt, the Minister came by.
To him he flies, and bows, and bows again——
Then close as *Umbra*, joins the dirty Train.
Not *Fannius* self more impudently near,
When Half his Nose is in his Prince's Ear.
I quak'd at Heart; and still afraid to see
All the Court fill'd with stranger Things than he,
Run out as fast, as one that pays his Bail
And dreads more Actions, hurries from a Jail.

Bear me, some God! oh quickly bear me hence
To wholesome Solitude, the Nurse of Sense:
There Contemplation prunes her ruffled Wings,
And the free Soul looks down to pity Kings.
The sober Thought pursu'd th' amusing Theme
'Till Fancy colour'd it, and form'd a Dream.
A Vision Hermits can to Hell transport,
And force ev'n me to see the Damn'd at Court.
Not *Dante* dreaming all th' infernal State,
Beheld such Scenes of Envy, Sin, and Hate.
Base Fear becomes the Guilty, not the Free;
Suits Tyrants, Plunderers, but suits not me:
Shall I, the Terror of this sinful Town,
Care if a livery'd Lord or smile or frown?
Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,
Tremble before a noble Serving-man?
O my fair Mistress, Truth! shall I quit thee,
For huffing, braggart, puff Nobility?
Thou, who since Yesterday hast roll'd o'er all
The busy, idle Blockheads of the Ball;

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Hast thou, oh Sun! beheld an emptier Sort,
Than such as swell this Bladder of a Court?
Now Pox on those who shew a (†) *Court in Wax!*
It ought to bring all Courtiers on their Backs:
Such painted Puppets, such a varnish'd Race
Of hollow Gewgaws, only Dress and Face,
Such waxen Noses, stately staring Things——
No Wonder some Folks bow, and think them Kings.

(†) *A famous Show of the Court of France in Wax-work.*

These were the last Satires Mr. *Pope* wrote, except the new *Dunciad*, which was his last poetical Work of all; but before we enter into Discourse about that, it is proper that we omit not speaking of the *Essay on Man*, this Poem has a large Party of Admirers, and a large Party against it, it is address'd to the Lord *Bolingbroke*. As this is a very improper Place and Time for Debate, we shall only tell the Matter generally contain'd in it, and the Principles it chiefly builds upon.

He desires his Friend *Lælius*, that is my Lord, to *expatiate freely* with him over all this Scene of Man, which is a very generous Way of thinking, Epistle the First, Line 4; by which Means he thinks there will be found Subject for Laughter, but Motive for Candour, and sufficient Argument to vindicate the Ways of God to Man. Line 16, he says, that of God or Man we can only reason from what we know, that is, that there is an Extent of human Knowledge, and then immediately he checks the Searcher after Knowledge in ten Lines together, From Line 34 to Line 44, he says, that there is an infinite Chain of depending Beings, among which there must be such an one as Man, and that the
only

only Question is, whether God has plac'd him in his right Place or no? which becomes no Question at all, if all the Chain of Beings are in a natural Relation, and can't be otherways than where they are: He says, whatever seems wrong respecting Men, is right, as relative to all, which he does not attempt to prove, because he says, we see but a Part and not the Whole: Then he checks the Searcher again in eight Lines, from 60 to 68; all future Things he says are hid from Men, therefore he recommends instead of Knowledge unattainable, what he here calls Hope, but in his Definition it is Faith:

Hope humbly then; with trembling Pinions soar,
Wait the great Teacher Death, and God adore,
What Bliss above he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy Blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human Breast,
Man *never is*, but always *to be* blest:
The Soul uneasy and confin'd at home
Rests, and expatiates in a Life to come.

He speaks very freely of Angels, tho' before he says, what can we reason but from what we know? He says, that of the stupendous Whole, the Soul is God, and the Body Nature, and instead of farther Search, allows all to be unsearchable, and says, *submit*, and in Spight of erring Reason—*Whatever is is right*.

In the second Epistle, he begins with checking Searchers in the first 48 Lines, and then goes on discouraging of the Passions, and his favourite Theme the ruling Passion; but at last asserts, that all the Passions may be called Modes of Self-love; he quotes an allegorical Passage of the Bible, to prove that God is not always in the still Calm, but *that he walks upon the Wind*. The ruling Passion he affirms is brought into the World with us, and like Aaron's Serpent,

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swallows all the rest; that *Spirit*, and *Wit*, and *Reason*, are aiding and assisting to it: Virtue and Vice, he says, are so blended together in our Natures, that we can't see where the Virtue ends, or the Vice begins, and he looks on Pride as our great and common Friend, and concludes, that tho' Man is a Fool, yet God is wise, and thus by him vindicated.

The third Epistle promises to speak of Man with Respect to Society, as the former had done as an Individual: This he begins with checking the Searcher, and talks again about the Chain; he proceeds to call him Fool; he prefers Instinct to Reason, from Line 86 to Line 98, and afterwards says, that the Business of Reason was but to copy Instinct, and as to Government (let it be arbitrary or what it will) *that which is best administered is best*; and concludes this Epistle, that Self-love and social are the same.

The fourth Epistle of Happiness, is where he says, that common Sense and Ease are equal; he says, the Rich are no happier than the Poor, the Great than the Little; but that Happiness is Health, Peace, and Competence; yet, he says, some are happy (but wrongly so) in other Things:

And grant the Bad what Happiness they wou'd,
One they must want, which is to pass for Good.

In this Epistle he checks the Searcher again, and calls him Fool, as he does many other contemptuous Names, thro' the whole Poem.

And discoursing further, (for Happiness is a Theme of which every one may speak in their own Way) he reflects on some Courtiers, and now says, VIRTUE is the only Happiness, and not Health, Peace, and Competence; he concludes,

—What—

Whatever is, is right,
That Reason, Passion, answer one great Aim,
That true Self-love and social are the same,
That Virtue only makes our Bliss below,
And all our Knowledge is ourselves to know.

We refer the Reader to the Essays, which upon the Whole seem to have been Notes collected from different Books, and by Mr. *Pope* turn'd into these fine Verses; for the Sentiments of different Authors differing in Opinion, we think may be easily trac'd; there has been a Commentary wrote on it, which is rejected by most Philosophers and Scholars, and is indeed a very mean Performance.

This Essay has been (tho' but indifferently) translated into *French*, and a considerable Price has been offer'd a Gentleman here in *England*, who resided many Years in *Italy*, and has translated several Pieces out of *Italian*, to render it into that Language, but he has hitherto refus'd it; it would abundantly please the Jesuits, and the following eight Lines are of the College:

Thus Nature gives us (let it check our Pride)
The Virtue nearest to our Vice allied;
Reason the Bias turns from Good to Ill,
And *Nero* reigns a *Titus* if he will:
The fiery Soul abhor'd in *Cataline*,
In *Decius* charms, in *Curtius* is divine.
The same Ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a Patriot as it makes a Knave.

When these Epistles were publish'd, they came out singly and without a Name. A little after the Appearance of the first, a certain Gentleman, who has attempted some Things in the poetical Way, particularly a Piece for Musick, which was performed

med in private before some of the Royal Family; this Gentleman accidentally about that Time paid a Visit to Mr. *Pope*, who, after the first Civilities were over, enquired of him, What News there was in the Learned World, and what new Pieces were brought to Light: The lesser Poet reply'd, that there was little or nothing, or at least little or nothing worthy Notice: That there was indeed a Thing come out, call'd *An Essay on Man*, the first Epistle, threatening more, for he had read it, and it was a most abominable Piece of Stuff, shocking Poetry, insufferable Philosophy, no Coherence, no Connection at all; if I thought (continued he) that you had not seen it, I would have brought it with me. Upon this Mr. *Pope* very frankly told him, that he had seen it before it went to the Press; for it was his own Writing, a Work of Years, and the Poetry such as he thought proper for the Expression of the Subject, on which Side he did not imagine it would ever have been attack'd, especially by any pretending to the Study of Harmony and Knowledge of Numbers.

This was like a Clap of Thunder to the mistaken Bard; he took his Hat, and with a Blush and a Bow took his Leave of Mr. *Pope*, and never more ventured to shew his unlucky Face there again. For the Verity of this Story we have the Testimony of a learned Gentleman, who has obliged the World with several Theological Treatises, and who was at that Time and always very intimate with Mr. *Pope*.

It was expected, after what had happened, that the said unlucky Gentleman would have given some Reason in publick for his Dislike of the Essay, and have shew'd where the Poetry was defective, where the Philosophy; but whether intimidated by Fears of being clapp'd into the *Dunciad*; or whether what
he

he said was only Wantonness, and the Love that a Poet has too often to speak ill of all others; we cannot say; but he always remained silent.

This Essay is the Poem that the Bishop of Rochester enquires after, and wishes to peep into the Manuscript: It would have done it no Harm; he would have honestly declar'd against all which he did not like, as he did in Relation to the Epitaph upon Mr. Harcourt, which did not entirely please my Lord Chancellor, as appears by his Letter to Mr. Pope:

I Cannot but suspect myself of being very unreasonable in begging you once more to review the inclos'd. Your Friendship draws this Trouble on you. I may freely own to you, that my Tenderness makes me exceeding hard to be satisfy'd with any Thing which can be said on such an unhappy Subject. I caus'd the Latin Epitaph to be as often alter'd before I could approve it.

When once your Epitaph is set up, there can be no Alteration of it, it will remain a perpetual Monument of your Friendship, and I assure myself you will so settle it, that it shall be worthy of you. I doubt whether the Word, *deny'd*, in the third Line, will justly admit of that Construction which it ought to bear, viz. renounced, deserted, &c. *deny'd* is capable, in my Opinion, as having an ill Sense put upon it, as too great Easiness, or more good Nature than a wise Man ought to have. I very well remember you told me, you could scarce mend those too Lines, and therefore I can scarce expect your Forgiveness for my desiring you to reconsider them:

Harcourt stands dumb, and Pope is forc'd to speak.

I can't perfectly, at least without further discoursing you, reconcile myself to the first Part of that Line;
and

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and the Word *forc'd* (which was my own, and I perswade myself for that Reason only submitted to by you) seems to carry too doubtful a Construction for an Epitaph, which, as I apprehend, ought as easily to be understood as read. I shall acknowledge it as a very particular Favour, if at your best Leisure you will peruse the inclos'd, and vary it, if you think it capable of being mended, and let me see you any Morning next Week.

I am, &c.

Mr. *Harcourt* was the Lord Chancellor's only Son, and it is prov'd by his Letter, that Mr. *Pope* was in some Measure directed by him: The Line pointed at was alter'd, and the Inscription on the Monument in the Church of *Stanton-Harcourt*, in *Oxfordshire*, stands thus:

TO this sad Shrine, whoe'er thou art! draw near,
Here lies the Friend most lov'd, the Son most dear,
Who ne'er knew Joy, but Friendship might divide,
Or gave his Father Grief, but when he dy'd.
How vain is Reason, Eloquence how weak!
If POPE must tell what HARCOURT cannot speak.
Oh let thy once-lov'd Friend inscribe thy Stone,
And, with a Father's Sorrows, mix his own!

Besides these, and other Epitaphs mention'd before, Mr. *Pope* wrote several more; on Sir *William Trumball*; on the Earl of *Dorset*; on General *Withers*; on Mr. *Corbet*; on the Hon. *Robert*, and on his Sister *Mary Digby*; on Sir *Godfrey Kneller*, and on Sir *Isaac Newton*, and Mr. *Fenton*.

Mr. *Fenton* was a Gentleman, for whom Mr. *Pope* had a very high Regard, and who was in much Esteem for his excellent Poems. He was educated
at

at *Jefus-College* in *Cambridge*, and was preferr'd to be Secretary to the Right Hon. *Charles Earl of Or-rery*. He was interr'd at *Easthamstead* in *Berks*, in the Year 1730. His Epitaph:

THIS modest Stone, whatbut few Marbles can,
May truly say, here lies an honest Man.
A Poet, blest beyond the Poet's Fate,
Whom Heav'n kept sacred from the proud and Great.
Foe to loud Praise, and Friend to learned Ease,
Content with Science in the Vale of Peace.
Calmly he look'd on either Life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temp'rate Feast rose satisfy'd,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

Never was Character more true; and it was Men of this quiet and contented State, (notwithstanding Mr. *Pope* was not without Pride and some Ill-nature, being almost always indispos'd) that pleas'd him best; to these he was continually making his Court, and showing himself in his best Humours, and tho' he entertain'd them but sparingly, he entertain'd them chearfully: When we say sparingly, we only mean temperately, for he was not a Niggard, but always avoided Luxury; less than which he could not well do, having openly exclaim'd against it, and endeavour'd to prove Temperance the more happy State, therefore he show'd an Example of it; and it is seen at all Times, where the Occasion permits, as it does in the Invitation he gives Mr. *Fenton*, to come and remain with him, 'till Mr. *Craggs* should be ready to receive him at the House he had taken near Mr. *Pope*. The Letter we have copied:

Dear

Dear Sir,

I Had not omitted answering yours of the 18th of last Month, but out of a Desire to give you some certain and satisfactory Account, which Way, and at what Time you might take your Journey. I am now commission'd to tell you, that Mr. Craggs will expect you on the Rising of the Parliament, which will be as soon as he can receive you in the Manner he would receive a Man *de belles Lettres*, that is, in Tranquility and full Leisure. I dare say your Way of Life (which, in my Taste will be the best in the World, and with one of the best Men in the World) must prove highly to your Contentment. And I must add, it will be still the more a Joy to me, as I shall reap a peculiar Advantage from the Good I shall have done in bringing you together, by seeing it in my own Neighbourhood. Mr. Craggs has taken a House close by mine, whither he proposes to come in three Weeks: In the mean Time I heartily invite you to live with me; where a frugal and philosophical Diet for a Time, may give you a higher Relish of that elegant Way of Life you will enter into after. I desire to know by the first Post how soon I may hope for you?

I am a little scandaliz'd at your Complaint that your Time lies heavy on your Hands, when the Muses have put so many good Materials into your Head to employ them. As to your Question, what I have been doing? I answer, just what I have been doing some Years, my Duty; secondly, relieving myself with necessary Amusements, or Exercises which serve me instead of Physick, as long as they can; thirdly, reading till I am tir'd; and lastly, Writing when I have no other Thing in the World

to do, or no Friend to entertain in Company. Believe me very affectionately,

Dear Sir, &c.

A. POPE.

When Mr. *Pope* receiv'd the News of the Death of this Gentleman, he was writing to a Friend, and was so much mov'd with it, that he broke off abruptly, giving the melancholy Reason; for Mr. *Fenton's* Death lessen'd the Circle of those who were in Mr. *Pope's* real Esteem, and was never mention'd by him without regretting the great Loss of him.

Mr. *Fenton* had some valuable Letters from Mr. *Pope*, which, at his Request, were again return'd to him, by that Means preventing their falling into Hands which might (perhaps not too faithfully) make them publick, which was done by many of his, by *Curl*, and Mr. *Pope* was so exasperated at it, that he was very near making an Oath never to write a Letter, but such as might be immediately about Business, for in Reality he did not correspond with a Friend upon the Terms of any free Subject of this Kingdom, so that he was at last reduc'd to beg of all his Acquaintance to secure him from the like Usage for the future, by returning him any Letters of his they might have preserv'd, lest they should be publish'd after his Death, perhaps being improper to be seen, or altered by the mercenary Purchaser, to serve their base Ends: For of such Things they make no Scruple, how many Instances might we give? And how many Things have been made publick, and Mr. *Pope* insinuated to have been the Author? *Curl* was continually accusing him with what came out in the *Grub-street Journal*, which Mr. *Pope* positively denies to have had any the least Correspondence with; but the Town, though mistaken, were never more assur'd

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fur'd than of his writing the Dialogue in the Paper call'd the *Champion*, *Thursday Feb. 19, 1740-1*, just before the Election of the present Parliament:

Fulvius ——— Probus.

Probus.

I Would not see my Country sold abroad,
Or brib'd away at home.

Fulvius.

Who says it is? —————
But Greatness speaking by a Parallel,
Is set far off, and never fairly seen,
Diminish'd by its Height to those that gaze;
Nor judg'd to true Proportion: Can the Eye
Distinguish clearly, what it scarcely sees?

Probus.

I grant it true, that Distance makes Things seem
Much smaller than they are to our weak Sight,
And Power, and Greatness, do to some sick Fancies
Create that Distance; and the Cheat lies there:
For he that wears a Crown and Ermine Robes,
Is just what he appears, as near an Object,
As plain a Subject of my Thoughts and Judgment,
As he that goes in Rags; Man can't remove
One Step from Man; his Nature fixes him.

Fulvius.

When well directed, take Mankind in gross,
They form their Judgment best. How should they
know?
Are they in Council? Do they see what moves?
Can they perceive the Balance of our Court?
And where we should incline? Could they see this,
Have

Have they capacious Minds to poize the Weight
In Wisdom's Scale?

Probus.

Wisdom is out of Place, ———
The Master *Villain*, he who bears the Purse,
Except to a *furr'd Fox*, or two, gives forth
To none but Fools; for what wise Man could bear
To see the dress'd up Puppets that are sent
To other Realms, to buy these Fools their Caps;
Who bring home nothing but disastrous Writs,
Expensive Peace, and over-bought Delusions?
Shame to our Land! or what wise Man could read,
(His Patience keeping Indignation quiet,)
The Heap of clashing Treaties, each with each
At natural War, and all with common Sense
And our home Interest? We are Slaves to Fools,
They so to Knaves, the Knaves to Wealth and Power;
But all are Slaves; and many boast their Chains,
Shewing their silken Bandage to the Sun;
Or bear the Mark of Slavery aloft,
In glittering Mitres, or in little Crowns:
Tho' some there are that would conceal their Shame,
And underneath long Robes, and Forms of Law,
Hide the detested Truth; but, as they speak,
The Prompter's seen; and yet the Farce goes on.
O! Folly has got up o'er Wisdom's Head,
Spurning at either Eye; where she but blind,
All might seem right; now, tho' they labour so
To keep up unmix'd Folly; she spoils all,
With some harsh Counsel, or unwelcome Jest.

Fulvius.

Change for the better, or not change at all.

Prætor.

Probus.

Come * *Cardinal*, Daughter of † *Parma* come,
 And set your Feet on our subjected Necks,
 Rather than have this *No-body* in Fact
 Thus lord it o'er our Liberties and us.
 I urge not, Sir, in Wantonness; my Heart
 Speaks in my Tongue; I own I hate the Man,
 Or in, or out of Place, whoe'er consents,
 And to his utmost Cunning, and no Cunning,
 Buys Power at home, to give away abroad;
 Digs and prepares a Pit to sink us in,
 And makes us all *subscribe* to our Undoing;
 Who by strange *Lots* gives Misery to Chance,
 Making it seem to the mistaken Crowd
 A || May-Play, a Diversion, tho' their Bane:
 Nay more, who forges *empty Names of Office*,
 Where Office there is none, except to take
 The unearn'd Salary, and vouch for him.
 Whose Heart is open to receive this Man?
 Whose, but the Caterpillars which he feeds
 With Grain from all our Garners?

Fulvius.

Still I hope———
 That Zeal transports you; should these Things be
 Who could enough lament a fallen State? [so,

Probus.

Was it for this our great Fore-fathers strove
 With domineering Statesmen, to preserve
 Freedom intire? Did *Martimer*, the *Spencers*,
 And even mitred *Wolsey* fall for this?
 Actions so salutary to this Land,

- *Compassion's*

* *Cardinal Fleury*. † *Queen of Spain*. || *Lotteries*.

Compassion's self look'd on, and saw, and smil'd;
Wolsey, whose Eye was on the Triple Crown;
 Whose Hand prepar'd to change this Nation's Treasury
 For Papal Power: Who shall be more secure?
 Was *Gaveston*? And did not *Strafford* fall
 Against his Master's Will? Comes all to this?
 Was it for this the *Royal Victim* bled,
 Crowns were suspended, and the Throne kept vacant?
 The mighty Rage of dreadful Civil War,
 The Blood of Nobles, nay, the Blood of all,
 Has been at Stake; certain the Loss of Freedom
 Is BRITAIN's All, and shall she lose that All?
 Then take your Chains, and sound your own Dis-
 As far as your Renown has ever reach'd. [grace,
 But if, instead of this, ye dare assert
 Your own and Country's Cause, the Time is now;
 Arm for the present, let *new* Councils lay
 A sure Foundation for your future Glory.

Fulvius.

In such a Crisis Council's needed much.

Probus.

As well as Councils, we want Counsellors:
 'Tis not because I'm call'd a Man o' the Law,
 Or sit in certain Seats, that makes me wise;
 Mens Actions prove them best; but *one* there was,
 Was, nay there is, why said I that there was?
 For where's the Power on Earth pretends to frown
 On Man 'till he be nothing? Still he is,
 And darkens with the Splendor of his Virtue
 Numbers of *little Stars*: He could advise;
 In Courts, and Camps, and Councils, season'd well:
 Has he not spoke already? I was *there*,
 I heard this *Northern * Wonder*, from his Tongue

V O L. II.

Q

Drop'd

* Duke of Argyle.

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Dropp'd Words that might create a Patriot Soul
In Bosoms dead to Liberty: He shone
With Rays of honest Policy; his Eyes
Sparkling with Freedom, and his Country's Love;
But as he spoke, methought he look'd like Light
Taking the Veil from Truth, who blush'd on Fame,
Sounding our Annals; but I can no more—
Choak'd by Reflection.

Fulvius.

Yet I don't despair,——
Nor think our State so desp'rate as you speak:
Who knows but after *seven* Years Dearth and Fa-
Another *seven* of Plenty may succeed? [mine,
It stands confess'd our Soil is not in Fault;
We are not barren, but have laid untill'd,
Suffering unthrifty Stewards to run behind
And mortgage for themselves.

Probus.

A Prophet's Voice——
Be your's; and our Redemption near at Hand!
Uninterrupted Freedom bless the Land!

This Dialogue, in a publick Office of the King's,
a Gentleman publicly protested that it was Mr.
Pope's; who though (he said) he had disguised him-
self in Blank Verse, there was some Phrases and Pas-
sages, that very plainly declar'd it to be his: On
this a Gentleman then present took the Paper to Mr.
Pope, then much indispos'd, and told him what he
had heard; when Mr. *Pope* assur'd him, that he had
never seen nor heard the Lines 'till that Hour, how-
ever, that he should be glad to know who the Au-
thor was, which the Gentleman who brought them
took upon himself to find; accordingly, after a little
Enquiry,

Enquiry, he met with one at the *Temple-Exchange* Coffee-house, who had privately seen the Verses in Manuscript, being acquainted with the Author; by which Means, after proper Explanation of his Intention and good Meaning, these Gentlemen had an Interview with the Author, and prevailed on him to reprint the Dialogue on a Sheet of fine Paper, fitted for a Frame and Glass, and from one of these Frames the foregoing Copy was taken, by Direction of a Person of Honour, our Obedience to whom we value ourselves much upon.

But a great many Things were father'd on him by Booksellers and others his Enemies, which were wholly unworthy his, or any other Pen; burlesquing every Thing moral and sacred, monstrously obscene and profligate, and without the least Relish of either Wit, Learning, or Taste: Of these is the first Psalm travestied, and many others, for which we make no Room, for as our witty Poet Mr. *Abraham Cowley* pronounces;

Much less must that have any Place,
At which a Virgin hides her Face:
Such Drofs the Fire should purge away; 'tis just
The Author blush there, where the Reader must.

This made Mr. *Pope* so angry, when his Letters were publish'd without his Consent or Knowledge, and so desirous to call into his own Hands any that might remain in those of his Friends; which had he done, we make no Doubt, but the Fire had purg'd away that Drofs, which is now (tho' very thinly) mix'd with the bright Metal. Certainly it is very hard, that an Author shall not have the Liberty to present to the Publick only such of his Writings as he thinks proper, but shall have forcibly dragg'd into the Light all the little Privacies acted in Youth, and

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only thought, spoke to some particular Friend, and to be soon forgot : It is unpardonable Cruelty, for we are fully perswaded had Mr. *Pope* revis'd all the Works publish'd as his, he would have left nothing indecent or to be complain'd of, and the *Rondeau*, the *Letter to a Lady about an Hermaphrodite*, and all in that Strain, had never had a Place any where but in the Fire, which is properest for them ; not that there is any Thing so very heinous in them that they may be call'd wicked, they are only jocosely obscene ; but it is unmannerly, only to shew any tho' the least Indecency to the Publick, and those Things which are pardonable among Companions and Intimates, would be insufferable to be done or spoke, where Persons of both Sexes, and all Ages and Degrees, are suppos'd present.

These, tho' very great, were not all the Injuries which Mr. *Pope* receiv'd ; he was by different People publickly accus'd to be an *open and mortal Enemy to his Country* ; it was said he had abus'd the KING, the QUEEN, his late MAJESTY, both Houses of PARLIAMENT, the Privy-Council, the Bench of BISHOPS, the Establish'd CHURCH, and the present Ministry. It was said he had been brought up with a Contempt of the sacred Writings, and having said in one of his Letters to Mr. *Cromwell*, "*Priests indeed in their Characters, if they represent God, are sacred, and so are Constables, as they represent the King ; but you will own a great many of them are very odd Fellows, and the Devil a Bit of Likeness in them.*" This was interpreted a general Dislike to all Christian Priests, tho' others said, he was wholly bias'd and govern'd by them. They declared, that he was no Poet only a Versifier, understood no *Greek*, and trick'd his Subscribers ; call'd him *Ape*, *Ass*, *Frog*, *lurking way-laying Coward*,
Knave,

Knave, little abject Thing, Fool; nay, Welsted had the Impudence to tell in Print, (as all the other Abuses are) that Mr. *Pope* had occasion'd a great Lady's Death, talking about what he was not at all inform'd, for he nam'd a Lady which Mr. *Pope* had never heard of: This Man added, that he had libell'd the Duke of *Chandos*, with whom this false Parson said he had liv'd in great Familiarity, and receiv'd from him a Present of Five Hundred Pounds, the Falsehood of both which was known to his Grace. Mr. *Pope* never receiv'd any Present, farther than the Subscription for *Homer*, from him or any Great Man whatsoever; and all he ow'd in the whole Course of his Life to any Court, was a Subscription for his *Homer* of Two Hundred Pounds, from the late King, and One Hundred from his present Majesty and the late Queen, then Prince and Princess of *Wales*.

All this and more had Mr. *Pope* to bear, not only these Falsehoods and uncommon Scurrilities, but even Threats; and one declares, he ought to have a Price set on his Head, and be hunted down as a wild Beast; another protests, that he does not know what may happen, advises him to insure his Person, says he has bitter Enemies, and expressly declares, it will be well if he escapes with his Life.

Not intimidated with these bold and open Threats, he, as we have shown before, continued to oppose and satirize Vice and Folly, and defend Wisdom and Virtue, and at length publishes his last poetical Work, a fourth Book of the *Dunciad*; in which the Poet being to declare the Completion of all the Prophecies mentioned at the End of the former, makes a new Invocation, as the greater Poets are wont, when some high and worthy Matter is to be sung. He shows the Goddess coming in her Majesty to destroy Order and Science, and to substitute

the *Kingdom of the Dull* upon Earth: How she leads captive the *Sciences*, and silenceth the *Muses*; and what they be who succeed in their Stead. All her Children by a wonderful Attraction, are drawn about her; and bear along with them also divers others, who promote her Empire by Connivance, weak Resistance, or Discouragement of Arts; such as half Wits, tasteless Admirers, vain Pretenders, the Flatterers of Dunces, or the Patrons of them. All these crowd round her: One of them offering to approach her, is driven back by a Rival, but she commends and encourages both. The first who speak in Form are the *Geniuses* of the *Schools*, who assure her of their Care to advance her Cause, by confining Youth to *Words*, and keeping them out of the Way of real Knowledge. Their Address, and her gracious Answer; with her Charge to them and the Universities. The Universities appear by their proper Deputies, and assure her, that the same Method is observed in the Progress of Education: The Speech of *Aristarchus* on this Subject. They are driven off by a Band of young Gentlemen, return'd from *Travel* with their *Tutors*; one of whom delivers to the Goddess, in a polite Oration, an Account of the whole Conduct and Fruits of their *Travels*: presenting to her at the same Time a young Nobleman perfectly accomplish'd. She receives him graciously, and indues him with the happy Quality of *Want of Shame*. She sees loitering about her a Number of indolent Persons abandoning all Business and Duty, and dying with Laziness; to these approaches the Antiquary *Annius*, intreating her to make them *Virtuosos*, and assign them over to him: But *Mummius*, another Antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent Proceeding, she finds a Method to reconcile their Difference. Then enter a Troop of People
fan-

fantastically adorn'd, offering her strange and exotick Presents: Amongst them one stands forth and demands Justice on another, who had depriv'd him of one of the greatest Curiosities in Nature: But he justifies himself so well, that she gives them both her Approbation. She recommends to them to find proper Employment for the *Indolents* before-mention'd, in the Study of Butterflies, Shells, Birds-nests, Moss, &c. but with particular Caution, not to proceed beyond *Trifles*, to any useful or extensive Views of Nature, or of the Author of Nature. Against the last of these Apprehensions, she is secur'd by an Address from the *Minute Philosophers*, &c. one of whom speaks in the Name of the rest. The Youth thus instructed and principled, are delivered to her in a Body by the Hands of *Silenus*, and then admitted to taste the Cup of the *Magus* her High Priest, which causes a total Oblivion of all Obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational. To these her Adepts she sends *Priests*, *Attendants*, and *Comforters*, of various Kinds; then confers on them *Orders* and *Degrees*; and finally dismissing them with a Speech, confirms to each his *Privileges*, warns *One* in particular not to exceed them, and concludes with a *Yawn* of extraordinary Virtue, the Effects of which are not unfelt this Day.

Mr. Pope has been in this Piece equal to himself. Some there are, who at this Crisis, when the *publick Dulness* of ten Years past was come under *Inquiry*, were in great Expectations of meeting with a *political Satire*; but the ingenious Author has given the World only a Satire on *Modern Life*, and the Conduct of it in general; from the *School* to the *University*, from the *University* to *Travel*, from *Travel* into the various Branches of *Dulness*; in which *false Wits* and Men of *false Taste*, *false Philosophers*, and

Men of *false Religion*, exercise their Faculties. The Poet has not particulariz'd many Follies of the fair Sex; however, he has not paid them any Compliment, as he has made the Sovereign of *Dulness* a Female, coming in all the Majesty of a Goddess, to destroy *Science* and *Learning*: But then he has given to the Sex some of the greatest Excellencies human Nature is capable of possessing. The Description of *Science*, *Wit*, &c. Captives at the Footstool of *Dulness*, is a Picture so full of Imagery, that every Figure as much presents itself to your View, as if drawn by the Pencil of *Le Brun*.

Beneath her Footstool *Science* groans in Chains,
 And *Wit* dreads Exile, Penalties and Pains;
 There foam'd rebellious *Logick*, gagg'd and bound,
 There strip'd fair *Rhet'rick* languish'd on the Ground;
His blunted Arms by *Sophistry* are born,
 And shameless *Bellingsgate* her Robes adorn.
Morality by her false Guardians drawn,
Chicane in Furs, and *Casuistry* in Lawn,
 Gasps, as they streighten at each End the Cord,
 And dies when *Dulness* gives her Page the Word,
 Mad *Mathesis* alone was unconfin'd,
 Too mad for mere material Chains to bind,
 Now to pure Space lifts her ecstatick Stare,
 Now running round the Circle finds it square:
 But held in ten-fold Bonds the *Muses* lie,
 Watch'd both by *Envy's* and by *Flattery's* Eye:
 Oft to her Heart sad *Tragedy* address'd
 The Dagger, wont to pierce the Tyrant's Breast.
 Oft her gay Sister's Life and Spirit fled,
 But *History* and *Satire* held their Head:
 Nor could'st thou, *Chesterfield*, a Tear refuse,
 Thou wept'st, and with thee wept each gentle *Muse*.

The

The elegant Compliment paid to this distinguish'd Nobleman, is a just Tribute for the strenuous Opposition he made to the Playhouse Bill, which brought all theatrical Performances under the arbitrary Power of a Court Licencer; since which the Publick has been entertain'd with nothing new but Buffoon Anticks and *French* Capers. As just as this Compliment is to one Peer, the Satire in the following Description is as just on several others.

When lo! a Harlot-form soft gliding by,
With mincing Step, soft Voice, and languid Eye;
Foreign her Air, her Robes discordant Pride
In Patch-work flutt'ring, and her Head aside,
By singing Peers upheld on either Hand,
She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand;
Cast on the prostrate *Nine* a scornful Look,
Then thus in quaint *Recitativo* spoke:
O Cara! Cara! Silence all that Train:
Joy to great Chaos! Let Division reign,
My Racks and Tortures soon shall drive them hence,
Break all their Nerves, and fritter all their Sense.
One Trill shall harmonize Joy, Grief and Rage,
Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting Stage;
To the same Notes thy Sons shall hum or snore,
And all thy yawning Daughters cry *Encore*.
Another *Phæbus*, thy own *Phæbus* reigns,
Joys in my Jigs, and dances in my Chains.

This Description the Author in his Notes calls a detach'd Piece; but it is excellently introduc'd, as a Satire on hiring *Italians* to sing detach'd Pieces of Composition, favourite Airs, and Sonatas, huddled into an Opera for Want of a Composer. Here the Author again pays a due Tribute to Merit, by shewing how injudiciously our Connoisseur-Subscribers to
Operas

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Operas suffered Mr. *Handel* to go to *Ireland*, when they give more for bad, incoherent Compositions in *England*. What can be nobler than these Lines from the Mouth of the *Phantom* call'd *Opera*, in her Address to *Dulness*!

—Soon, ah! soon Rebellion will commence,
When Musick vainly borrows Aid from Sense.
Strong in new Arms, lo! Giant *Handel* stands
Like bold *Briareus*, with a hundred Hands;
To stir, to rouse, to shake the Soul he comes;
And *Jove's* own Thunder follows *Mars's* Drums!
Arrest him, Empress, or you sleep no more!—
She heard, and drove him—to the *Hibernian* Shore.

Though *Satire*, in its Name carries a common Idea of Censure, not to say Spleen or Ill-nature; yet *Horace*, the best Satirist, in most Mens Opinions, took an Opportunity, amidst his Ridicule of Folly and Vice, to introduce a Contrast, and set up Merit and Virtue in Opposition to them: The intervening Light of those were strong enough for the Shade of the other. Our *English Horace* pursues this Method: Affected Learning, Want of publick Spirit, &c. are deservedly expos'd; yet *Wyndham* and *Talbot*, *Friend*, *Alsep* and *Murray*, receive all the Oblations due to Men of refin'd Taste, Learning and Merit.

A large Part of this Poem exposes flattering *Dulness*, cultivating mistaken Talents, patronizing vile Scribblers, discouraging living Merit, setting up for Wits and Men of Taste in Arts they understood not:—As this is a literary History, it is not so agreeable to the Generality of the fair Sex; but a shocking *Dulness*, which the Poet afterwards lashes, even every Lady who has a Son at School, will be affected with. A haughty, pedantick, tyrannick Schoolmaster is a Character as odious and contemptible, as that of a humane,
humane,

humane, polite, and learned one is amiable and worthy! Our dramatick Poets have never introduc'd this Species of Humour on the Stage; yet I have often thought it would make no bad Farce with proper Incident. I would not lay the Scene in the School, for then it would become Tragedy; but the Character might be represented, as to expose several enormous Absurdities which are attach'd to it.—As Mr. *Pope's* Poem is full of Machinery, you see all the Characters enter upon the Stage, as living *Dramatis Personæ*, or descending or ascending upon it, like Deities and Ghosts at a Theatre.—Among Crowds of Dunces advancing to the Throne, the Schoolmaster is thus described:

While, lo! a Spectre rose, whose index Hand
Held forth the Virtue of a dreadful Wand;
His beaver'd Brow a birchen Garland bears,
Dropping with Infant's Blood, and Mother's Tears.
All Flesh is humbled, Youth's bold Courage cools,
Each, shudd'ring, owns the Genius of the Schools.
The Pale-boy Senator yet tingling stands,
And holds his Breeches close with both his Hands.

Then thus, since Man from Beasts by Words is
known,
Words are Man's Province, Words we teach alone.
When Reason doubtful, like the *Samian* Letter,
Points him two Ways, the narrower is the better.
Plac'd at the Door of Learning, Youth to guide,
We never suffer it to stand too wide.
To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence,
As Fancy opens the quick Springs of Sense,
We ply the Memory, we load the Brain,
Bind rebel Wit, and double Chain on Chain;
Confine the Thought to exercise the Breath;
And keep them in the Pale of Words till Death.

In

In the Speech which this formidable Spectre makes, all the Errors of common scholastick Education are pointed out; none are more strongly or more justly mark'd, than that universal Rule in our best-modelled Schools and royal Foundations, of making all Boys make Verses, as if we were to have a Nation of Rhymers, instead of Men of good Understanding. The School-master very humorously says of his Pupils;

Whate'er the Talents, or howe'er design'd,
We hang one jingling Padlock on the Mind;
A Poet the first Day he dips his Quill;
And what the last?—A very Poet still.
Pity! the Charm works only in our Wall;
Lost! lost! too soon, in yonder House or Hall.
There truant *Wyndham* ev'ry Muse gave o'er;
There *Talbot* sunk; and was a Wit no more!
How sweet an *Ovid Murray* was, our Boast;
How many *Martials* were in *Pult'ney* lost!

From this the Author introduces Remarks on verbal Criticism, and has very accurately depicted the Hat, Form, Look, and Speech of the Master of *Tr—ty-Coll—, Cambridge*. A great Part of this Part of the Satire is lost to most Readers, by not knowing the secret History of the venerable *Aristarchus*, and his humble 'Squire *Walkerus*: Nor hath the profound *Scriblerus*, in his Notes, sufficiently illustrated *Scipio Maffei's* Remark, *de Computationibus Academicis*.

From the University he changes the Scene to a modern fine Gentleman with his travelling Tutor, just arriv'd from his Tour; and the Doctor makes his *Exit* with,

But wherefore waste I Words! I see advance,
Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor from *France*.

The

The learned Commentator on this Author has, contrary to modern Commentators, a Note worth transcribing;

Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor.——

“ Some Criticks have objected to the Order here,
 “ being of Opinion, that the Governor should have
 “ the Precedence before the Whore, if not before
 “ the Pupil: But were he so plac'd, it might be
 “ thought to insinuate, that the Governor led the
 “ Pupil to the Whore; and were the Pupil plac'd
 “ first, he might be supposed to lead the Governor
 “ to her. But our impartial Poet, as he is drawing
 “ their Pictures, represents them in the Order in
 “ which they are generally seen; namely, the Pupil
 “ between the Whore and the Governor; but placeth the Whore first, as she usually governs both
 “ the other.”

These Characteristicks are very severe on our *Petit Maîtres*, and their polite Governors, who make the Tour of *Europe* only to glean every Vice and Folly they meet with; but I am sorry to say the Poet has confin'd himself to Truth, and there have very lately been known such Tutors and such Pupils. The Speech of the Governor to *Dulness*, in Recommendation of his Charge, is a just Censure on modern Education; I shall quote only that Part, which describes his foreign Tour:

Intrepid then o'er Seas and Lands he flew,
Europe he saw, and *Europe* saw him too.
 There all thy Gifts and Graces we display,
 Thou, only thou, directing all our Way,
 To where the *Seine*, obsequious as she runs,
 Pours at great *Bourbon's* Feet her filken Sons:

Or

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Or *Tyber*, now no longer *Roman*, rolls,
 Vain of *Italian Arts*, *Italian Souls*;
 To *Isles of Fragrance*, lilly-silver'd *Vales*,
 Diffusing Languor in the panting *Gales*;
 To *Lands of singing* or of dancing *Slaves*,
 Love-whisp'ring *Woods*, and lute-*resounding Waves*.
 * But chief her Shrine where naked *Venus* keeps,
 And *Cupids* ride the *Lion of the Deeps*.
 Led by my Hand, he saunter'd *Europe* round,
 And gather'd every Vice on *Christian Ground*;
 Saw every Court, heard every King declare
 His royal Sense of *Op'ras* and the Fair.
 The *Stews* and *Palace* equally explor'd,
 Intrigu'd with *Glory*, and with *Spirit whor'd*.

This is, to the Shame of our young Gentry be it spoke, too just a Description of their beginning and finishing their Travels; we have, however, some Exceptions, and some young Noblemen who have done an Honour to their Country *abroad*; and by acquiring a Knowledge of Men, of Commerce, of the Interests and Tempers of foreign Courts, with the different Policies of different Nations, will be of Service to their Country at *home*. Lord *Halifax* in the House of Peers, and several Gentlemen in the Commons, are illustrious Examples for the young *British* Gentry: These have greatly serv'd their Country in the Senate, at a Time of Life when most others employ theirs in Pleasure and Libertinism.

After the Poets well-tim'd Censure on *modern Education*, he introduces a short but excellent Satire on a Sett of People, some of which you meet with almost in every Family; I mean the *Indolents*, to whom every Duty of Life, or necessary Business of it, is a Fatigue;

• Venice, whose Arms are a flying *Lion*.

Fatigue; on these *Dulness* sheds her Influence: You would be pleas'd at their Description. The Goddess, says the Poet,

———saw a lazy, lolling Sort,
Unknown at Church, at Senate, or at Court,
Of ever-listless Loit'ers, that attend
No Cause, no Trust, no Duty, and no Friend;
The too, my *Paridel*, she mark'd thee there,
Stretch'd on the Rack of a too-easy Chair;
And heard thy everlasting Yawn confess
The Pains and Penalties of Idleness.
She pitied, but her Pity only shed
Benigner Influence on thy nodding Head.

From this Species of *Dulness* the Author shifts the Scene, which tho' it has been drawn by other Authors, is here represented with new Humour. As this Satire was intended to expose Triflers in Arts and Sciences, and those who, thro' Affectation of Knowledge, were the Patrons of them, the Author could not suffer our modern *Antiquaries* in Gems and Medals to pass uncensur'd. It is incredible what Inventions and Arts are practis'd to make *Antiques*; which some Persons of Quality purchase at a high Rate, only because they think they are *antique*, and they possess a little Bit of Copper or Silver, the like of which very few in the World have besides themselves. As particularly mark'd as the Character of *Annius* may seem, there are many of them to be seen at Cox's Auctions. The Name was taken from *Annius* the Monk of *Viterbo*, famous for many Impositions and Forgeries of antient Manuscripts and Inscriptions; which he was prompted to by mere Vanity, but our *Annius* had a more substantial Motive.

—Grant

—— Grant me still to cheat !

O may thy Cloud still cover the Deceit !

HOR. —— *Da, pulchra Laverna,*

Da mihi fallere.——

Noctem peccatis & fraudibus objice nubem.

Some read *Skill*, but that is frivolous, for *Annius* hath that *Skill* already; or if he had not, *Skill* were not wanting to cheat such Persons:

—— *Annius*, crafty Seer, with ebon Wand,
And well-dissembled Em'rald on his Hand,
False as his Gems, and canker'd as his Coins,
Came, cramm'd with Capons, from where *Polio*
Soft as the wily Fox is seen to creep, [dines;
Where basks on sunny Banks the simple Sheep,
Walks round and round, now prying here, now there;
So he, but pious whisper'd first this Pray'r:

Grant, gracious Goddess ! grant me still to cheat,
O ! may thy Cloud still cover the Deceit !
Thy choicer Mist on this Assembly shed ;
But pour them thickest on the noblest Head :
So shall each Youth, assisted by our Eyes,
See other *Cæsars*, other *Homers* rise ;
Thro' twilight Ages hunt th' *Athenian* Fowl,
Which *Calchis* Gods and Mortals call an Owl.
Now see an *Atys*, now a *Cecrops* clear ;
Nay, *Mahomet*, with Pigeon at his Ear ;
Be rich in antient Brasses, tho' not in Gold,
And keep his *Lares*, tho' his House be sold ;
To headless *Phæbe*, his fair Bride postpone ;
Honour a *Syrian* Prince before his own ;
Lord of an *Otho*, if I vouch it true,
Blest in one *Niger*, 'till he knows of two.

These Impositions of our *Virtuosi*, and the Credulity and Folly of those who become their Dupes,
are

are more strongly expos'd by the Author's having made *Annius* himself confess the first, and ridicule the last.

As the Scenery of this Poem changes, and new Characters appear, the ingenious Author has follow'd the dramattick Rule, of shewing the Humour of each Character the stronger, by shewing a contrast Character to it. *Annius* has an opponent Connoisseur in *Mummus*, a Virtuoso in Syrian Coins and Egyptian Mummies; but the two Characters which will please you most, are a Virtuoso Florist, and Virtuoso Butterfly-Fancier; they are describ'd among

A Tribe, with Weeds and Shells fantastick crown'd.

They have a great Cause to try, and appeal to the Goddess:

The first thus open'd: Hear thy Suppliant's Call,
—Great Queen, and Mother of us all!
Fair, from its humble Bed, I rear'd this Flow'r;
Suckled, and chear'd with Air, and Sun, and Show'r;
Soft on the Paper Ruff its Leaves I spread,
Bright with the gilded Bottom tipp'd its Head;
Then thron'd in Glass, and nam'd it *Caroline*,
Each Maid cry'd *charming!* and each Youth *divine!*
Did Nature's Pencil ever blend such Rays,
Such vary'd Light in one promiscuous Blaze?
Now prostrate, dead, behold that *Caroline!*
No Maid cries *charming!* and no Youth *divine!*
And, lo! the Wretch whose vile, whose insect Lust
Laid this gay Daughter of the Spring in Dust;
O punish him! or to the *Elysian* Shades
Dismiss my Soul! where no *Carnation* fades!

The pathetick Exclamation of the Suppliant is raised with a pleasing Air of Solemnity, which is still heighten'd by,

He ceas'd, and wept.

His Adversary's plain Behaviour and narrative Speech are finely contrasted to the Passions being affected, and the Luxuriancy of Description in the foregoing Quotation:

—With Innocence of Mien

Th' accus'd stood forth, and thus address'd the Queen:
Of all th' enamell'd Race, whose silv'ry Wing
Waves to the tepid Zephyrs of the Spring,
Or swims along the fluid Atmosphere,
One brighter shin'd; this Child of Heat and Air
I saw, and started from its vernal Bow'r
The rising Game, and chas'd from Flow'r to Flow'r;
It fled, I follow'd; now in Hope, now Pain;
It stopp'd, I stopp'd; it mov'd, I mov'd again:
At last it fix'd—('twas on what Plant it pleas'd)
And where it fix'd, the beauteous Bird I seiz'd:
Rose or Carnation was below my Care,
I meddle, Goddess, only in my Sphere;
I tell the naked Fact without Disguise,
And to excuse it need but shew my Prize;
Whose Spoils this Paper offers to your Eye,
Fair, e'en in Death, this peerless *Butterfly*.

After this Contest the Goddess applauds them both; and, in a Speech, she recommends it to the Investigators of Nature to amuse themselves only in Trifles. —From hence the Author introduces an admirable Satire on Triflers in Philosophy and Religion:

My Sons! (she answer'd) both have done your
Live happy both, and long promote our Arts. [Parts:
But hear a Mother, when she recommends
To your fraternal Care, our sleeping Friends.

The

The common Soul, of Heav'ns more frugal Make,
Serves but to keep Fools pert, and Knaves awake :
A drowzy Watchman that just gives a Knock,
And breaks our Rest, to tell us what's o'Clock.
Yet by some Object ev'ry Brain is stirr'd;
The Dull may waken to a Humming Bird ;
The most Recluse, discreetly open'd, find
Congenial Matter in the Cockle-kind ;
The Mind in Metaphysicks at a Loss,
May wander in a Wilderness of Moss ;
The Head, that turns at super-lunar Things,
Poiz'd with a Tail, may steer on * *Wilkin's* Wings.

O ! would the Sons of Men once think their Eyes
And Reason giv'n them but to study *Flies* !
See Nature in some partial narrow Shape,
And let the Author of the Whole escape :
Learn but to trifle ; or, who most observe,
To wonder at their Maker, not to serve.

Be that my Task, (replies a gloomy Clerk,
Sworn Foe to Myst'ry, yet divinely dark ;
Whose pious Hope aspires to see the Day
When moral Evidence shall quite decay)
Let others creep by timid Steps, and slow,
On plain Experience lay Foundations low,
By common Sense to common Knowledge bred,
And last, to Nature's Cause thro' Nature led.
All-seeing in thy Mists, we want no Guide,
Mother of Arrogance, and Source of Pride !

The last Scene of the Poem (to keep to my dramatick Parallel) which is to produce the Catastrophe,

R 2

ends

* One of the first Projectors of the *Royal Society*, who among many enlarg'd and useful Notions, entertain'd the extravagant Hope of a Possibility to fly to the Moon ; which has put some volatile Genius's upon making Wings for that Purpose.

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ends with great Propriety. The Stage is full of all the Goddess's Votaries, whom she receives with Pleasure; to testify which an *old Wizard* presents them with the *Cup of Self Love*,

Which whoſo taſtes, forgets his former Friends,
Sire, Anceſtor, himſelf: One caſts his Eyes
Up to a Star, and, like *Endymion*, dies;
A Feather ſhooting from another's Head,
Extracts his Brain, and Principle is fled;
Loſt is his God, his Country, every Thing,
And nothing left but Homage to a King.
The vulgar Herd turn off to roll with Hogs,
To run with Horſes, or to hunt with Dogs;
But ſad Example! never to eſcape
Their Infamy, ſtill keep the human Shape.

After having deſcrib'd the endowing them with Impudence, Stupidity, Self-conceit, venal Intereſt, Degeneracy, Luxury, and affected Wiſdom,

Then bleſſing all, Go, Children of my Care,
To Practice now, from Theory repair;
All my Commands are eaſy, ſhort, and full,
My Sons, be proud, be ſelfiſh, and be dull:
Guard my Prerogative, aſſert my Throne;
This Nod confirms each Privilege your own.

Which is for *Dukes, Earls, and Lords*, to perſonate *Running-Footmen, Jockies, Stage-Coachmen, and Fiddlers, &c.*

The Conclusion of this Poem the Author has made like that of our modern dramattick Pieces,—without any Conclusion at all.—*Deeſt Finis* may ſeem an odd Expreſſion, but the Annotator thus explains it: “ It is impoſſible to lament ſufficiently the Loſs of

“ the

“ the rest of this Poem : It is to be hop’d, however,
 “ that the Poet compleated it, and that it will not
 “ be lost to Posterity, if we may trust a Hint given
 “ in one of his Satires.

Publish the present Age, but where the Text
 Is Vice too high, reserve it for the next.”

As you have seen some Pieces on the Stage end in
 a universal *Groan*, or Chorus of *Yawns*, our Author
 concludes his Poem with an universal *Yawn*, and
 both are the Effects of *Dulness*.

She *yawn’d*,——all Nature nods :
 What Mortal can resist the Yawn of Gods ?
 Churches and Chapels instantly it reach’d,
 (St. *James’s* first, for leaden *G—lb—t* preach’d)
 Then catch’d the Schools, the Hall scarce kept awake,
 The Convocation gap’d, but could not speak ;
 Lost was the Nation’s Sense, nor could be found,
 While the long solemn Unison went round ;
 Wide and more wide it spread o’er all the Realm ;
 Ey’n *Palinurus* nodded at the Helm ;
 The Vapour mild o’er each Committee crept,
 Unfinish’d Treaties in each Office slept ;
 And chieffess Armies doz’d out the Campaign,
 And Navies *yawn’d* for Orders on the Main. .

And now having gone over this Poem in a general
 Manner, we beg to be more particular. Speaking
 of *Dulness*, he gives one more Push at the Laureat :

Soft on her Lap her Laureat Son reclines.

And before we are advanc’d one hundred Lines in the
 Poem, *Narcissus* and his Flatterer are taken Notice
 of :

There march'd the Bard and Blockhead Side by Side,
 Who rhym'd for Hire, and patroniz'd for Pride;
Narcissus prais'd with all a Parson's Pow'r,
 Look'd a white Lilly sunk beneath a Show'r.

But the Satire that is more general more pleases us, as we think it of more Use, and abundantly where *Dulness* confesses that arbitrary and ecclesiastical Power are what she flourishes most under. His Reason of mentioning King *James* the First in this Place, is because that King took upon himself to teach the *Latin* Tongue to *Car* Earl of *Somerſet*, and *Gondomar* the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador would ſpeak falſe *Latin* to him, on purpoſe to give him the Pleaſure of correcting it, whereby he wrought himſelf into his good Graces: This great Prince was the firſt who aſſum'd the Title of SACRED MAJESTY, which his loyal Clergy transferr'd from God to him, nay, he was ſtil'd MOST SACRED MAJESTY; the Principles of paſſive Obedience and Non Reſiſtance, which before his Time had ſkulk'd, perhaps in ſome old *Homily*, were talk'd, written, and preach'd into Vogue, in that glorious Reign. Hear the Goddeſs!

Oh! (cry'd the Goddeſs) for ſome pedant Reign!
 Some gentle *James*, to bleſs the Land again;
 To ſtick the Doctour's Chair into the Throne,
 Give Law to Words, or war with Words alone,
 Senates and Courts with *Greek* and *Latin* rule,
 And turn the Council to a Grammar School!
 For ſure if *Dulneſs* ſees a grateful Day,
 'Tis in the Shade of arbitrary Sway.
 O! if my Sons may learn one earthly Thing,
 Teach but that one, ſufficient for a King;
 That which my Priests, and mine alone, maintain,
 Which as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign:

May

May you, may *Cam*, and *Isis* preach it long!
 The RIGHT DIVINE of Kings to govern wrong.
 Prompt at the Call, around the Goddess roll
 Broad Hats, and Hoods, and Caps, a sable Shoal:
 Thick and more thick the black Blockade extends,
 A hundred Head of *Aristotle's* Friends.
 Nor wert thou, *Isis*! wanting to the Day,
 (Tho' *Christ-Church* long kept prudishly away)
 Each staunch Polemick stubborn as a Rock,
 Each fierce Logician still expelling *Lock*.
 Came Whip and Spur, and dash'd thro' Thin and
 On *German Crouzaz* and *Dutch Burgersdyck*. [Thick
 As many quit the Streams that murmuring fall
 To lull the Sons of *Marg'ret* and *Clare-Hall*,
 Where *B--tl-y* late tempestuous us'd to sport
 In troubled Waters, but now sleeps in Port.
 Before them march'd that awful *Aristarch*;
 Plow'd was his Front with many a deep Remark:
 His Hat which never vail'd to human Pride,
Walker with Rev'rence took, and lay'd aside.
 Low bow'd the rest, he kingly, did but nod;
 So upright Quakers please both Man and God.

Mr. *Pope* does not mention *Quakers* intending to make any Reflection upon that Sect, for he had held them in very good Estimation, and induc'd the Earl of *Peterborough* to read Books containing the Principles of their Religion; that the Earl had read them is evident from a Letter of his to Mr. *Pope*, where he says:

“ I consent you shall call me Polemick, or asso-
 “ ciate me into any Sect or Corporation provided
 “ you do not join me to the charitable Rogues, or
 “ to the pacifick Politicians of the Age. I have

“ read over * *Barclay* in vain, and find after a Stroke
 “ given to the left, I cannot offer the right Cheek
 “ for another Blow : All I can bring myself to, is
 “ to bear Mortification from the fair Sex with Pa-
 “ tience.”

This Apology was dedicated to King *Charles* the Second, and in the Dedication was this remarkable Passage. “ Thou hast tasted of Prosperity and Ad-
 “ versity ; thou knowest what it is to be banish’d
 “ thy native Country ; to be over-rul’d as well as to
 “ rule, and sit upon the Throne, and being op-
 “ press’d, thou hast Reason to know how hateful the
 “ Oppressor is both to God and Man : If after all
 “ these Warnings and Advertisements, thou dost
 “ not turn unto the Lord with all thy Heart ; but
 “ forget him who remember’d thee in thy Distress,
 “ and give thyself up to follow LUST and VANI-
 “ TY, surely great will be thy Condemnation.”

We believe there is not any modern Example of such Plainness and Courageousness of Address to any Prince in *Europe*, this excepted. Of this Book Mr. *Pope* was professedly an Admirer, which he often declar’d breath’d forth the Spirit of primitive Christianity, and Mr. *Norris* Rector of *Bemerton* near *Salisbury*, declares :

“ He cannot think Quakerism inconsiderable, as
 “ the Principles of it are laid down and manag’d
 “ by Mr. *Barclay*.——

“ That great and general Contempt they lie un-
 “ der, does not hinder him from thinking the Sect
 “ of the *Quakers* to be far the most considerable of
 “ any that divide from the Church : In case the Qua-
 “ kerism that is generally held, be the same with that
 “ which

* *Barclay*’s Apology for the Quakers.

“ which Mr. *Barclay* has delivered to the World
 “ as such; whom he takes to be so great a Man,
 “ that he professes freely, that he had rather en-
 “ gage against an hundred *Bellarmins*, *Hardings*,
 “ and *Stapletons*, than with one *Barclay*.”

Another ingenious Writer and much applauded,
 scruples not to say:

“ He is not ashamed to own, that he hath with
 “ great Pleasure read over Mr. *Barclay*’s Apology
 “ for Quakerism, and doth really think it to be the
 “ most masterly, charitable, and reasonable System
 “ that he hath ever seen: It solves (says he) the nu-
 “ merous Difficulties rais’d by the other Sects,
 “ and by Turns thrown at one another: He shews
 “ (says he) all Parts of Scripture to be uniform and
 “ consistent.

“ And comprehends every Thing which has been
 “ since said by the best Writers for Liberty of Con-
 “ science, and against all Sort of religious Imposi-
 “ tions, with as much Wit, happy Turn, and ma-
 “ sterly Expressions, as is consistent with the Plain-
 “ ness and Simplicity affected by those of his Sect,
 “ and for the most Part used in holy Writings.”

Though had their Way of Thinking as to religi-
 ous Matters been what it would, Mr. *Pope* often said
 before he inspected into their Matter of Faith, that
 their quiet, peaceable, and unambitious Lives, re-
 commended them sufficiently to the Esteem of wise
 Men; for they incapacitate themselves by refusing
 Oaths and the Sacraments, to fill up any Places either
 of Honour or Profit.

But to return to our Satire: The Goddess *Dul-
 ness* confers Titles on all her Sons of different De-
 grees, and gives them her Blessing:

Next,

Next, bidding all draw near on bended Knees,
 The Queen confers her Titles and Degrees.
 Her Children first of more distinguish'd Sort,
 Who study *Shakespear* at the Inns of Court,
 Impale a Glow-worm, or *Vertù profess*,
 Shine in the Dignity of *F. R. S.*
 Some, deep *Free-Masons*, join the silent Race
 Worthy to fill *Pythagoras's* Place :
 Some *Botanists*, or *Florists* at the least,
 Or issue Members of an annual Feast.
 Nor past the Meanest unregarded, one
 Rose a *Gregorian*, one a *Gormogon*.
 The last, not least in Honour or Applause,
Ifis and *Cam* made Doctors of her Laws.

Then, blessing all, Go Children of my Care !
 To Practice now from Theory repair.
 All my Commands are easy, short, and full :
 My Sons ; be proud, be selfish, and be dull.
 Guard my Prerogative, assert my Throne :
 This Nod confirms each Privilege your own.
 The Cap and Switch be sacred to his Grace :
 With Staff and Pumps the Marquis leads the Race :
 From Stage to Stage the licens'd Earl may run,
 Pair'd with his Fellow-Charioteer, the Sun :
 The learned Baron Butterflies design,
 Or draw to Silk *Arachne's* subtle Line :
 The Judge to dance his Brother Serjeant call ;
 The Senator at Cricket urge the Ball :
 The Bishop stowe (Pontifick Luxury !)
 An hundred Souls of *Turkies* in a Pye :
 The sturdy Squire to *Gallick* Masters stoop,
 And drown his Lands and Manors in a Soupe.
 Others import yet nobler Arts from *France*,
 Teach Kings to fiddle, and make Senates dance.

Perhaps

Perhaps more high some daring Son may soar,
Strive to my List to add one Monarch more—

Perhaps — * * * * *

—But here she stops, she yawns, she nods:
What Mortal can resist the Yawn of Gods?

The Poet always expresses a very particular Regard for silent Dunces, and has here provided, that in case they will not waken or open to a Humming-Bird, or a Cockle-shell, yet, at worst they may be Free Masons, where Taciturnity is the only essential Qualification.

It must be observed, that Mr. *Pope* always kept in Memory his Enmity to Mr. *Cibber*, for he did not easily forgive or forget any Injuries done to him, or by him imagin'd to be done, and just before the Election for the Laureat, he wrote, and made it

Appendix to the DUNCIAD.

THE Time of the Election of a Poet Laureat being now at Hand, it may be proper to give some Account of the *Rites* and *Ceremonies* antiently used at that Solemnity, and only discontinued through the Neglect and Degeneracy of later Times. These we have extracted from an Historian of undoubted Credit, a reverend Bishop, the learned *Paulus Jovius*; and are the same that were practised under the Pontificate of *Leo X*, the great Restorer of Learning.

As we now see an *Age* and a *Court*, that for the Encouragement of Poetry rivals, if not exceeds, that of this famous Pope; we cannot but wish a Restoration

floration of all its *Honours* to *Poesy*; the rather, since there are so many parallel Circumstances in the *Person* who was then honour'd with the Laurel, and in *him*, who (in all Probability) is now to wear it.

I shall translate my Author exactly as I find it in the 82d Chapter of his *Elogia Vir. Doct.* He begins with the Character of the Poet himself, who was the Original and Father of all Laureats, and called *Camillo*. He was a plain Country-man of *Apulia*, (whether a *Shepherd* or *Thresher*, is not material.)

“ This Man (says *Jovius*) excited by the Fame of
 “ the great Encouragement given to Poets at Court,
 “ and the high Honour in which they were held,
 “ came to the City, bringing a strange Kind of Lyre
 “ in his Hand, and at least some *twenty thousand*
 “ *Verses*. All the Wits and Criticks of the Court
 “ flock'd about him, delighted to see a *Clown*, with
 “ a ruddy, hale Complexion, and in his own long
 “ Hair, so top-full of Poetry; and at the first Sight
 “ of him, all agreed, he was born to be *Poet Lau-*
 “ *reat*.* He had a most hearty Welcome, in an
 “ *Island* of the River *Tyber* (an agreeable Place,
 “ not unlike our *Richmond*) where he was first made
 “ to eat and drink plentifully, and to repeat his *Verses*
 “ to every Body. Then they adorn'd him with a new
 “ and elegant Garland, composed of *Vine-Leaves*
 “ *Laurel*, and *Brassica* (a Sort of Cabbage) so com-
 “ posed, says my Author emblematically, *ut tam*
 “ *sales, quàm lepidè ejus Temulentia Brassicæ remedio*
 “ *cohibendi notaretur*. He was then saluted by com-
 “ mon Consent with the Title of *Archi-poeta*, or
 “ *Arch-Poet*, in the Stile of those Days, in ours,
 “ *Poet Laureat*. This Honour the poor Man re-
 “ ceiv'd

* *Appulus prepingui vultu alacer, & prolixè comatus, omnino dignus festa Laurea videretur.*

“ ceiv’d with the most sensible Demonstrations of
 “ Joy, his Eyes drunk with Tears of Gladness.†
 “ Next, the publick Acclamation was express’d in
 “ a *Canticle*, which is yet transmitted to us, as fol-
 “ lows;

“ Salve, brassicæ virens corona,
 “ Et Lauro, Archi-poeta, pampinoque,
 “ Dignus principis auribus Leonis.
 All hail, Arch-poet without Peer !
 Vine, Bay or Cabbage, fit to wear,
 And worthy of thy *Prince’s Ear*.

From hence, he was conducted in Pomp to the *Ca-
 pitol* of *Rome*, mounted on an *Elephant*, through
 the Shouts of the Populace, where the Ceremony
 ended.

The Historian tells us farther, “ That at his In-
 “ troduction to *Leo*, he not only poured forth Ver-
 “ ses innumerable, like a Torrent, but also *fung*
 “ them open Mouth. Nor was he only once intro-
 “ duc’d, or on *stated* Days (like our Laureats) but
 “ made a *Companion* to his *Master*, and entertain’d
 “ as one of the Instruments of his *most elegant Plea-
 “ sures*. When the Prince was at Table, the Poet
 “ had his Place at the Window. When the Prince
 “ had * half eaten his Meat, he gave with his own
 “ Hands the rest to the Poet. When the Poet
 “ drank, it was out of the Prince’s own Flaggon,
 “ insomuch (says the Historian) that thro’ so great
 “ good Eating and Drinking, he contracted a most
 “ terrible Gout.” Sorry I am to relate what fol-
 lows, but that I cannot leave my Reader’s Curiosity
 unsatisfied in the Catastrophe of this extraordinary
 Man. To use my Author’s Words, which are re-
 markable,

† Manantibus præ gaudio oculis.

* Semefis opsoniis.

markable, *mortuo Leone, profligatisque Poetis*, &c.
 “When *Leo* dy’d, and Poets were no more” (for I would not understand *profligatis* literally, as if Poets then were *profligate*) this unhappy Laureat was forthwith reduced to return to his Country, where oppressed with *old Age* and *Want*, he miserably perish’d in a *common Hospital*.

We see from this sad Conclusion (which may be of Example to the Poets of our Time) that it were happier to meet with no Encouragement at all, to remain at the Plow, or other lawful Occupation, than to be elected above their Condition, and taken out of the common Means of Life, without a surer Support than the *temporary*, or at best, *mortal* Favours of the Great. It was doubtless for this Consideration, that when the Royal Bounty was lately extended to a *Rural Genius*, Care was taken to settle it upon him for *Life*. And it hath been the Practice of our Princes, never to remove from the Station of Poet Laureat any Man who hath once been chosen, tho’ never so much greater Geniuses might arise in his Time. A noble Instance, how much the *Charity* of our Monarchs hath exceeded their *Love of Fame*.

To come now to the Intent of this Paper. We have here the whole antient *Ceremonial* of the Laureat: In the first Place, the Crown is to be mix’d with *Vine-leaves*, as the Vine is the Plant of *Bacchus*, and full as essential to the Honour, as the *Butt of Sack* to the Salary.

Secondly, the *Brassica* must be made use of, as a Qualifier of the former. It seems the *Cabbage* was antiently accounted a Remedy for *Drunkennes*, (a Power which the *French* now ascribe to the Onion, and stile a Soupe made of it, *Soupe d’Ivrogne*) I would recommend a large Mixture of the *Brassica*, if Mr. *Dennis* be chosen; but if Mr. *Tibbald*, it is not

not so necessary, unless the Cabbage be suppos'd to signify the same Thing with Respect to *Poets*, as to *Taylors*, viz. *stealing*. I should judge it not amiss to add another Plant to this Garland, to wit, *Ivy*: Not only as it antiently belong'd to Poets in general; but as it is emblematical of the three Virtues of a Court-Poet in particular; it is *creeping*, *dirty*, and *dangling*.

In the next Place, a *Canticle* must be compos'd and sung, in Laud and Praise of the new Poet. If Mr. CIBBER be laureated, it is my Opinion no Man can *write* this but himself: And no Man, I am sure, can sing it so affectingly. But what this Canticle should be, either in his or the other Candidate's Case, I shall not pretend to determine.

Thirdly, there ought to be a *publick Show*, or *Entry* of the Poet: To settle the Order or Procession of which, Mr. *Anstis* and Mr. DENNIS ought to have a Conference. I apprehend here two Difficulties: One of procuring an *Elephant*; the other, of teaching the Poet to ride him: Therefore I should imagine the next Animal in Size or Dignity would do best; either a Mule or a large Ass; particularly if that noble one could be had, whose Portraiture makes so great an Ornament of the *Dunciad*; and which (unless I am mis-inform'd) is yet in the Park of a Nobleman near this City:—Unless Mr. CIBBER be the Man; who may, with great Propriety and Beauty, ride on a *Dragon*, if he goes by Land; or if he chose the Water, upon one of his own *Swans* from *Cæsar* in *Egypt*.

We have spoken sufficiently of the *Ceremony*: let us now speak of the *Qualifications* and *Privileges* of the Laureat. First, we see he must be able to make Verses extempore, and to pour forth innumerable, if requir'd: In this I doubt Mr. TIBBALD. Secondly, he ought to *sing*, and intrepidly, *patula ore*:
Here

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Here I confess the Excellency of Mr. CIBBER. Thirdly, he ought to carry a *Lyre* about with him: If a large one be thought too cumbersome, a small one may be contrived to hang about the Neck, like an Order; and be very much a Grace to the Person. Fourthly, he ought to have a good *Stomach*, to eat and drink whatever his Betters think fit; and therefore it is in this high Office as in many others, no puny Constitution can discharge it. I do not think CIBBER or TIBBALD here so happy; but rather a staunch, vigorous, season'd, and dry old Gentleman, whom I have in my Eye.

I could also wish at this Juncture, such a Person as is truly jealous of the *Honour* and *Dignity* of Poetry; no Joker, or Trifler, but a Bard in good earnest; nay, not amiss, if a Critick, and the better if a little *abstinate*. For when we consider what great Privileges have been lost from this Office (as we see from the fore-cited authentick Record of *Jovius*) namely, those of *feeding* from the *Prince's Table*, *drinking* out of his own *Flaggon*, becoming even his *Domestick* and *Companion*; it requires a Man warm and resolute, to be able to claim and obtain the restoring of these high Honours. I have cause to fear the most of the Candidates would be liable, either thro' the Influence of Ministers, or for Rewards or Favours, to give up the glorious Rights of the Laureat: Yet I am not without Hopes, there is one, from whom a *serious* and *steady* Assertion of these Privileges may be expected; and if there be such a one, I must do him the Justice to say, it is Mr. DENNIS, the worthy President of our Society.

Thus have we taken Notice of Mr. Pope's poetical Performances, which are so excellent, that they need no Praise from us; we doubt not but they have

it from all judicious Readers: How great must the Mind of that Man be, who could furnish out such rare Entertainment? And yet, by Reason of the Weakness of his Constitution, wanted the Advantage of Travel. His great Desire was to have seen *Italy*, and that was still heighten'd by Dean *Berkley*'s being there, who is since Bishop of *Cloyne* in *Ireland*, a celebrated Metaphysician, and particular Favourite of Mr. *Pope*'s; he was continually tempting him, remembering that he had heard him mention some half-form'd Design of going thither, which he endeavour'd by all Methods to ripen and bring to Action; for what might not have been expected from a Muse, that sung so well in the bleak Climate of *England*, had she felt the same warm Sun, and breath'd the same Air with *Virgil* and *Horace*?

There are in *Italy* great Numbers of Poets, who have all the Inclination, but want the Genius, or perhaps the Art of the Antients; some among them, who understand *English*, begin to relish our Authors, and *Milton* is well translated into *Italian* Verse by the Signior *Ralli*.

This the Dean took care to let Mr. *Pope* know, and that it would be of Service to him to travel thither, in order to store his Mind with strong Images of Nature. Green Fields and Groves, flowery Meadows and purling Streams, are no where in such Perfection as in *England*; but if you would know lightsome Days, warm Suns, and blue Skies, you must go to *Italy*; and to enable a Man to describe Rocks and Precipices, it is absolutely necessary that he pass the *Alps* and *Apennines*.

Frequent were the Letters (in which Self-interest had some Part) that Dean *Berkley* wrote, to invite our Author thither, whose Will was good, but his Body too weak for the Fatigue of such long Travel.

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After the Dean had visited many Parts of *Italy*, at last going on the Island *Inarine*, he sends Mr. *Pope* the following Letter from *Naples*, dated *October 22, 1717, N. S.*

I HAVE long had it in my Thoughts to trouble you with a Letter, but was discourag'd for Want of something worth sending fifteen hundred Miles. *Italy* is such an exhausted Subject, that I dare say, you'd easily forgive my saying nothing of it; and the Imagination of a Poet, is a Thing so nice and delicate, that it is no easy Matter to find out Images capable of giving Pleasure to one of the few, who (in any Age) have come up to that Character. I am nevertheless lately return'd from an Island, where I pass'd three or four Months, which, were it set out in its true Colours, might methinks amuse you agreeably enough for a Minute or two. The Island *Inarine* is an Epitome of the whole Earth, containing, within the Compass of eighteen Miles, a wonderful Variety of Hills, Vales, ragged Rocks, fruitful Plains, and barren Mountains, all thrown together in a most romantick Confusion. The Air is in the hottest Season constantly refreshed by cool Breezes from the Sea. The Vales produce excellent Wheat and *Indian* Corn, but are mostly covered with Vineyards, intermixt with Fruit-Trees. Besides the common Kinds, as Cherries, Apricots, Peaches, &c. they produce Oranges, Limes, Almonds, Pomegranates, Figs, Water-Melons, and many other Fruits unknown to our Climates, which lie open to the Passenger. The Hills are the greater Part covered to the Top with Vines, some with Chestnut Groves, and others with Thickets of Myrtle and Lentiscus. The Fields in the Northern Side are divided by Hedges-rows of Myrtle. Several Fountains and Rivulets

add

add to the Beauty of this Landscape, which is set off by the Variety of some barren Spots and naked Rocks. But that which crowns the Scene, is a large Mountain, rising out of the Middle of the Island (once a terrible *Volcano*, by the Antients called *Mon Epomeus*) it's lower Parts are adorn'd with Vines, and other Fruits, the Middle affords Pasture to Flocks of Goats and Sheep, and the Top is a sandy pointed Rock, from which you have the finest Prospect in the World, surveying at one View, besides several pleasant Islands lying at your Feet, a Tract of *Italy* about three hundred Miles in length, from the Promontory of *Antium*, to the Cape of *Palinurus*. The greater Part of which hath been sung by *Homer* and *Virgil*, as making a considerable Part of the Travels and Adventures of their two Heroes. The Islands *Caprea*, *Prochyta*, and *Parthenope*, together with *Cajeta*, *Cumæ*, *Monte Miseno*, the Habitations of *Circe*, the *Syrens*, and the *Lestrygonæ*, the Bay of *Naples*, the Promontory of *Minerva*, and the whole *Campagna Felice*, make but a Part of this noble Landscape; which would demand an Imagination as warm, and Numbers as flowing as your own, to describe it. The Inhabitants of this delicious Isle, as they are without Riches and Honours, so are they without the Vices and Follies that attend them; and were they but as much Strangers to Revenge, as they are to Avarice or Ambition, they might in fact answer the poetical Notions of the Golden Age. But they have got, as an Allay to their Happiness, an ill Habit of murdering one another on slight Offences. We had an Instance of this the second Night after our Arrival; a Youth of eighteen being shot dead by our Door: And yet by the sole Secret of minding our own Business, we found a Means of living securely among these dangerous People. Would you

know how we pass the Time at *Naples*? Our chief Entertainment is the Devotion of our Neighbours. Besides the Gaiety of their Churches (where Folks go to see what they call *una bella devotione* (i. e. a Sort of religious Opera) they make Fireworks almost every Week, out of Devotion; the Streets are often hung with Arras, out of Devotion; and (what is still more strange) the Ladies invite Gentlemen to their Houses, and treat them with Musick and Sweetmeats, out of Devotion; in a Word, were it not for this Devotion of it's Inhabitants, *Naples* would have little else to recommend it, beside the Air and Situation. Learning is in no very thriving State here, as indeed no where else in *Italy*. However, among many Pretenders, some Men of Taste are to be met with. A Friend of mine told me not long since, that being to visit *Salvini* at *Florence*, he found him reading your *Homer*. He lik'd the Notes extremely, and could find no other Fault with the Version, but that he thought it approached too near a Paraphrase; which shews him not to be sufficiently acquainted with our Language. I wish you Health to go on with that noble Work, and when you have, I need not wish you Success. You will do me the Justice to believe, that whatever relates to your Welfare is sincerely wished, by

Yours, &c.

This Letter awak'd a new Desire in Mr. *Pope* of seeing the Kingdoms, Principalities, Commonwealths, and Islands of *Italy*, and the following Spring was nam'd for the Expedition; but it ended like his Design of going the Year before to Mr. *Jervas* to *Ireland*, for he was visit'd with Sickness, and was not in a Condition to pass Seas and Mountains, when he had in a Manner fix'd a Resolution to go, and
says

says to Mr. Jervas, "Poor Poetry! the little that's
"left of it here longs to cross the Seas, and leave Euf-
"den in full and peaceable Possession of the British
"Laurel."

Before the next Spring, instead of going to *Italy*, he went to settle at *Twickenham*, and so busy and particular he was in every Thing, that he said himself, the History of his Transplantation and Settlement, would require a Volume, if he was to enumerate the many Projects, Difficulties, and various Fates attending that Part of his Life, here he past an entire Year of his Life without any fix'd Abode in *London*, or more than passing a Day or two in a Month at most in Town, so that he was chiefly in his Closet, and if he prepared nothing there for publick View, this Year makes almost a Blank in his Life.

Methinks the Moralists and Philosophers have generally run too much into Extremes in commending intirely either Solitude, or publick Life. In the former, Men for the most Part grow useles by too much Rest, and in the latter are destroyed by too much Precipitation; as Waters lying still, putrify and are good for nothing, and running violently on do but the more Mischief in their Passage to others, and are swallowed up and lost the sooner themselves. Those indeed who can be useful to all States, should be like gentle Streams, that not only glide thro' lonely Valleys and Forests amidst the Flocks and the Shepherds, but visit populous Towns in their Course, and are at once of Ornament and Service to them. But there are another Sort of People who seem design'd for Solitude, such I mean, as have more to hide than to show: As for my own Part, I am of those of whom *Seneca* says, *Tam umbratiles sunt, ut putent in turbido esse quicquid in luce est.* Some Men, like some Pictures, are fitter for a Corner than a full Light; and

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I believe such have a natural Bent to Solitude (to carry on the former Similitude) are like Waters which may be forced into Fountains, and exalted into a great Height, may make a noble Figure and a louder Noise, but after all they would run more smoothly, quietly and plentifully, in their own natural Course upon the Ground. The Consideration of this would make me very well contented with the Possession only of that Quiet which *Cowley* calls the *Companion of Obscurity*.

Good God ! What an incongruous Animal is Man ? How unsettled is his best Part, his Soul ; and how changing and variable in his Frame of Body ? The Constancy of the one shook by every Notion, the Temperament of the other affected by every Blast of Wind ! What is Man altogether but one mighty Inconsistency ! Sickness and Pain is the Lot of one half of us ; Doubt and Fear the Portion of the other ! What a Bustle we make about passing our Time, when all our Space is but a Point ? What Aims and Ambitions are crouded into this little Instant of our Life, which (as *Shakespear* finely words it) is *Rounded with a Sleep* ?

These Exclamations and Queries are Mr. *Pope's*, and whoever thinks in this Train, must see the whole World and all its contemptible Grandeurs lessen before him at every Thought. 'Tis enough to make one remain in a Poize of Inaction void of all Desires, of all Designs and Atchievements whatever.

But we must return (thro' our very narrow Condition of Being) to our narrow selves, and those Things that affect ourselves : Our Passions, our Interests flow in upon us, and unphilosophize us into mere Mortals.

But these Reflections suit but ill for the Times about which we are writing ; For soon after this the
South

South Sea Project took Effect, which run up that Stock to above a thousand *per Cent.* and ruined so many Families, that the Lamentation was general, almost all Degrees of People were engaged; the Courtiers, most Persons of Quality, Gentlemen, Merchants, Tradesmen, Artizans, even common Servants, who almost all suffered, except a few, who were behind the Curtain and in the Secret. Mr. Pope was a great Enemy to the Scheme, and then and since has sufficiently shewn how he detested the Contrivers of it, and pitied the Sufferers, among which were some of his great Friends, publick Enquiry was made after some of the Promoters of it, but the Iniquity was fix'd where the Search did not reach, and the Wrong was without Reparation.

In this Calamity was sunk for a Time the very Spirit of the Nation, and Arts seem'd to stand still; the Gentry were impoverished, and only a few confederate Villains, and those favoured by them, made any tolerable Figure, Families of dejected Faces, that were a Month before blest with a Train of Domesticks and shining Equipages, were seen on Foot fighting through the publick Streets: This Mr. Pope thought once to have made the Subject of a particular Satire, and certainly he had wanted nothing to whet the Edge of it, but so many of the little common Writers laid hold of it, *induc'd by Hunger and Request of Friends*, that Mr. Pope left it to them, only occasionally in the Course of his Writing, giving now and then a Lash, to let the World know he was neither Actor nor Abettor of any such Wick- edness and Folly, which on Reflection looks more like Fascination and epidemical Madness, than the voluntary Act of a great and free People, after hav- ing had the Example of *France* to warn them.

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It was now when the Minds of the People were much dejected, that the Papiſts endeavoured to eſtabliſh once more, if poſſible, the *Romiſh* Religion, and accordingly from divers Parts of *Italy* and *France*, under different Covers and Pretenſions came flocking, regular Priests, Dominicans, Carmelitans, Franciſcans, and ſome Jeſuits, and Notice was taken that there were many of our reform'd Church daily perverted, the Infection ſpread much among the lower Sort of People, for thoſe miſſionary Priests had a Fund of Money ſufficient to put a Youth out Apprentice to any Artizan who was of the *Romiſh* Faith, on Condition that he ſhould conſtantly adhere to the Maſs, and they likewise lent Money to young Men juſt out of their Apprenticeships, Sums not exceeding twenty Pounds, to ſet up with, as well as that they paid ſmall Debts, not exceeding half that Sum, for Perſons involv'd, ſtill on the Terms of renouncing the Religion here by Law eſtabliſh'd, and embracing the Sacrament of Tranſubſtantiation, and ſince that Time, the Number of Papiſts in *England* has increas'd conſiderably, but we dare be perſwaded, notwithstanding this, to ſay what a certain great Prelate of *Canterbury* poſitively pronounced on his Death-bed, *that Popery ſhould never darken this Nation any more*, indeed his own Writings remain a ſtrong Preſervative againſt it.

Many of the abovementioned Miſſionaries or E-miſſaries, which you pleaſe to call them, made themſelves known to Mr. *Pope*, who was wiſer than to have any Hand in the Affair, and told them, that they were breaking the Laws of this Land, and reſiſting the higher Powers, which St. *Paul* had expreſſy forbid, as well as broke their religious Vows, to all which they pleaded a Diſpenſation from *Rome*, which is a Salvo for any Thing, they even went ſo far

far as to tempt him to retire abroad, and become a Priest, giving him frequent Promises of great ecclesiastical Dignities; but the most that ever we know was gain'd from him was once to say, that if his Religion had been the common Religion of *England*, he would have been in holy Orders; so that had it not been for the Revolution which happened the very Year he was born, instead of having the Life of a great Poet to write, we had in all Probability, had that of a Bishop, or some mitred Abbot.

But the Nation had been long uneasy, even in some former Reigns, with Fears of Popery and arbitrary Power; and then many of the very Court and Council appear'd unsatisfy'd on that Account. Some were vex'd also for two other Reasons; the great Diminution of their Salaries by the ill-tim'd Retrenchments of the Treasury, and their finding all the Power and Favour ingross'd by a few, and those also the foolishhest of all the *Roman Party*.

But a more dangerous Symptom of the future Change, was a Desertion among the Officers of King *James's* Army, and at last of the Lord *Churchill* himself, tho' a Kind of Favourite.

Yet all this was nothing in Comparison of the Princess's withdrawing herself from Court by Night, without any Servants, except the Lady *Churchill* and Mrs. *Berkly*, conducted by the Bishop of *London*, whose late Disgrace at Court had help'd him to a reverential Sort of Popularity, which he, of all the Bishops, would least have found otherwise.

'Tis no Wonder after this, if the King began to mistrust every Body; which made him on a sudden leave his Army at *Salisbury*, in order to consider his Condition more securely at *London*. In quitting his Army thus suddenly, the King was thought too suspicious and precipitate: But he had just before err'd

as much by his Dilatoriness, as he did now by his Haste; for when the Lord *Churchill* deserted him at *Salisbury*, he sent Orders immediately to seize all his Papers at *Whitehall*, before he had secur'd either his Lady or the Princess; which was only frightening the one and disobliging the other.

When the King was return'd from *Salisbury*, his Council was reduc'd within a very narrow Compass; and, since he ever before thought no Body entirely in his Interest, except they were of his Religion also, at this suspicious Time he consulted with a few Papists only; who unanimously advis'd him to fly, because they might hope to keep an Interest with him remaining in *France*, whither they were now forc'd to escape themselves.

The King, however, resolv'd to try one Remedy first, or at least by that to disguise his intended Flight the better; and therefore summoned all the Peers in Town to a Kind of general Council in *Whitehall*; at which some of the Bishops, as well as temporal Lords, open'd their Grievances so boldly, that he condescended to send two of them, viz. the Marquis of *Hallifax* and the Earl of *Nottingham*, as his Commissioners to the Prince of *Orange*; joining the Lord *Godolphin* with them, who was the only Man that had the Cunning, or else the good Fortune, to be at once in some Favour with both the King and Prince of *Orange*.

In the mean Time he sent away the Queen in all Haste and Privacy, under the Conduct of *Mons. de Lauzun*, who took with her him who is now call'd the Chevalier de *St. George*.

Just as he was stepping into Bed, the Night before his going away, the Earl of *Mulgrave* happened to come into the Bed-chamber; which being at so late an Hour, might possibly give the King some Apprehension

hension of that Lord's suspecting his Design, with which he was resolv'd not to trust him, nor any other Protestant whatsoever: He therefore stopp'd short, and turn'd about to whisper him in the Ear, that his Commissioners had newly sent him a very hopeful Account of some good Accommodation with the Prince of *Orange*; to which that Lord only reply'd with a Question, asking him if the Prince's Army halted, or approach'd nearer to *London*? The King own'd they still march'd on, at which the other shook his Head and said no more; only made him a low Bow with a dejected Countenance, humbly to make him understand, that he gave no Credit to what the King's Circumstances at that Time oblig'd him to dissemble.

Thus reserv'd was the King to every Body about his withdrawing himself. The mysterious Carriage of this absconding cost the Lord Chancellor *Jefferies* his Life, (a Thing indeed of little Value to any Body besides himself) who died afterward in Prison, for Want of having the same Warning given him to escape, which had been given to the Earl of *Melford* and Father *Peters*. The *Nuntio* also escaped very narrowly, after having stol'n away to *Gravesend* behind the Coach of an Envoy of *Savoy*.

But to return to the King. At Three o'Clock in the Morning he withdrew himself by a back Way out of the Bed-chamber, commanding the Duke of *Northumberland* (whom he left there on a Pallet Bed, according to the Custom of his Place of Gentleman of the Bed-chamber in Waiting not to open the Door before his usual Hour of rising; at which Time several Persons of Quality, according to Custom, being come to attend him at his Levee, divulg'd the News immediately of his being gone away.

From

From this Time forwards, 'till the King's Return to *Kent*, these Lords met every Day in the Council-chamber at *Whitehall*, and by that prevented the Unruliness of the Rabble; who, the first Hour after the King's absconding, pull'd down the Houses of the *Florentine* Envoy, and the *Spanish* Ambassador: The last of whom had full Amends made him, notwithstanding so high an Insolence; for the Earl of *Mulgrave* (tho' his Master was gone, and his Staff laid aside) yet thought the Honour of the Nation so much concern'd, that he presum'd to take upon himself to order an Apartment in *Whitehall* immediately, and a great Table to be kept for him twice a-Day, with Yeomen of the Guard to attend in his outward Room, (which they never do but on the King only) for which Strain of Authority he had the Fortune to be thank'd by the Prince of *Orange*. This was the highest Respect that could possibly be paid to the King of *Spain* his Master; and yet for himself a better Reparation was made afterward by King *William*, who gave him 17,000 l. in lieu of his Losses; but it rather was for his good Service in persuading all the House of *Austria* to acknowledge him King.

All this was after the King's being discover'd in *Kent*, before which Time the Peers sat daily in the Council-chamber at *Whitehall*; where the Lord *Mulgrave* one Morning happened to be advertis'd privately, that the King had been seiz'd by the angry Rabble of *Feverham*, and had sent a poor Countryman with the News, in order to procure his Rescue; which was like to come too late, since the Messenger had waited long at the Council-door, without any Body's being willing to take Notice of him. This sad Account mov'd him with Compassion, at such an extraordinary Instance of worldly Uncertainty; and no Cautions of offending the prevailing Party were able

able to restrain him from shewing a little Indignation at so mean a Proceeding in the Council. Upon which their new President adjourn'd it hastily, in order to prevent him; but that Lord earnestly conjur'd them all to sit down again presently, that he might acquaint them of a Matter which admitted of no Delay, and was of the highest Importance imaginable. Accordingly the Lords, who knew nothing of the Business, could not but hearken to it; and those few that guess'd it and saw the Consequence, yet wanted Time for concerting enough together, about so nice and so very important a Matter. The Lords therefore sat down again; and he then represented to them, what a Barbarity it would be for such an Assembly to connive at the Rabble's tearing in Pieces even any private Gentleman, much more a Prince: So that they suspended their Politicks a-while, and call'd in the Messenger, who told them with Tears, how the King had with much Difficulty engag'd him to deliver a Letter from him, to any Persons whom he could find, willing to save him from so imminent a Danger. The Letter had no Superscription, and was to this Effect: To acquaint the Reader of it, that he had been discover'd in his Retreat by some Fishermen of *Kent*, and secur'd at first there by the Gentry, who were yet afterwards forc'd to resign him into the Hands of an insolent Rabble.

On so pressing an Occasion, and now so very publickly made known, the Council was surpriz'd and under some Difficulty: At present it influenc'd them enough to make them send two Hundred of the Life-guard under their Captain the Earl of *Feverham*, first to rescue the King from all Danger of the common People, and afterward to attend him to the Sea-side, if he continued his Resolution of retiring; which they

they thought it more decent to connive at, than to detain him here by Force.

But it seems he was prevail'd on to lay aside, or rather defer his Journey to *France*, 'till a farther Opportunity; and it is not unlikely, that trusting no Body at that Time, he might only pretend to be convinc'd of his Error in going away, in order to get a better Opportunity for it at *London* than he could hope for in that Country, where he was so narrowly watch'd. But whatever his Design was, the Shew of Welcome which attended his Coach thro' *London*, inclin'd him a little to slight his Friends; openly blaming all those Peers, who, in his Absence, and out of mere Necessity, had taken on themselves a Power that was so very useful to the publick Quiet.

The King's Return alter'd all the Measures taken in the Prince of *Orange's* Camp; which was by this Time become a Court, and all Places suppos'd to be at their Disposal. The Prince (who needed Counsel, had now more Occasion than ever to assemble all those about him, who were either of Quality or Consideration enough for it) at last resolv'd to connive at the King's going into *France*, and to preserve him from Violence in order to it.

According to this Design of forcing him away by the Despair of any Accommodation, the Earl of *Feverham* (whom the King sent to the Prince) was clapt into Prison immediately; and Mr. *Zuylenstein* was sent in all Haste to *Kent*, to forbid the King's approaching to *London*.

But the King was arriv'd there before; which oblig'd the Prince to dally no longer, and to send three Lords in such a Manner, as might seem almost to pronounce his Doom. They came about Midnight, and desir'd Admittance to his Bed-side; where the Marquis of *Hallifax* inform'd him from the Prince, that

that it was dangerous to his Majesty, as well as the publick Peace, to remain in *London*; and so desired his immediate going to *Ham*, a House near it, belonging to the Dutchess of *Lauderdale*.

The King understood the Message, as well as his Danger in being refractory; therefore only desired *Ham* might be chang'd for *Rocheſter*, a Town not far from the Sea-coast of *France*, to which the Lords soon brought him the Prince's Consent; and so he was convey'd thither by Water, under a Guard of fifty *Dutchmen*, whose Officer had private Orders to let him escape afterwards to *France*.

The same Night that the King was sent thus to *Rocheſter*, the Prince of *Orange* came to *London*; where the People were so frightened with a Report spread about of some *Iriſh* Papists intending a Massacre, that he was receiv'd with Satisfaction.

The next Day he summon'd all the Lords in Town to St. *James's*, where he kept his Court; and after he had in a few Words opened the Cause of his coming, he desir'd them to consider of the fittest Means to accomplish the good Ends and Promises in his Declaration.

The Lords accordingly met next Day, where they only chose the Marquis of *Hallifax* for their Speaker, and made an Order against any Papists appearing about the House of Parliament. But on *Monday* following, Notice was brought to the Lords of the King's being escaped from *Rocheſter*, according to the before-mention'd tacit Agreement about that Matter between him and the Prince.

They all agreed also now in two Things, the most important that could be. The first was, that a Convention should be summoned by circular Letters in the Prince of *Orange's* Name, to all those Places which have a Right of choosing Members of Parliament:

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ment : And secondly, that the Prince should be desired to manage all publick Affairs, as well as the publick Moneys, in the mean Time.

This Address of the Lords, investing the Prince with almost regal Power, yet was a little perplexing ; for, as he could not but think it dangerous to dally with such an Offer : so, on the other Hand, it was not very safe to accept it, without the Approbation of the Commons also.

The Difficulty lay in this ; that he could have that Approbation neither formally, nor plainly, without first assembling a Parliament ; which yet itself alone was so great an Act of Sovereignty, that to call it by the Lords Advice only, was in a Manner accepting the regal Power from them.

He was advised in this, for a good Expedient was resolved on. He replied, that he would consider of their Address : and in the mean Time assembled at St. James's all those in Town who had been Members of King *Charles's* two last Parliaments ; together with the Lord Mayor, Court of Aldermen, and fifty Representatives of the Common-Council ; whom he desired to consider the Necessity of coming presently to some good Resolution.

Accordingly they all went to *Westminster* next Day, where in the usual House of Commons (choosing Mr. *Powel* for their Speaker) they imitated the Lords, in making exactly the same Address.

As soon as they had thus publicly address'd to the Prince, and every Man had privately adjusted his own Conditions with him ; both Houses dissolved themselves, in order to go into their several Countries to influence the approaching Election of that Convention which was to settle all Things.

The Pretensions of the Princess of *Denmark* were easily accommodated : For, since the Lord *Churchill* (who

(who governed that Family) was like to be highly favoured in this Reign, therefore, the Prince had no more to do but to promise the Princess a great Pension by a Settlement in Parliament; which being in present Money, and enough to keep her Court in Splendor, was then thought an Equivalent to three Kingdoms in Reversion.

The House of Commons was the most unanimous in new Courtship, and therefore it was thought wisest to begin this great Business there; from whence they sent up to the Lords this following Vote, "that the King, by having broken the Original Contract, and by having withdrawn himself out of the Kingdom, had abdicated the Government, and so the Throne was become vacant." The House of Lords concurr'd, and the Prince of *Orange* was elected King, and the Princess Queen of *England*.

By which we observe, that it seem'd that a sacerdotal Star did not rule at Mr. *Pope's* Birth, for the Hopes of the Papist Families lessened from this Time, and many were induc'd through interested or other Views, to come over to the Protestant Interest; but Mr. *Pope's* Father and Mother being so very hearty and indeed honest Papists, that he knew no such Thing as his swerving from their Faith, would have broke their Hearts, and no Son ever lov'd Parents more tenderly than he did; when he speaks or writes about them a certain filial Regard is seen ripe as Manhood, but at the same Time soft as Infancy; it does not appear that ever he did one Thing to disoblige them, and they also were doatingly fond of him, who in his Infancy called for much Care, continually sick almost, and when well, weak, and in Danger from every little Accident to relapse into former Disorders: His Mother liv'd to a very great Age, being more than 93; she died on the seventh of *June*, 1733,

and Mr. *Pope* according to a Resolution before form'd, had her Picture drawn after she was dead, by the famous Mr. *Richardson*, the Letter which he wrote him from *Twickenham* bearing Date the tenth of *June*, has something remarkably expressive in it, an unruffled and calm Grief, considerate Sorrow, and great Love.

Dear Sir,

AS I know you and I mutually desire to see one another, I hoped that this Day our Wishes would have met, and brought you hither. And this for the very Reason which might possibly hinder your coming, that my poor Mother is dead. I thank God, her Death was as easy, as her Life was innocent; and as it cost her not a Groan, or even a Sigh, there is yet upon her Countenance such an Expression of Tranquility, nay almost of Pleasure, that it is even amiable to behold it. It would afford the finest Image of a Saint expir'd, that ever Painting drew; and it would be the greatest Obligation which even that obliging Art could ever bestow on a Friend, if you could come and sketch it for me. I am sure, if there be no very prevalent Obstacle, you will leave any common Business to do this; and I hope to see you this Evening as late as you will, or Tomorrow Morning as early, before this Winter-flower is faded. I will defer her Interment till Tomorrow Night. I know you love me, or I cou'd not have written this—I could not (at this Time) have written at all—
Adieu! May you die as happily!

Your affectionate Friend and Servant,

A. POPE.

After the Death of his Father and Mother, it was too late in Life for Mr. *Pope* to leave a Profession of that

that Faith which he had long been in, of which some People were in Expectation, as he had at Times shewn great Moderation, and openly confess'd that he was

Papist nor Protestant but both between,
Like good *Erasmus* in an honest Mean.

For which and other like Declarations he was severely censured by the holy *Vandals*, and had Sentences pass'd upon him, which he did not fail to remember, and gave in Return, that he thought himself not affected by it, and that he believ'd that the best Service that could be done to true Religion, was openly to express a Detestation and Scorn of those mean Artifices and *Piæ Fraudes*, which it stands so little in Need of.

Another Thing which was very odious to him, was that peremptory and uncharitable Assertion of an utter *Impossibility* of *Salvation* to all but Papists, invincible Ignorance excepted, which would introduce almost universal Damnation; for besides the small Number suppos'd faithful in the *Romish* Church, they must again subdivide; the *Jansenist* is damn'd by the *Jesuit*, the *Jesuit* by the *Jansenist*, the *Scotist* by the *Thomist*, and so forth; this he ascribes to their Want of Humility and Charity, from whence it proceeds, for St. *Austen* finely says, *Where there's Charity, there's Humility, and where Humility is, there is Peace.*

Of these Things Mr. *Pope* had considered much, it being customary for him to walk in warm fine Nights, wholly for the Sake of Contemplation, one Set of such Reflections he confesses to: I have been (says he) just taking a solitary Walk by Moon-shine, full of Reflection on the Transitory Nature of all human Delights; and giving my Thoughts a Loose in the

Contemplation of those Satisfaction which probably we may hereafter taste in the Company of separate Spirits, when we shall range the Walks above, and perhaps gaze on this World at as vast a Distance as we now do on those Worlds. The Pleasures we are to enjoy in that Conversation must undoubtedly be of a nobler Kind, and (not unlikely) may proceed from the Discoveries each shall communicate to another, of God and Nature; for the Happiness of Minds can surely be nothing but Knowledge.

The highest Gratification we receive here from Company is Mirth, which at the best is but a fluttering unquiet Motion, that beats about the Breast for a few Moments, and after leaves it void and empty. Keeping good Company, even the best, is but a shameless Art of losing Time. What we here call Science and Study, are little better: The greater Number of Arts to which we apply ourselves are meer groping in the Dark; and even the Search of our most important Concerns in a future Being, is but a needless, anxious, and uncertain Haste to be knowing, sooner than we can, what without all this Sollicitude we shall know a little later. We are but curious Impertinents in the Case of Futurity. 'Tis not our Business to be guessing what the State of Souls shall be, but to be doing what may make our own State happy; we cannot be knowing, but we can be virtuous.

As this is my Notion of a great Part of that high Science, Divinity, I lay no mighty Strefs upon the rest. Even of my darling Poetry I really make no other Use, than Horses of the Bells that gingle about their Ears (tho' now and then they toss their Heads as if they were proud of them) only to jog on, a little more merrily.

I remark, that the Variety of Opinions in Politics or Religion is often rather a Gratification, than an Objection, to People who have Sense enough to consider the beautiful Order of Nature in her Variations. I think it a generous Thought, that it is not improbable but God may be delighted with the various Methods of worshipping him, which divide the whole World. I am pretty sure I should make no good Inquisitor to the modern Tyrants in Faith: I as little fear God will damn a Man that has Charity, as I hope that any Priest can save him without it, &c.

In the latter Part of Mr. Pope's Time, he pass'd it much in this Manner, for Reading and Writing, for which he had still the greatest Relish, grew painful to him, his Eyes became weak and dim, with so great Application to Study, and Sorrow for his Mother, which, when in her last Illness, was without Intermission: In this Circumstance, to a Friend he says thus: *I am unfeignedly tired of the World, and receive nothing to be called Pleasure in it, equivalent to countervail either the Death of one I have long liv'd with, or of one I have so long liv'd for: I have nothing left but to turn my Thoughts to one Comfort, the last we usually think of, tho' the only one in Wisdom we should depend upon, in such a disappointing Place as this: I sit in her Room, and she is always present before me, but when I sleep. I wonder I am so well; I have shed many Tears, but now weep at nothing.*

One capable of describing the Passions as he was able to do, must certainly feel them himself very strongly, more especially one, which he had been feeding all his Life-time, no other Tie of Friendship or Affection but what immediately submitted to this filial Love. How strange would it have seem'd to that Mother to hear, that there were in the World Women, who without any Offence, but some trifling

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Variety of Disposition, could withdraw all maternal Regard from their Children, and how shocking, if any Thing like Cruelty or Hate appeared in a Breast made to nourish and sustain.

What must Mr. *Pope* feel at the Examples of Disobedience and Want of due Regard in Children, certainly more Horror and Dislike than ever he express'd, or perhaps more than can be express'd; as to the First, the *unnatural Mother*, this Age afforded a new Instance of Cruelty to a Son, and in Mr. *Pope*, Kindness to one us'd with the utmost Barbarity, and deliver'd to Shame, and the Storms of the World, and Abuses arising from bad Examples: For *Anne*, Countess of *Macclesfield*, when great with Child, openly declared herself an Adulteress. and that the Child was begotten by the Earl *Rivers*, so that the Earl of *Macclesfield* applied to the Parliament, and obtained an Act by which his Marriage was dissolv'd, totally made void and null, and the Children of his Wife made illegitimate; on their Separation her Fortune, which was very large, was repaid, and in a short Time she married Colonel *Bret*.

In the Time that the Earl of *Macclesfield* was prosecuting this Affair, his Lady was delivered of a Son, and the Earl *Rivers* considering him as his own, justified the Sincerity of the Declaration of the Countess, by giving him his Name, and causing it by his own Direction to be inserted in the Register of St. *Andrew Holbourn*.

This Mr. *Richard Savage* became (why, is impossible to guess) the Hatred of his Mother, who was now only Mrs. *Brett*: She committed him to the Hands of a poor Woman, with Orders that she should educate him as if he was her own, and never inform him who his true Parents were.

By

By the Lady *Mason's* Care, he was directed to be placed at a small Grammar-school near St. *Alban's*, where he was called by his Nurse's Name, without the least Intimation that he had a Claim to any other. While he was at School the Earl *Rivers* was taken ill, and having often enquired after this Son, had been amus'd with evasive and fallacious Answers, but now being on his Death-bed, and intending to provide for him, he demanded an Account of him in a Manner not to be diverted or denied, whereon this cruel Lady told the Earl that he was dead, and he bestowed six thousand Pounds on another Person, which he had in his Will bequeath'd to Mr. *Savage*, who, after a vain Attempt to be sent secretly to the *American* Plantations, was put out Apprentice to a Shoemaker, where the Death of his supposed Mother discovered the Truth to him, and having Knowledge of his Mother, could not obtain Permission so much as to see her, but was ordered to be excluded from her House by whomsoever he might be introduced, or what Reason soever he might give for entering it: So that he was left to great Want, and began to think of writing for the Stage, having something of a poetical Genius, but being of a loose Disposition, by reason of keeping profligate Company, if he received a little Money, he would immediately squander it away; nevertheless, Sir *Richard Steele* having espous'd his Cause, he made a Shift to live, being every Night at the Play, by the Interest of Sir *Richard*, who never deserted him till he understood that Mr. *Savage* had ridiculed him behind his Back, which was a Fault Mr. *Savage* was too guilty of, where he was most obliged: It is said Mr. *Wilks* once got him fifty Pounds from his barbarous Mother, and Mrs. *Oldfield* was so touch'd with his Misfortunes, that during her Life, she allowed him fifty Pounds a Year,

which was very regularly paid. Mr. *Wilks* too sometimes help'd him with a Benefit, but it signified nothing, the Extravagance of his Temper and Badness of his Morals, always kept him a Beggar; when he wanted Money he continued to write, and Mr. *Aaron Hill*, who was a great Friend to him, help'd to usher his Pieces and Poems into the World, and forwarded his Subscription, which tho' large, did him no Good, because he spent the Subscription as fast as it came to Hand, were it little or much.

But now Mr. *Savage* entered into an Affair that had like to have pleas'd his Mother well, who always persecuted and pursued him: He, with two others drunk, rudely rush'd into *Robinson's Coffee-House* near *Charing-Cross*, where other Company was, thrusting themselves between the Company and the Fire, and kicking down the Table, a Quarrel begun, and Mr. *Savage* drew his Sword and killed a young Gentleman, one Mr. *James Sinclair*, and wounded a Maid that would have held him; he was taken making his Escape, and he and his Companions were tried at the *Old-Bailey* and condemned; Mr. *Savage* and Mr. *Gregory*, who had Swords, guilty of Murder, and Mr. *Merchant*, who had no Sword, guilty only of Manslaughter; but Interest being made, they were with great Difficulty pardon'd, for it had been insinuated to the Queen, by the Adulteress his Mother (tho' wickedly and falsely) that he once rush'd into her House with an Attempt to murder her.

He was once again at Liberty, but in no Way to live, and having tried all Ways with his Mother on the tender Side, he now began to threaten to harraß her with Lampoons, and publish a Narrative of her
Con-

Conduct, unless she would allow him some Assignment.

This Expedient prov'd successful, for Lord *Tyrconnel*, upon his Promise to lay aside that Design, received him into his Family, and engag'd to allow him two hundred Pounds a Year; but he, by his disorderly Life, and by introducing very improper Company, at very improper Times, forfeited all this, and now it was that he began to find Compassion and Assistance from Mr. *Pope*, who considered the Circumstances of his Birth, being born in Wedlock, and however strange and extravagant his Actions might many of them have been, yet possibly great Part of those might be owing to the bad Company his exceeding low Circumstances oftentimes obliged him to keep, and the Want of those Means which were requisite to introduce him where good Examples were ofteneft to be met. Mov'd by these Considerations, Mr. *Pope* assisted him in his Necessity, and was the Cause that others did: When observe his Indiscretion! He signs a Letter to the Right Hon. the Earl of *Middlesex*, in which he says, that the Species of bad Poets in the *Bathos*, were set down at Random, and as the Letter regards something of the *Dunciad*, we shall copy it.

My LORD,
THAT elegant Taste in Poetry, which is hereditary to your Lordship, together with that particular Regard, with which you honour the Author to whom these Papers relate, make me imagine this Collection will not be unpleasing to you. And I may presume to say, the Pieces themselves are such as are not unworthy your Lordship's Patronage, my own Part in it excepted. I speak only of the *Author to be let*, having no Title to any other, not even the small

small ones out of the Journals. May I be permitted to declare (to the End I may seem not quite so unworthy of your Lordship's Favour, as some Writers of my *Age* and *Circumstances*) that I never was concerned in any Journals. I ever thought the exorbitant Liberty, which most of those Papers take with their Superiors, unjustifiable in any Rank of Men; but detestable in such who do it merely for Hire, and without even the bad Excuse of *Passion* or *Resentment*. On the contrary, being once inclined, upon some advantageous Proposals, to enter into a Paper of another Kind, I immediately desisted, on finding admitted into it (tho' as the Publisher told me purely by an Accident) two or three Lines reflecting on a great Minister. Were my Life ever so unhappy, it should not be stain'd with a Conduct, which my Birth at least (tho' neither my *Education* nor good *Fortune*) should set me above, much less with any Ingratitude to that noble Person, to whose Intercession (next to his Majesty's Goodness) I owe in a great Measure that *Life itself*.

——— *Nec si miserum Fortuna Sinonem
Finxit, vanum etiam mendacemque improba finget.*

I believe your Lordship will pardon this Digression, or any other which keeps me from the Stile, you so much hate, of Dedication.

I will not pretend to display those rising Virtues in your Lordship, which the next Age will certainly know without my Help, but rather relate (what else it will as certainly be ignorant of) the History of these Papers, and the Occasion which produced the *War of the Dances*, (for so it has been called) which begun in the Year 1727, and ended in 1730.

When Dr. *Swift* and Mr. *Pope* thought it proper, for Reasons specified in the Preface to their *Miscellanies*,

lanies, to publish such little Pieces of theirs as had casually got abroad, there was added to them the Treatise of the *Bathos*, or the *Art of sinking in Poetry*. It happened that in one Chapter of this Piece, the several Species of bad Poets were ranged into Classes, to which were prefix'd almost all the Letters of the Alphabet (the greatest Part of them at Random) but such was the Number of Poets eminent in *that Art*, that some one or other took every Letter to himself: All fell into so violent a Fury, that for half a Year, or more, the common *News-Papers* (in most of which they had some Property, as being *hired Writers*) were filled with the most abusive Falshoods and Scurilities they could possibly devise. A Liberty no Way to be wondered at in those People, and in those Papers, that, for many Years during the uncontroll'd Liberty of the Press, had aspersed almost all the great *Characters* of the Age; and this with Impunity, their own *Persons* and *Names* being utterly secret and obscure.

This gave Mr. *Pope* the Thought, that he had now an Opportunity of doing Good, by detecting and dragging into Light these common Enemies of Mankind; since to *invalidate* this universal Slander, it sufficed to shew what contemptible Men were the Authors of it. He was not without Hopes, that by manifesting the Dulness of those who had only Malice to recommend them, either the Booksellers would not find their Account in employing them, or the Men themselves when discovered, want Courage to proceed in so unlawful an Occupation. This it was that gave Birth to the *Dunciad*, and he thought it an Happiness, that by the late Flood of Slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar Right over their *Names* as was necessary to this Design.

On

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On the 12th of *March* 1729, at *St. James's*, that Poem was presented to the King and Queen (who had before been pleased to read it) by the Right Honourable Sir *Robert Walpole*: And some Days after the whole Impression was taken and dispersed by several Noblemen and Persons of the first Distinction.

It is certainly a true Observation, that no People are so impatient of Censure as those who are the greatest Slanderers: Which was wonderfully exemplified on this Occasion. On the Day the Book was first vended, a Crowd of Authors besieged the Shop; Entreaties, Advices, Threats of Law, and Battery, nay Cries of Treason were all employed to hinder the coming out of the *Dunciad*: On the other Side the Booksellers and Hawkers made as great Effort to procure it: What could a few poor Authors do against so great a Majority as the Publick? There was no stopping a Torrent with a Finger, so out it came.

Many ludicrous Circumstances attended it: The Dunces (for by this Name they were called) held weekly Clubs to consult of Hostilities against the Author; one wrote a Letter to a great Minister, Mr. *Pope* was the greatest Enemy the Government had; and another brought his Image in Clay, to execute him in Effigy; with which sad Sort of Satisfaction the Gentlemen were a little comforted.

Some false Editions of the Book having an Owl in their Frontispiece, the true one, to distinguish it, fixed in its stead an Ass laden with Authors. Then another surreptitious one being printed with the same Ass, the new Edition in Octavo returned for Distinction to the Owl again. Hence arose a great Contest of Booksellers against Booksellers, and Advertisements against Advertisements; for some recommending the *Edition of the Owl*, and others the *E-*
dition

dition of the As; by which Names they came to be distinguished, to the great Honour also of the Gentlemen of the *Dunciad*.

Your Lordship will not think these Particulars altogether unentertaining; nor are they impertinent, since they clear some Passages in the following Collection. The Whole cannot but be of some Use, to shew the *different Spirit* with which good and bad Authors have ever *acted*, as well as *written*; and to evince a Truth, a greater than which was never advanced, that—

“ *Each bad Author is as bad a Friend.* ”

However, the Imperfection of this Collection cannot but be owned, as long as it wants that Poem, with which you, my Lord, have honour'd the Author of the *Dunciad*; but which I durst not presume to add in your Absence. As it is, may it please your Lordship to accept of it, as a distant Testimony, with what Respect and Zeal I am,

My LORD,

Your most obedient,

and devoted Servant,

R. SAVAGE.

Even this abominable Blunder (which he never knew how to excuse, but by saying *he did it without thinking*, was wink'd at by Mr. Pope; a Thing not very common with him.

The Friendship even to Partiality shown to him by the greatest Poet of the Age, consequently drew on him the Malice and weak Rage of the little Writers, who had appear'd in Opposition to Mr. Pope's Poetry, and good Taste; but the good Opinion he had conceiv'd of Mr. Savage was more worth, than to be lost for the Praise of them all put together.

That

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That Mr. *Pope* may not appear to have bestow'd his Pity and Bounty upon a Person wholly undeserving, Mr. *Savage* was a very good Critick and a middling Poet: His Poem of the *Bastard* gain'd him a considerable Reputation, and some other Pieces had the good Fortune to please; so that on the Death of Mr. *Eusden* he made all possible Interest to obtain the Place of Poet-Laureat, which the King publicly declar'd his Intention of bestowing on him; but the Lord Chamberlain (it being in his Gift) not knowing the King's Mind, bestow'd the Laurel on Mr. *Cibber*.

Thus disappointed, he took a Resolution of applying to the Queen, that having once given him Life she would enable him to support it; and therefore publish'd a short Poem on her Birth-day, and call'd it the *Volunteer Laureat*, which succeeding to his Intention was the Means of Fifty Pounds *per Ann.* being paid to him, as long as the Queen liv'd. In this Poem, among others, are the following Lines:

Two Fathers join'd to rob my Claim of one!
My Mother too thought fit to have no Son!
The Senate next, whose Aid the Helpless own,
Forgot my Infant Wrongs, and mine alone!
Yet Parents pitiless, nor Peers unkind,
Nor Titles lost, nor Woes mysterious join'd,
Strip me of Hope—by Heav'n thus lowly laid,
To find a *Pharoah's* Daughter in the Shade.

You cannot hear unmov'd, when Wrongs implore,
Your Heart is Woman, tho' your Mind be more;
Kind, like the Pow'r who gave you to our Pray'rs,
You would not lengthen Life to sharpen Cares:
They who a barren Leave to live bestow,
Snatch but from Death to sacrifice to Woe.

Hated

Hated by her from whom my Life I drew,
Whence should I hope, if not from Heav'n and you?
Nor dare I groan beneath Affliction's Rod,
My Queen, my Mother; and my Father, God.

And every Year as long as the Queen liv'd, he, by her Command, address'd a Poem to her of this Nature; he being sure of the Pay took little Care about his Verses, and some of his future Performances were mean enough, so bad that he was ashamed of them, and seldom printed more than what were just proper to be seen at Court.

His Pension as soon as receiv'd was spent, and he in a very short Time in all his former Distress, lodging mostly by Accident; sometimes in Cellars and sometimes on a Bulk in the Summer; or in the Winter, with his Associates in Poverty among the Ashes of a Glass-House.

Through Mis'ry leads to Fortitude and Truth,
Unequal to the Load this languid Youth,
(O! let none censure if untried by Grief,
Or amidst Woes untempted by Relief.)
He stoop'd, reluctant, to mean Acts of Shame,
Which then, ev'n then, he scorn'd, and blush'd to name.

These are his own Lines in the Poem call'd the *Wanderer*, and possibly might be a Reflection on himself in a cool Hour.

Thus liv'd Mr. *Savage*, in Expectation of promised Places, which however never were made good to him, but he continued to be only the Volontier-Laureat; and the Queen dying, even that was taken from him and his Pension suspended, the Bounty of the Queen at last withdrawn from him, and from him only.

He

He made his Distress known to Mr. *Pope*, who being acquainted with the Profuseness and Irregularity of his Temper, advis'd him to consent, on a Subscription from a certain Number of Gentlemen, for Fifty Pounds *per Ann.* to retire into *Wales*, there to live privately in a cheap Place, without aspiring any more or tampering with Courts, and Mr. *Pope* himself subscrib'd Twenty Pounds *per Ann.* towards it.

He left *London* in *July* 1739, being furnish'd by his Friends with Fifteen Guineas, and by them inform'd that such a Sum would be sufficient, not only for the Expence of his Journey, but for his small Expences in *Wales* for some Time. He went away in the Stage-Coach, his Friends desiring to hear from him when he arriv'd at *Swansea*, (the Place nam'd for him) and not before.

But when they least expected, arriv'd a Letter dated the fourteenth Day after his Departure, in which he sent them Word, that he was yet upon the Road and without Money; and that he therefore could not proceed without a Remittance. They then sent him the Money that was in their Hands, with which he was enabled to reach *Bristol*, from whence he was to go to *Swansea* by Water.

At *Bristol* he found an Embargo laid upon the Shipping, so that he could not immediately obtain a Passage; and being therefore obliged to stay there some Time, he, with his usual Felicity, ingratiated himself with many of the principal Inhabitants, was invited to their Houses, distinguish'd at their publick Feasts, and treated with a Regard that gratify'd his Vanity, and therefore easily engag'd his Affection.

He began very early after his Retirement to complain of the Conduct of his Friends in *London*, and irritated many of them so much by his Letters, that they withdrew their Contributions; and it is believ'd,
that

that little more was paid him than the Twenty Pounds a-Year, which were allow'd him by Mr. Pope, who propos'd the Subscription.

After some Stay at *Bristol* he retir'd to *Swansea*, the Place *originally* design'd for his Residence, where he liv'd about a Year, very much dissatisfied with the Diminution of his Salary.

Here he compleated his Tragedy of *Sir Thomas Overbury*, of which two Acts were wanting when he left *London*, and was desirous of coming to Town to bring it upon the Stage. This Design was very warmly opposed, and he was advis'd by his chief Benefactor to put it into the Hands of Mr. *Thomson* and Mr. *Mallet*, that it might be fitted for the Stage, and to allow his Friends to receive the Profits, out of which an annual Pension should be paid him.

This Proposal he rejected with the utmost Contempt. He was by no Means convinc'd that the Judgment of those to whom he was required to submit, was superior to his own, and in a short Time afterwards he form'd a Resolution of leaving that Part of the Country.

He broke off all Correspondence with most of his Contributors, and more frequently reproach'd his Subscribers for not giving him more, than thank'd them for what he receiv'd; and grew petulant and contemptuous. Certainly he was reduc'd to live on a very little, and reflected with great Discontent on the sumptuous Fare and fine Company, he at Times us'd in *London* to partake of and with; not considering, that the Fate of much greater Poets than he could ever pretend to have been, was oftentimes to have been neglected in their Wants and Distresses, and seldom or ever to meet with such frequent Reliefs as he himself had met with: Nor is any Thing so precarious as the Favours of the Great; when

they advance they advance slowly, and when they retire they retire fast. To this Purpose Mr. *Pope* had oftentimes reason'd with him, and gave him into his Hand, under Pretence of desiring him to copy them, some Verses he had in the Year 1729 receiv'd from Dean *Swift*, which were call'd, *Verses to Dr. Delany, occasioned by his Epistle to his Excellency, John Lord Carteret.*

DELUDED Mortals, whom the Great
 Chuse for Companions *tete a tete* ;
 Who at their Dinners, *en famille*,
 Get Leave to sit whene'r you will ;
 Then boasting tell us where you din'd,
 And, how his *Lordship* was so kind ;
 How many pleasant Things he spoke,
 And, how you laugh'd at ev'ry Joke :
 Swear he's a most facetious Man ;
 That you and he are *Cup and Cann.*
 You travel with a heavy Load,
 And quite mistake *Preferment's* Road.
 Suppose my *Lord* and you alone ;
 Hint the least Int'rest of your own ;
 His Visage drops, he knits his Brow,
 He cannot talk of Bus'ness now :
 Or mention but a vacant *Post*,
 He'll turn it off with, *Name your Toast.*
 Nor could the nicest Artist paint,
 A Countenance with more Constraint.
 For, as their Appetites to quench,
 Lords keep a Pimp to bring a Wench ;
 So, Men of Wit are but a Kind
 Of Pandars to a vicious Mind ;
 Who proper Objects must provide
 To gratify their Lust of Pride,

When

When weary'd with Intrigues of State,
They find an idle Hour to prate.
Then, should you dare to ask a Place,
You forfeit all your Patron's Grace,
And disappoint the sole Design,
For which he summon'd you to dine.

Thus, *Congreve* spent, in writing Plays,
And one poor Office, half his Days:
While *Montague*, who claim'd his Station
To be *Mecænas* of the Nation,
For Poets open Table kept,
But ne'er consider'd where they slept:
Himself, as rich as fifty Jews;
Was easy, though they wanted Shoes;
And, crazy *Congreve* scarce cou'd spare
A Shilling to discharge his Chair;
Till Prudence taught him to appeal
From *Pæan's* Fire to Party Zeal;
Not owing to his happy Vein
The Fortunes of his latter Scene;
Took proper Principles to thrive;
And so might every *Dunce* alive.

Thus, *Steel* who own'd what others writ,
And flourish'd by imputed Wit,
From Perils of a hundred Jayls,
Withdrew to starve, and die in *Wales*.

Thus *Gay*, the * *Hare* with many Friends,
Twice sev'n long Years, the Court attends:
Who, under Tales conveying Truth,
To Virtue form'd a princely Youth:
Who paid his Courtship with the Croud,
As far as *modish* Pride allow'd;
Rejects a servile *Usher's* Place,
And leaves St. *James's* sin Disgrace,

U 2 Thus

* See his Fables.

Thus *Addison*, by Lords carest,
 Was left in foreign Lands distrest;
 Forgot at home, become for Hire,
 A trav'ling Tutor to a *Squire*.
 But, wisely left the *Muses* Hill:
 To Bus'ness shap'd the *Poet's* Quill,
 Let all his barren Lawrels fade;
 Took up himself the *Courtier's* Trade:
 And grown a *Minister of State*,
 Saw Poets at his Levee wait.

Hail happy *Pope*, whose gen'rous Mind,
 Detesting all the Statesman Kind!
 Contemning *Courts*, at *Courts* unseen,
 Refus'd the Visits of a Queen;
 A Soul with ev'ry Virtue fraught,
 By *Sages*, *Priests*, or *Poets* taught:
 Whose filial Piety excels
 Whatever *Grecian* Story tells;
 A Genius for all Stations fit,
 Whose *meanest Talent* is his *Wit*:
 His Heart too great, though Fortune little,
 To lick a *Rascal Statesman's* Spittle;
 Appealing to the Nation's Taste,
 Above the Reach of Want is plac'd:
 By *Homer* dead was taught to thrive,
 Which *Homer* never cou'd alive:
 And sits aloft on *Pindus* Head,
 Despising *Slaves* that cringe for Bread.

True *Politicians* only pay
 For solid *Work*, but not for *Play*;
 Nor ever chuse to work with Tools
 Forg'd up in *Colleges* and *Schools*.
 Consider how much more is due
 To all their *Journeymen*, than you.
 At Table you can *Horace* quote;
 They at a Pinch can bribe a Vote:

You shew your Skill in *Grecian* Story,
But they can manage *Whig* and *Tory*:
You, as a *Critick*, are so curious
To find a Verse in *Virgil* spurious;
But, they can smoke the deep Designs,
When *Bolinbroke* with *Pult'ney* dines.

Besides, your Patron may upbraid ye,
That you have got a *Place* already:
An Office for your Talents fit,
To flatter, carve, and shew your Wit;
To snuff the Lights and stir the Fire,
And get a *Dinner* for your Hire.
What Claim have you to *Place* or *Pension*?
He overpays in Condescension.

But, Rev'rend *Doctor*, you, we know,
Cou'd never condescend so low:
The *Vice Roy*, whom you now attend
Wou'd, if he durst, be more your Friend:
Nor will in *you* those Gifts despise,
By which himself was taught to rise;
When he has Virtue to retire,
He'll grieve he did not raise you higher,
And place you in a better Station,
Although it might have pleas'd the Nation.

This may be true—submitting still
To *W*—— more than Royal Will.
And what Condition can be worse?
He comes to drain a *Beggar's Purse*:
He comes to tie our Chains on faster,
And shew us *England* is our Master:
Careless Knaves, and Dunces wooing,
To make them work their own undoing.
What has he else to bait his Traps,
Or bring his *Vermin* in, but *Scraps*?
The Offals of a *Church* distrest,
A hungry *Vicarage* at best;

Or, some remote inferior *Post*,
With Forty Pounds a Year at most.

But, here again you interpose :
Your favourite *Lord* is none of those,
Who owe their Virtues to their Stations,
And Characters to Dedications :
For keep him in, or turn him out,
His *Learning* none will call in Doubt :
His *Learning*, though a *Poet* said it,
Before a Play, would lose no Credit :
Nor POPE wou'd dare deny him Wit,
Although to praise it PHILLIPS writ.
I own, he hates an Action base,
His *Virtues* battling with his *Place* ;
Nor wants a nice discerning Spirit,
Betwixt a true and spurious Merit :
Can sometimes drop a *Voter's* Claim,
And give up Party to his Fame.
I do the most that *Friendship* can ;
I hate the *Vice Roy*, love the *Man*.

But, you, who till your Fortune's made
Must be a *Sweet'ner* by your Trade,
Shou'd swear he never meant us ill ;
We suffer sore against his Will ;
That, if we could but see his Heart,
He wou'd have chose a milder Part :
We rather should lament his Case,
Who must obey, or lose his *Place*.

Since this Reflection slipt your Pen,
Insert it when you write agen :
And, to illustrate it, produce
This *Simile* for his Excuse.

“ So, to destroy a guilty Land,
“ An *Angel* sent by *Heav'n's* Command,
“ While he obeys *Almighty Will*,
“ Perhaps, may feel *Compassion* still ;

“ And

“ And with the Task had been assign’d
 “ To *Spirits* of less gentle Kind.”

But I, in *Politicks* grown old,
 Whose Thoughts are of a different Mold,
 Who, from my Soul, sincerely hate
 Both *Courts* and *Ministers* of *State*:
 Who look on *Courts* with stricter Eyes,
 To see the Seeds of *Vice* arise,
 Can lend you an Allusion fitter,
 Though *flatt’ring* *Knaves* may call it bitter:
 Which, if you durst but give it Place,
 Would shew you many a *Statesman’s* Face.
 Fresh from the *Tripod* of *Apollo*,
 I had it in the Words that follow.
 (Take Notice, to avoid Offence,
 I here except *His Excellence*.)

So, to effect his *Monarch’s* Ends,
 From *Hell* a *Viceroy* Dev’l ascends,
 His *Budget* with *Corruptions* cramm’d,
 The Contributions of the *Damn’d*;
 Which with unsparing Hand, he strows
 Through *Courts* and *Senates* as he goes;
 And then at *Beelzebub’s* *Black-Hall*,
 Complains his *Budget* was too small.

Your *Simile* may better shine
 In Verse; but there is *Truth* in mine.
 For, no imaginable Things
 Can differ more than GODS and KINGS,
 And *Statesmen*, by ten Thousand Odds,
 Are ANGELS just as KINGS are GODS.

It was these Verses that chiefly prevailed upon Mr.
Savage to retire, who had much Blame to lay upon
 himself; for had he taken a Pen and summ’d up the
 Money he had received from the World for his Wri-
 tings, his Pensions, for his Benefits and Bounties,

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and Subscriptions from the Great and Compassionate, not reckoning what a considerable Sum of Money he had had from his Friends and Acquaintance, under the Name of a Loan, he would soon have seen he had imprudently wasted that which would have supported him without his becoming obligated to any Body.

Now he was grown hateful to himself, without any Support but Mr. *Pope*, to whom he began to neglect writing, and began to look upon himself in a State of absolute Slavery.

He endeavoured, indeed, to release himself, and with an Intent to return to *London*, went to *Bristol*, where a Repetition of the Kindness which he had formerly found, invited him to stay. He was not only caressed and treated, but had a Collection made for him of about thirty Pounds, with which it had been happy if he had immediately departed for *London*; but his Negligence did not suffer him to consider, that such Proofs of Kindness were not often to be expected, and that this Ardour of Benevolence was in a great Degree, the Effect of Novelty, and might, probably, be every Day less; and, therefore, he took no Care to improve the happy Time, but was encouraged by one Favour to hope for another, till at length Generosity was exhausted.

Another Part of his Misconduct was the Practice of prolonging his Visits, to unseasonable Hours, and disconcerting all the Families into which he was admitted.

Thus Mr. *Savage*, after the Curiosity of the Inhabitants was gratified, found the Number of his Friends daily decreasing, perhaps without suspecting for what Reason their Conduct was altered, for he still continued to harass, with his nocturnal Intrusions,

ons, those that yet countenanced him, and admitted him to their Houses.

He was always full of his Design of returning to *London* to bring his Tragedy upon the Stage; but having neglected to depart with the Money that was raised for him, he could not afterwards procure a Sum sufficient to defray the Expence of his Journey; nor, perhaps, would a fresh Supply have had any other Effect, than, by putting immediate Pleasures in his Power, to have driven the Thoughts of his Journey out of his Mind.

While he was thus spending the Day in contriving a Scheme for the Morrow, Distress stole upon him by imperceptible Degrees. He now began to find every Man from home at whose House he called; and was, therefore, no longer able to procure the Necessaries of Life, but wandered about the Town slighted and neglected, in quest of a Dinner, which he did not always obtain.

To complete his Misery, he was pursued by the Officers for small Debts which he had contracted; and was, therefore, obliged to withdraw from the small Number of Friends from whom he had still Reason to hope for Favours.

Being thus excluded on one Hand, and confined on the other, he suffered the utmost Extremities of Poverty, and often fasted so long, that he was seiz'd with Faintness, and had lost his Appetite, not being able to bear the Smell of Meat, 'till the Action of his Stomach was restored by a Cordial.

In this Distress he received a Remittance of five Pounds from *London*, with which he provided himself a decent Coat, and determined to go to *London*, but unhappily spent his Money at a favourite Tavern. In this Exigence he once more found a Friend, who sheltered him in his House, though at the usual Inconvenience

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conveniences with which his Company was attended ; for he could neither be persuaded to go to Bed in the Night, nor to rise in the Day.

He had now no longer any Hopes of Assistance from his Friends at *Bristol*, who as Merchants, and by Consequence sufficiently studious of Profit, cannot be supposed to have look'd with much Compassion upon Negligence and Extravagance, or to think any Excellence equivalent to a Fault of such Consequence as Neglect of Oeconomy.

At last he quitted the House of his Friend, and returned to his Lodging at an Inn, still intending to set out in a few Days for *London*, but on the tenth of *January* 1742-3, having been at Supper with two of his Friends, he was at his Return to his Lodgings arrested for a Debt of about eight Pounds, which he owed at a Coffee-House, and conducted to the House of a Sheriff's Officer. The Account which he gives of this Misfortune in a Letter to one of the Gentlemen with whom he had supped, is too remarkable to be omitted.

“ It was not a little unfortunate for me, that I spent Yesterday's Evening with you ; because the Hour hindered me from entering on my new Lodging ; however, I have now got one ; but such an one, as I believe Nobody would chuse.

“ I was arrested at the Suit of Mrs. *Read*, just as I was going up Stairs to Bed, at Mr. *Bowyer's* ; but taken in so private a Manner, that I believe Nobody at the *White Lion* is apprized of it. Tho' I let the Officers know the Strength (or rather Weakness of my Pocket) yet they treated me with the utmost Civility, and even when they conducted me to Confinement, 'twas in such a Manner, that I verily believe I could have escaped, which I would rather be ruined than have done ; notwithstanding

“ standing the whole Amount of my Finances was
“ but three Pence halfpenny.

“ In the first Place I must insist, that you will in-
“ dustriously conceal this from Mrs. S——s; be-
“ cause I would not have her good Nature suffer that
“ Pain, which, I know, she would be apt to feel
“ on this Occasion.

“ Next I conjure you, dear Sir, by all the Ties
“ of Friendship, by no Means to have one uneasy
“ Thought on my Account; but to have the same
“ Pleasantry of Countenance and unruffled Serenity
“ of Mind, which (God be praised!) I have in this,
“ and have had in a much severer Calamity. Fur-
“ thermore, I charge you, if you value my Friend-
“ ship as truly as I do yours, *not* to utter, or
“ even harbour the least Resentment against Mrs.
“ *Read.* I believe she has ruin’d me, but I freely
“ forgive her; and (tho’ I will never more have any
“ Intimacy with her) would, at a due Distance, ra-
“ ther do her an Act of Good, than ill Will. Last-
“ ly, (pardon the Expression) I *absolutely command*
“ you not to offer me any pecuniary Assistance, nor
“ to attempt getting me any from any one of your
“ Friends. At another Time, or on any other Oc-
“ casion, you may, dear Friend, be well assured,
“ I would rather write to you in the submissive Style
“ of a Request, than that of a peremptory Com-
“ mand.

“ However, that my truly valuable Friend may
“ not think I am too proud to ask a Favour, let
“ me intreat you to let me have your Boy to attend
“ me for this Day, not only for the Sake of saving
“ me the Expence of Porters; but for the Delivery
“ of some Letters to People whose Names I would
“ not have known to Strangers.

“ The

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“ The civil Treatment I have thus far met from
 “ those, whose Prisoner I am, makes me thankful
 “ to the Almighty, that, tho’ he has thought fit to
 “ visit me (on my Birth-night) with Affliction ; yet
 “ (such is his great Goodness !) my Affliction is not
 “ without alleviating Circumstances. I murmur
 “ not, but am all Resignation to the *divine Will*.
 “ As to the World, I hope that I shall be endued
 “ by Heaven with that Presence of Mind, that se-
 “ rene Dignity in Misfortune, that constitutes the
 “ Character of a true Nobleman ; a Dignity far be-
 “ yond that of Coronets ; a Nobility arising from
 “ the just Principles of Philosophy, refined and ex-
 “ alted, by those of Christianity.”

He continued five Days at the Officer’s in Hopes
 that he should be able to procure Bail, and avoid the
 Necessity of going to Prison. The State in which
 he passed his Time, and the Treatment which he re-
 ceived, are very justly expressed by him in a Letter
 which he wrote to a Friend ; “ The whole Day,
 “ *says he*, has been employed in various People’s
 “ filling my Head with chimerical Systems, which
 “ has obliged me coolly (as far as Nature will ad-
 “ mit) to digest, and accommodate myself to, every
 “ different Persons Way of Thinking ; hurried from
 “ one wild System to another, ’till it has quite made
 “ a Chaos of my Imagination, and nothing done
 “ —Promised—disappointed—Order’d to send every
 “ Hour, from one Part of the Town to the
 “ other.”——

When his Friends, who had hitherto caressed and
 applauded, found that to give Bail and pay the Debt
 was the same, they all refused to preserve him from
 a Prison, at the Expence of eight Pounds ; and
 therefore after having been for some Time at the Of-
 ficer’s

ficer's House, at an immense Expence, as he observes in his Letter, he was at length removed to *Newgate*.

This Expence he was enabled to support, by the Generosity of Mr. *Nash* at *Bath*, who upon receiving from him an Account of his Condition, immediately sent him five Guineas, and promised to promote his Subscription at *Bath*, with all his Interest.

By his Removal to *Newgate*, he obtained at least a Freedom from Suspence, and Rest from the disturbing Vicissitudes of Hope and Disappointment; he now found that his Friends were only Companions, who were willing to share his Gaiety, but not to partake of his Misfortunes; and therefore he no longer expected any Assistance from them.

He was offered by some of his Friends that a Collection should be made for his Enlargement, but he treated the Proposal, and declared, that he should again treat it with Disdain. As to writing any Mendicant Letters, he had too high a Spirit, and determined only to write to some Ministers of State, to try to regain his Pension.

He continued to complain of those that had sent him into the Country, and objected to them, that he had lost the Profits of the Play which had been finished three Years, and in another Letter declares his Resolution to publish a Pamphlet, that the World might know how he had been used.

He was treated by Mr. *Dagg*, the Keeper of the Prison, with great Humanity; was supported by him at his own Table without any Certainty of Recompence, had a Room to himself, to which he could at any Time retire from all Disturbance, was allow'd to stand at the Door of the Prison, and sometimes taken out into the Fields; so that he suffered fewer Hardships

Hardships in the Prison, than he had been accustomed to undergo in the greatest Part of his Life.

Mr. *Savage* very frequently received Visits, and sometimes Presents from his Acquaintances, but they did not amount to a Subsistence, for the greater Part of which he was indebted to the Generosity of his Keeper; but these Favours, however they might endear to him the particular Persons, from whom he received them, were very far from impressing upon his Mind any advantageous Ideas of the People of *Bristol*, and therefore he thought he could not more properly employ himself in Prison, than in writing the following Poem.

LONDON and BRISTOL delineated.

TWO Sea-port Cities mark *Britannia's* Fame,
 And these from Commerce different Honours
 What different Honours shall the Muses pay, [claim.
 While one inspires and one untunes the Lay?
 Now silver *Isis* bright'ning flows along,
 Echoing from *Oxford's* Shore each classic Song;
 Then weds with *Tame*; and these, O *London*, see
 Swelling with naval Pride, the Pride of Thee!
 Wide deep unfullied *Thames* meand'ring glides
 And bears thy Wealth on mild majestic Tides.
 Thy Ships, with gilded Palaces that vie,
 In glitt'ring Pomp, strike wond'ring *China's* Eye;
 And thence returning bear, in splendid State,
 To *Britain's* Merchants, *India's* Eastern Freight.
India, her Treasures from her western Shores,
 Due at thy Feet, a willing Tribute pours;
 Thy warring Navies distant Nations awe,
 And bid the World obey thy righteous Law.
 Thus shine thy manly Sons of lib'ral Mind;
 Thy Change deep busied, yet as Courts refin'd;
 Councils,

Councils, like Senates that enforce Debate
With fluent Eloquence and Reason's Weight.
Whose Patriot Virtue, lawless Pow'r controuls;
Their *British* emulating *Roman* Souls.

Of these the worthiest still selected stand,
Still lead the Senate, and still save the Land:
Social, not selfish, here, O Learning trace
Thy Friends, the Lovers of all human Race!

In a dark Bottom sunk, O *Bristol* now,
With native Malice, lift thy low'ring Brow!
Then as some Hell-born Sprite, in mortal Guise,
Borrows the Shape of Goodness and belies,
All fair, all smug to yon proud Hall invite,
To feast all Strangers ape an Air polite!
From *Cambria* drain'd, or *England's* western Coast,
Not elegant yet costly Banquets boast!

Revere, or seem the Stranger to revere;
Praise, fawn, profess, be all Things but sincere;
Insidious now, our Bosom Secrets steal,
And these with sly sarcastick Sneer reveal.
Present we meet thy sneaking treach'rous Smiles;
The harmless Absent still thy Sneer reviles;
Such as in Thee all Parts superior find;
The Sneer that marks the Fool and Knave combin'd.
When melting Pity wou'd afford Relief,
The ruthless Sneer that Insult adds to Grief.

What Friendship can'st thou boast? What Honours
To thee each Stranger owes an injur'd Name. [claim?
What Smiles thy Sons must in their Foes excite?
Thy Sons to whom all Discord is Delight:
From whom eternal mutual Railing flows;
Who in each others Crimes, their own expose;
Thy Sons, tho' crafty, deaf to Wisdom's Call;
Despising all Men and despis'd by all.
Sons, while thy Clifs a Ditch-like River laves,
Rude as thy Rocks, and muddy as thy Waves;

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Of Thoughts as narrow as of Words immense;
 As full of Turbulence as void of Sense:
 Thee, thee what senatorial Souls adorn?
 Thy Natives sure wou'd prove a Senate's Scorn.
 Do Strangers deign to serve thee? What their Praise?
 Their gen'rous Services thy Murmurs raise.
 What Fiend malign, that o'er thy Air presides,
 Around from Breast to Breast inherent glides,
 And, as he glides, there scatters in a Trice
 The lurking Seeds of ev'ry rank Device?
 Let foreign Youths to thy Indentures run!
 Each, each will prove, in thy adopted Son,
 Proud, pert and dull—Tho' brilliant once from Schools,
 Will scorn all Learning's as all Virtue's Rules;
 And, tho' by Nature friendly, honest, brave,
 Turn a sly, selfish, simp'ring, sharpening Knave.
 Boast petty Courts, where 'stead of fluent Ease;
 Of cited Precedents and learned Pleas;
 'Steid of sage Council in the dubious Cause,
 Attornies chatt'ring wild, burlesque the Laws.
 So shameless Quacks, who Doctor's Rights invade,
 Of Jargon and of Poison form a Trade.
 So canting Coblers, while from Tubs they teach,
 Buffoon the Gospel they pretend to preach.
 Boast petty Courts, whence Rules new Rigour draw;
 Unknown to Nature's and to Statute Law;
 Quirks that explain all saving Rights away,
 To give the Attorney and the Catch-poll Prey.
 Is there where Law too rig'rous may descend?
 Or Charity her kindly Hand extend?
 Thy Courts that shut, when Pity wou'd redress,
 Spontaneous open to inflict Distress.
 Try Misdemeanours!—All thy Wiles employ,
 Not to chastise the Offender but destroy;
 Bid the large lawless Fine his Fate foretel;
 Bid it beyond his Crime and Fortune swell.

Cut off from Service due to kindred Blood
To private Welfare and to publick Good,
Pitied by all, but thee, he sentenc'd lies;
Imprison'd languishes, imprison'd dies,

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

Boast swarming Vessels, whose *Plæbean* State
Owes not to Merchants but Mechanicks Freight.
Boast nought but Pedlar Fleets—In War's Alarms,
Unknown to Glory, as unknown to Arms.
Boast thy base * *Tolsy*, and thy Turn-spit Dogs;
Thy † *Hallier's* Horses and thy human Hogs;
Upstarts and Mushrooms, proud, relentless Hearts;
Thou Blank of Sciences! Thou Dearth of Arts!
Such Foes as Learning once was doom'd to see;
Huns, Goths, and Vandals were but Types of Thee.

Proceed, great *Bristol*, in all-righteous Ways,
And let one Justice heighten yet thy Praise;
Still spare the Catamite, and swinge the Whore,
And be, whate'er *Gomorrhah* was before.

When he had brought this Poem to its present State, which, without considering the Chasm, is not perfect, he wrote to *London* an Account of his Design, and informed his Friend, that he was determined to print it with his Name; but enjoined him not to communicate his Intention to his *Bristol* Acquaintance. The Gentleman surpriz'd at his Resolution, endeavoured to dissuade him from publishing

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* A Place where the Merchants used to meet to transact their Affairs before the Exchange was erected.

† *Halliers* are the Persons who drive or own the Sledges, which are used here instead of Carts.

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it, at least, from prefixing his Name, and declar'd, that he could not reconcile the Injunction of Secresy with his Resolution to own it at its first Appearance. To this Mr. *Savage* returned an Answer agreeable to his Character in the following Terms.

“ I received yours this Morning and not without
 “ a little Surprize at the Contents. To answer a
 “ Question with a Question, you ask me concerning
 “ *London and Bristol, Why will I add-delineated?*
 “ Why did Mr. *Woolaston* add that Word to his Re-
 “ ligious of Nature? I suppose that it was his Will
 “ and Pleasure to add it in his Case; and it is mine
 “ to do so in my own. You are pleas'd to tell me,
 “ that you understand not, why Secresy is enjoin'd,
 “ and yet I intend to set my Name to it. My An-
 “ swer is—I have my private Reasons; which I am
 “ not oblig'd to explain to any one. You doubt,
 “ my Friend Mr. S——— would not approve of it.
 “ —And what is it to me whether he does or not?
 “ Do you imagine, that Mr. S——— is to dictate to
 “ me? If any Man who calls himself my Friend,
 “ should assume such an Air, I would spurn at his
 “ Friendship with Contempt. You say, I seem to
 “ think so by not letting him know it—And suppose
 “ I do, what then? Perhaps I can give Reasons for
 “ that Disapprobation, very foreign from what you
 “ would imagine. You go on in saying, suppose,
 “ I should not put my Name to it—My Answer is,
 “ that I will not suppose any such Thing, being de-
 “ termin'd to the contrary; neither, Sir, would I
 “ have you suppose, that I apply'd to you for Want
 “ of another Press. Nor would I have you imagine,
 “ that I owe Mr. S——— Obligations which I do
 “ not.”

Such was his Imprudence and such his obstinate
 Adherence to his own Resolutions, however absurd.

A Prisoner ! supported by Charity ! and whatever Insults he might have received during the latter Part of his Stay in *Bristol*, once caressed, esteemed, and presented with a liberal Collection, he could forget on a sudden his Danger, and his Obligations, to gratify the Petulance of his Wit, or the Eagerness of his Resentment, and publish a Satire by which he might reasonably expect, that he should alienate those who then supported him, and provoke those whom he could neither resist nor escape.

This Resolution, from the Execution of which, it is probable, that only his Death could have hindered him, is sufficient to shew, how much he disregarded all Considerations that opposed his present Passions, and how readily he hazarded all future Advantages for any immediate Gratifications. Whatever was his predominant Inclination, neither Hope nor Fear hinder'd him from complying with it; nor had Opposition any other Effect than to heighten his Ardour and irritate his Vehemence.

This Performance was however laid aside, while he was employed in soliciting Assistance from several great Persons, and one Interruption succeeding another hindered him from supplying the Chasm, and perhaps from retouching the other Parts, which he can hardly be imagined to have finished, in his own Opinion; for it is very unequal, and some of the Lines are rather inserted to rhyme to others than to support or improve the Sense.

He had now quite ceas'd from corresponding with any of his Subscribers except Mr. *Pope*, and seldom with him, tho' he continued to remit him the twenty Pounds a Year he had promised him, and by whom it was expected, that he would have been in a very short Time enlarged, because he had directed the Keeper to enquire after the State of his Debts.

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When he had been six Months in Prison, he receiv'd a Letter from Mr. *Pope*, who had heard something of him, as to the Freedom of his Speech concerning his Subscribers, and something particularly regarding himself, which, if true, was totally unbecoming the Mouth of Mr. *Savage*; this Letter contained a Charge of a very atrocious Ingratitude, and was drawn up in Terms, that shew'd it was dictated by the strong Resentment of Mr. *Pope*, and in his most unforgiving Way. Mr. *Savage* in Return sent a very solemn Protestation of his Innocence, declaring it impossible for him to have been guilty, and at the same Time confessing himself much hurt and disturb'd by the Accusation, and so he really was: For before any Reply could come to his humble Letter, wherein he so earnestly begg'd Mr. *Pope* to believe him innocent of the Crime he stood charg'd with: still appearing more and more concern'd, he was seiz'd with a Pain in his Back and Side, not very violent but constant, and growing every Day more languid and dejected, he took to his Room, where he confin'd himself, and where the bad Symptoms grew every Day more formidable, and his Condition did not enable him to procure any the least Assistance: After six Days he was found dead in the Morning of the first of *August*, and was buried in the Church Yard of St. *Peter*, at the Expence of the Keeper.

If he had liv'd a little longer, Mr. *Pope* intended to have set him at Liberty, and was laying a Scheme (for he seem'd willing to believe his Protestations) to provide for him in a Way which would not have been displeasing to him; he had been like a Rent-charge to Mr. *Pope* for several Years, to which he was induc'd by nothing but Compassion. As for Mr. *Savage's* Mother, when the News of his Death reach'd her Ear, she express'd such cruel Joy, and spoke

spoke in such contra-natural and monstrous Terms, that Mr. *Pope* gave her an Epithet, when it was retold him, which Decency forbids us to repeat here, tho' she deserv'd it.

To this Instance of Mr. *Pope's* Compassion and Generosity many more might be added, tho' it cannot be denied that he was of a Temper easily provok'd, and not soon brought to any Terms of Reconciliation. But I shall leave discoursing on this Head, to make Way for a Subject of greater Importance, and well worthy the most serious Attention and Consideration.

It will be observed in the foregoing Sheets, I did but lightly touch on Mr. *Pope's Ethics*, thinking it a Field too large for me to enter in and pass gradually through; but I have been since given to understand, that it is positively expected of me, and that to drop it so would be in a Manner overlooking the most considerable of Mr. *Pope's* Works, and what better than any Thing else can discover the *Recesses* of his Mind; for having wrote them several Years before his Death, and considered them also many Years before their Publication, he had not seen Reason to alter one Sentiment, or be mov'd with any Arguments which were ever urg'd against it, so that they are to be look'd upon as his philosophical Creed, and first what he thinks of the Nature and State of Man with Respect to the Universe:

Say first of God above, or Man below,
What can we reason but from what we know?

Than which nothing can be more just; nay, should we attempt to discourse of Things concerning which we know nothing, which is too often the Case, such unprofitable Waste of the Understanding, is hardly worthy to be called Reason: When I discours'd of

Mr. Pope as a Satirist, I did not think it foreign to the Subject, to compare him with Mr. Dryden, to whom he was very much obliged, and like an honest Person who has receiv'd a Benefit, fails not to acknowledge it: Now let us see whether the Parallel will not hold good in Philosophy; nay, were it wanting in Religion it might be supplied, for Mr. Dryden died a Papist; but before the last Change of his Religion, he wrote a Sort of *An Essay on Man*, but called it *Religio Laici*, in which are many Arguments and Assertions nearly resembling those in Mr. Pope's *Ethicks*. Who in his first Epistle says:

Of Man, what see we but his Station here,
 From which to reason, or to which refer?
 Thro' Worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
 'Tis ours to trace him, only in our own;
 He who thro' vast Immensity can pierce,
 See Worlds on Worlds compose one Universe,
 Observe how System into System runs,
 What other Planets, and what other Suns:
 What vary'd Being peoples ev'ry Star:
 May tell, why Heaven made all Things as they are.
 But of this Frame the Bearings, and the Ties,
 The strong Connections, nice Dependencies,
 Gradations just, has thy pervading Soul
 Look'd thro'? Or can a Part contain the Whole?
 Is the great Chain that draws all to agree,
 And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?

In these Lines and the two first quoted, Mr. Pope conceals, or but faintly shows, the narrow Limits of human Knowledge; it is the same as if he had said, *though you should be ever so anxious to know the Reasons for the Nature of Things, it is an absolute Impossibility; for though the Deity inhabits all Space and*
all

all Substance, Man can only see him in the human Mind, and the external Objects that surround him, the only Matter that Mind has to work upon.

This is design'd to obviate the Question of *Why are these Things so?* And support Mr. Pope's great Argument, THAT WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT. This, Mr. Warburton a Commentator on these *E-thicks*, says has been misunderstood; for (says the Reverend Commentator) the dull Breath of Malice has attempted to defile its Purity, and by staining it with the black Imputation of FATALISM, to tarnish every Virtue it reflected—In the Name of PAUL, what shall deliver us from the Body of this Fate?—I answer, the Religion of JESUS. Thus far the learned Expositor. It is known, that from the Beginning of Christianity, a great Body of the Professors of it have been Fatalists, that as many Books have been wrote by Christians on this Argument, as perhaps would take up a Man's Life-time to read; that St. Paul himself declares, *whom he did foreknow, them he did predestinate*—and next Verse, moreover, *whom he did predestinate, them he also called: And whom he called, them he also justified: And whom he justified, them he also glorified:* And in the next Chapter yet more fully; *for the Children not being yet born, neither having done either Good or Evil, that the Purpose of God according to Election might stand, not of Works, but of him that calleth; it was said the Elder shall serve the Younger, as it is written, Jacob have I lov'd but Esau have I hated. For he saith to Moses, I will have Mercy on whom I will have Mercy, and I will have Compassion on whom I will have Compassion—For the Scripture saith to Pharaoh, for this Cause have I raised thee up—Therefore hath he Mercy on whom he will have Mercy, and whom he will he hardneth.*

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This is the Religion of *Jesus* through that great Apostle ; this is the Weapon with which we are to overcome the Body of this Fate : Though Mr. *Pope* himself neither made or insinuated any such Reference ; Mr. *Pope* says :

What can we *reason* but from what we know ?

He does not seem here to beg any Assent from *Faith*, or expect that *Grace* must be given to Nature to make his Philosophy understood and relish'd, he has contracted 'tis true this Sentiment of St. *Paul* into a very narrow Compass, and only says :

Whatever is, is right.

And that all Enquiry after Reasons why Things are form'd, dispos'd, and govern'd as they are, as it is vain, so it is foolish to attempt to know, what he declares to be out of the Extent of human Knowledge.

Mr. *Dryden* speaks much after the same Manner of the Shortness of all human Views, and the little that it is possible for us to know.

Some few, whose Lamp shone brighter, have been
From Cause to Cause, to Nature's secret Head ; [led
And found that one first Principle must be :
But what, or who, that UNIVERSAL HE ;
Whether some Soul encompassing this Ball
Unmade, unmov'd ; yet making moving All ;
Or various Atoms intersering dance
Leapt into Form (the noble Work of Chance ;)
Or this great All was from Eternity ;
Not ev'n the *Stagirite* himself could see ;
And *Epicurus* guess'd as well as he :
As blindly grop'd they for a future State ;
As rashly judg'd of Providence and Fate.

Thus

Thus, anxious Thoughts in endless Circles roul,
Without a Centre where to fix the Soul:
In this wild Maze their vain Endeavours end,
How can the Less the Greater comprehend?
Or finite Reason reach Infinity?
For what cou'd fathom GOD were more than he.

If by this the two Poets mean, that what is hid from us, is hid from us at best, and endeavour to persuade us not to waste our Thought about Things out of our Reach, it is certainly an excellent Lesson, and condemns the ridiculous Pretensions of all those who boast of Discoveries out of the Reach of the rational Faculties.

In reas'ning Pride (my Friend) our Error lies;
All quit their Sphere, and rush into the Skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest Abodes,
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods,
Aspiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,
Aspiring to be Angels, Men rebel:
And who but wishes to invert the Laws
Of Order, sins against th' eternal Cause.

What would this Man? now upward will he soar,
And little less than Angel, would be more;
Now looking downward, just as griev'd appears,
To want the Strength of Bulls, the Fur of Bears.
Made for his Use all Creatures if he call,
Say what their Use, had he the Pow'rs of all?

The Bliss of Man (could Pride that Blessing find)
Is, not to think, or act beyond Mankind;
No Pow'rs of Body, or of Soul to share,
But what his Nature, and his State can bear.
Why has not Man a microscopick Sight?
For this plain Reason, Man is not a Mite:

Say,

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Say, what th' Advantage of so fine an Eye?
 T' inspect a Mote, not comprehend the Sky?
 Or Touch, so tremblingly alive all o'er,
 To smart, and agonize at ev'ry Pore?
 Or quick Effluvia darting thro' the Brain,
 To sink oppress'd with aromatick Pain?
 If Nature thunder'd in his opening Ears,
 And stunn'd him with the Musick of the Spheres.
 How would he wish, that Heav'n had left him still
 The whisp'ring Zephyr, and the purling Rill?

As in the foregoing Quotations, Mr. *Pope* discourages Men from striving to know or act beyond Mankind, or desire other Powers than such as he is already blest with, just so does Mr. *Dryden*:

Thus Man with his own Strength to Heaven would
 And would not be oblig'd to God for more. [fear,

And as to any Thing farther, which is express'd by the Desire of *Thinking* and *acting* beyond Mankind, Mr. *Pope* says:

Hope humbly then, &c.

And Mr. *Dryden* in almost the same Terms, for I dare say his Thoughts were exactly the same, says:

Look humbly upward, &c.

But Mr. *Pope's* Commentator understands, that the Design of the *Essay on Man* was to establish the Christian Faith in the World, and not to treat of Philosophy merely as such; it has an Analogy with the Scriptures, and defeats all the Opinions of Philosophers, without any Manner of Distinction; for the zealous Expounder says: 'Tis now no Time to stand upon Ceremony, when THE WHOLE HEAD IS SICK, AND THE WHOLE HEART FAINT.

The

The general Scope of these *Ethick* Essays is as Mr. Pope expressly declares, to vindicate the Ways of God to Man, which to do he asserts, that whatever is, is right :

All are but Parts of one stupendous Whole:
Whose Body *Nature* is, and God the Soul.
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the Earth as in the ethereal Frame,
Warms in the Sun, refreshes in the Breeze,
Glows in the Stars, and blossoms in the Trees,
Lives thro' all Life, extends thro' all Extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent,
Breathes in our Soul, informs our mortal Part,
As full, as perfect, in a Hair, as Heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraphim, that sings and burns;
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all,

Cease then, nor ORDER *Imperfection* name:
Our proper Bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own *Point*. This just, this kind Degree
Of Blindness, Weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
Submit—in this, or any other Sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear.
Safe in the Hand of one disposing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal Hour :

All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee ;
All Chance, Direction which thou canst not see ;
All Discord, Harmony not understood ;
All partial Evil, universal Good :
And spite of Pride, in erring Reason's Spight,
One Truth is clear ; “ Whatever is, is right.”

And tho' it does not appear so to us, the Reason he gives

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gives for that is, that we only see Parts, but not the Whole:

Respecting Man whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.

And thus Mr. Warburton says: *Partial Evil is universal Good, and Providence fairly acquitted.*

But soon after, he supposes an Objector to put in and say: "You tell us indeed, that all Things will turn out for Good; but we see ourselves surrounded with present Evil; and yet you forbid us all Inquiry into the Manner how we are to be extricated; and in a Word, leave us in a very disconsolate Condition." Not so, replies the Poet [from l. 86 to 95.] you may reasonably, if you please, receive much Comfort from the HOPE of a happy Futurity; a *Hope* given us by God himself for this very Purpose, as an Earnest of that Bliss, which *here* indeed perpetually flies us, but is reserved for the good Man *hereafter*.

What future Bliss he gives not thee to know,
But gives that *Hope* to be thy Blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human Breast,
Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest.
The Soul uneasy, and confin'd from home
Rests and expatiates in a Life to come.

Now the Reason why the Poet chuses to insist on this Proof of a future State in Preference to others, I conceive is in order to give his System (which is founded in a sublime and improv'd *Platonism*) the utmost Grace of Uniformity. For we know this HOPE was *Plato's* peculiar Argument for a future State; and the Words here employ'd, *The Soul uneasy*, &c. *his* peculiar Expression: We have seen the Argument illustrated with great Force of Reasoning, by

by our most eminent modern Divines: But no where stronger urged than by our Poet, in this *Essay*. He says here, in exprefs Terms, that *God gave us Hope to supply that future Bliss which he at present keeps hid from us*. In his 2d Ep. l. 264. he goes still farther, and says, this *Hope* quits us not even at Death, when every Thing mortal drops from us.

Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.

And, in the 4th Ep. he shews how the same *Hope* is a certain Proof of a future State, from the Consideration of God's giving Man no Appetite in vain, or what he did not intend should be satisfied; (which is *Plato's* great Argument for a future State.) For, describing the Condition of the good Man, he breaks out into these rapturous Strains.

For him alone *Hope* leads from Gole to Gole,
And opens still, and opens on his Soul;
'Till, lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the Bliss, that fills up all the Mind.
He sees why Nature plants in Man alone
Hope of known Bliss, and Faith in Bliss unknown:
Nature, whose Dictates to no other Kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find.

l. 331, & seq.

It is only for the good Man, he tells us, that *Hope* leads from Gole to Gole, &c. It would be strange indeed then, if it should be a Delusion.

But it hath been objected, that the *System of the best*, weakens the other natural Arguments for a future State, because if the Evils, which good Men suffer, promote the Benefit of the Whole, then every Thing is here in order; and nothing amiss that wants to be set right: Nor has the good Man any Reason to expect a Reparation, when the Evils he suffer'd

suffer'd had such a Tendency. To this we reply, that the *System of the best* is so far from weakening those natural Arguments, that it strengthens and supports them. To consider it a little, if those Evils to which good Men are subject be mere *Disorders*, without any Tendency to the greater Good of the Whole, then, tho' we must indeed conclude that they will hereafter be set right, yet this View of Things, representing God as *suffering Disorders for no other Purpose than to set them right*, gives us a very low Idea of the divine Wisdom. But if those Evils (according to the *System of the best*) contribute to the greater Perfection of the Whole, a Reason may be then given for their Permission, and such a one as supports our Idea of divine Wisdom to the highest religious Purposes. Then, as to the good Man's *Hopes* of a Retribution, those still remain in their original Force. For our Idea of God's Justice, and how far that Justice is engag'd to a Retribution, is exactly and invariably the same on either Hypothesis. For tho' the *System of the best* supposes that the *Evils themselves* will be fully compensated by the Good they produce to the *Whole*, yet this is so far from supposing that *Particulars* shall suffer for a *general Good*, that it is essential to *this System*, to conclude that, at the Completion of Things, when the whole is arriv'd to the State of utmost Perfection, *particular and universal Good* shall coincide.

Such is the *World's* great Harmony, that springs From Union, Order, full Consent of Things;
Where *small and great*, where *weak and mighty* made
To serve not suffer, strengthen not invade.

Ep. iii. l. 296, & seq.

Which Coincidence can never be without a Retribution to good Men for the Evils suffer'd here below.

And

And this is the Commentator's Support of this Argument in his own Words; For, that I may not make any the least Shew of Partiality, I shall myself take no Part in the Argument.

So that all being Order as it is, no Person ought to repine at suffering for the Good of the Whole:

All this dread Order break? For whom? For thee?
Vile Worm! O Madness! Pride! Impiety!

Mr. Dryden says, who gives into the same Way of Argumentation, only his is confess'd a religious System:

Darst thou poor Worm! offend Infinity?
And must the Terms of Peace be given by thee?
Then thou art Justice in the last Appeal.

As to final Retribution to compensate for what they call partial Evil, he makes a *Deist* acknowledge his Belief of it; but how far that proves that it is right that there should be Bad to meet with lasting Punishment for the Good of the Whole; I wish Mr. Dryden had made his *Deist* say:

God is that Spring of Good; Supreme and Best;
We, made to serve, and in that Service blest;
If so, some Rules of Worship must be given,
Distributed alike to all by Heaven:
Else God were partial, and to some deny'd.
The Means his Justice should for all provide.
This general Worship is to Praise and Pray:
One Part to borrow Blessings, one to pay:
And when frail Nature slides into Offence,
The Sacrifice for Crimes is Penitence.
Yet, since th' Effects of Providence, we find
Are variously dispens'd to human Kind;

That

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That *Vice* triumphs, and *Virtue* suffers here,
 (A Brand that sovereign Justice cannot bear;) 101
 Our Reason prompts us to a future State:
 The last Appeal from *Fortune*, and from *Fate*:
 Where God's all-righteous Ways will be declar'd:
 The *Bad* meet Punishment, the *Good*, Reward.

Mr. *Pope* endeavours to confirm his *Theses* of partial Evil being universal Good, which would undeniably prove, that *whatever is, is right*, by the following Lines:

But errs not Nature from this gracious End,
 From burning Suns when livid Deaths descend,
 When Earthquakes swallow, or when Tempests
 Towns to one Grave, a Nation to the Deep? [sweep,
 " No, 'tis reply'd, the first almighty Cause
 " Acts not by partial, but by general Laws:
 " The Exceptions few; some change since all began;
 " And what created perfect? Why then Man?"
 If the great End be human Happiness,
 And Nature deviates, how can Man do less?

On this Mr. *Warburton*, whose Commentary I have chose to quote, only because it was approv'd of by Mr. *Pope*, and therefore not liable to the Exception that it does not agree with his original Thoughts, says: If Nature, or the inanimate System (on which God hath imposed his Laws, which it obeys as a Machine obeys the Hand of the Workman) may in Course of Time deviate from its first Direction; as the best Philosophy shews it may; where is the Wonder that Man, who was created a free Agent, and hath it in his Power every Moment to transgress the Rule of Right, should sometimes go out of Order?

But

But, continues he, that the Reader may see in one View, the *Exactness of the Method*, as well as *Force of the Argument*, I shall here draw up a short *Synopsis* of this Epistle. The Poet begins in telling us his Subject is *An Essay on Man*.—His End of Writing is to *vindicate Providence*.—Tells us against whom he wrote, *the Atheists*.—From whence he intends to fetch his Arguments, *From the visible Things of God seen in this System*.—Lays down this Proposition as the Foundation of his Thesis, *that of all possible Systems infinite Wisdom has form'd the best*.—Draws from thence two Consequences; 1. *That there must needs be somewhere such a Creature as Man*; 2. *That the moral Evil which He is the Author of, is productive of the Good of the Whole*. This is his general Thesis; from whence he draws this Conclusion, *That Man should rest submissive and content, and make the Hopes of Futurity his Comfort*,—but not suffer this to be the *Occasion of Pride*, which is the Cause of all his impious Complaints.

He proceeds to confirm his Thesis.—Previously endeavours to abate our Wonder at the Phænomenon of *moral Evil*.—Shews first *its Use to the Perfection of the Universe*, by Analogy, from the Use of *Physical Evil* in this particular System.—Secondly, *its Use in this System*, where it is turned, providentially, from its natural Bias, to promote Virtue.—Then goes on to vindicate Providence from the Imputation of certain *supposed natural Evils*, as he had before justified it for the Permission of *real moral Evil*, in shewing that tho' the Atheist's Complaint against Providence be on Pretence of *real moral Evil*, yet the true Cause is his Impatience under *imaginary natural Evil*; the Issue of a *depraved Appetite for fantastical Advantages*, which he shews, if obtain'd, would be *useless, or hurtful to Man*,—and deforming and de-

structive to the *Universe*; as breaking into that *Order* by which it is supported.—He describes that *Order*, *Harmony*, and *close Connection of the Parts*. And by shewing the intimate *Presence of God* to his whole Creation, gives a Reason for an *Universe* so amazingly beautiful, and perfect. From all this he deduces his general *Conclusion*, that *Nature* being neither a *blind Chain of Causes and Effects*, nor yet the *fortuitous Result of wandering Atoms*, but the *wonderful Art and Direction of an all-wise, all-good, and free Being*; *Whatever is, is right, with regard to the Disposition of God and its ultimate Tendency*; which once granted, all Complaints against Providence are at an End.

The Consequence and Result of all this, Mr. *Pope* says in a Note to Verse 273, is the absolute Submission due to Providence, both as to a present and future State.

As to the Objections made against these Epistles by M. *de Crousaz*, many of them are caus'd by reading a bad Translation, and as he does not understand *English*, he is therefore in some Measure excusable; but as the pointing out the Errors in the *French* Translation, can with an *English* Reader neither do Good nor Harm to the original Poem, I shall take no Notice of them, but proceed to the Consideration and Illustration of the second Epistle *Of the Nature and State of Man with Respect to himself, as an Individual*. Mr. *Pope* having taken it for prov'd and granted, from the Arguments in the first Epistle, that all Things being under the wise Disposition of Providence, must be and are now RIGHT, desires Man to make no Enquiry at all, or suffer himself to ask Questions concerning the Deity:

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The only Science of Mankind is Man.

In this last Line he recommends, instead of prying into God, the Study of ourselves, which Study he now confesses to be his own, and on looking into himself, makes the following Discovery :

A Being darkly wise and rudely great,
With too much Knowledge for the Sceptick Side,
With too much Weakness for a Stoick's Pride,
He hangs between ; in doubt to act, or rest,
To deem himself a Part of God, or Beast ;
In doubt, his Mind or Body to prefer,
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err,
Alike in Ignorance his Reason such,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much.
Chaos of Thought and Passion, all confus'd ;
Still by himself abus'd, or disabus'd ;
Created half to rise, and half to fall ;
Great Lord of all Things, yet a Prey to all ;
Sole Judge of Truth, in endless Error hurl'd :
The Glory, Jest, and Riddle, of the World !

Here describing the State of the human Understanding to be a dark and feeble State, with regard to the Knowledge of ourselves, and to give still more Strength to this Argument, he shows, to prove the Difficulty of rightly knowing ourselves, that after the highest Acquirement of the Knowledge of the Nature of Things Man is capable of, he still may remain in Ignorance of himself :

Go wondrous Creature ! mount where Science
guides,
Go measure Earth, weigh Air, and state the Tides,
Instruct the Planets in what Orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun.

Go soar with *Plato* to th' empireal Sphere,
 To the first Good, first Perfect, and first Fair;
 Or tread the mazy Round his Follow'rs trod,
 And quitting Sense call *imitating God*,
 As eastern Priests in giddy Circles run,
 And turn their Heads to imitate the *Sun*.
 Go, teach eternal Wisdom how to rule;
 Then drop into Thyself, and be a Fool!

To give, says Mr. *Pope's* Commentator, this second Argument its full Force, he illustrates it by the noblest Example that ever was in Science, the incomparable *Newton*, whom he makes so superior to *Humanity*, as to represent the *Angelick Beings* in doubt, when they observ'd him of late unfold all the Laws of Nature, whether he was not to be reckon'd in their Number; just as Men, when they see the surprising Marks of Reason in an *Ape*, are almost tempted to believe him of their own Species. Yet this wondrous Creature, who saw so far into the Works of Nature, could go no farther in human Knowledge, than the Generality of his Kind. For which the Poet assigns this very just and adequate Cause: In all other Sciences, the Understanding is uncheck'd and uncontroul'd by any opposite Principle; but in the Science of *Man*, the Passions overturn, as fast as Reason can build up.

This is a brief Account of the Poet's Introduction, and serves to recommend the Study of Man, on a Supposition that by reasoning with and about himself, he may at last so strengthen his Judgment, as to determine rightly between Truth and Falshood.

The Commentator having before given som Reason why Mr. *Pope* made the Angels compare Sir *Isaac Newton* to an *Ape*, says further, that they beheld him with Admiration; nor was it Mr. *Pope's*

In-

Intention to bring any of the Ape's *Qualities*, but its *Sagacity* into the Comparifon. But why the *Ape's* it may be faid, rather than the *Sagacity* of fome more decent Animal; particularly *the half-reafoning Elephant*, as the Poet calls it, which, as well on Account of this its Superiority, as for its having no ridiculous Side, like the *Ape*, on which it could be viewed, feems better to have deferv'd this Honour? I reply, becaufe as none but a Shape refembling human, accompanied with great *Sagacity*, could occafion the Douht of that Animal's Relation to Man, the Ape only having that Refemblance, no other Animal was fitted for the Comparifon. And on this Ground of Relation the whole Beauty of the Thought depends; *Newton*, and thofe fuperior Beings being equally immortal Spirits, tho' of different Orders. And here let me take Notice of a new Species of the *Sublime*, of which our Poet may be juftly faid to be the Maker; fo new that we have yet no Name for it, tho' of a Nature diftinct from every other poetical Excellence. The two great Perfections of Works of Genius are *Wit* and *Sublimity*. Many Writers have been *witty*, feveral have been *sublime*, and fome few have even poffeffed both thefe Qualities *feparately*. But none that I know of, befides our Poet, hath had the Art to *incorporate* them. Of which he hath given many Examples, both in this Eflay, and in his other Poems. One of the nobleft being the Paflage in Queftion. This feems to be the laft Effort of the Imagination, to poetical Perfection. And in this compounded Excellence the Wit receives a *Dignity* from the Sublime, and the Sublime a *Splendor* from the Wit; which, in their Stare of feparate Exiftence, they both wanted.

Superior Beings, when of late they faw
A mortal Man unfold all Nature's Law,

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Admir'd such Wisdom in an earthly Shape,
And shew'd a *Newton*, as we shew an *Ape*.

Could he who taught each Planet where to roll,
Describe, or fix, one Movement of the Soul?
Who mark'd their Points, to rise, and to descend,
Explain his own Beginning, or his End?
Alas what Wonder! Man's superior Part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from Art to Art;
But when his own great Work is but begun,
What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.

The Poet goes on to discover his own Mind, and begins to point out to us the Principles of Reason and Self-love:

Two Principles in human Nature reign;
Self-love, to urge, and *Reason*, to restrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its End, to move, or govern all:
And to their proper Operation still
Ascribe all Good; to their improper, Ill.

This Observation, says the Commentator, is made with great Judgment, as well as where he proceeds more minutely to mark out the distinct Offices of these two Principles, which he had before assign'd only in general.

The Reader will please to observe, that Mr. *Pope*'s Opinion was, that all the Passions were Self-Love:

Modes of Self-Love the Passions we may call,
'Tis real Good, or seeming moves them all.

And after speaking further of the Passions, their Use and Government, he comes to his darling Argument of a ruling Passion:

Plea-

Pleasures are ever in our Hands or Eyes,
And when in Act they cease, in Prospect rise;
Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole Employ of Body and of Mind.

All spread their Charms, but charm not all *alike*;
On diff'rent Senses diff'rent Objects strike:
Hence diff'rent Passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak, the Organs of the Frame;
And hence one *Master Passion* in the Breast,
Like *Aaron's* Serpent, swallows up the rest.

As Man perhaps, the Moment of his Breath,
Receives the lurking Principle of Death,
The young Disease that must subdue at length,
Grows with his Growth, and strengthens with his
So, cast and mingled with his very Frame, [Strength:
The Mind's Disease, its *ruling Passion* came:
Each vital Humour which should feed the *Whole*,
Soon flows to *this*, in Body and in Soul;
Whatever warms the Heart, or fills the Head,
As the Mind opens, and its Functions spread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous Art,
And pours it all upon the peccant Part.

Nature its Mother, *Habit* is its Nnrse;
Wit, *Spirit*, *Faculties*, but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives it Edge and Pow'r,
As Heav'n's blest Beam turns Vinegar more sow'r;
We, wretched Subjects, tho' to lawful Sway,
In this weak *Queen*, some Fav'rite still obey.
Ah! if she lend not Arms, as well as Rules,
What can she more than *tell us*, we are Fools?
Teach us to mourn our Nature, not to mend,
A sharp *Accuser*, but a helpless *Friend*!
Or from a *Judge* turn *Pleader* to persuade
The Choice we make, or justify it made;

Proud of an easy Conquest all along,
 She but removes weak Passions for the strong;
 So, when small Humours gather to a Gout,
 The Doctor fancies he has driv'n 'em out.

Yes : Nature's Road must ever be prefer'd ;
 Reason is here no *Guide*, but still a *Guard* ;
 'Tis her's to *rectify*, not *overthrow*,
 And treat this Passion more as Friend than Foe:
 Like varying Winds, by *other* Passions tost,
 This drives them constant to a certain Coast,
 Let Pow'r, or Knowledge, Gold, or Glory, please,
 Or (oft more strong than all) the Love of Ease :
 Thro' Life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at Life's Expence ;
 The Merchant's Toil, the Sage's Indolence,
 The Monk's Humility, the Hero's Pride,
 And all alike find Reason on their Side.

Of this Argument the Commentator is particularly fond, adopting it wholly, and Reasons thus about it :

The Poet, says he, shews, that tho' all the *Passions* have their Turn in swaying the Determinations of the Mind, yet every Man has one *Master Passion* that at length stifles or absorbs all the rest. Here [from l. 116 to 132] he gives us the *Cause* of it :
 “ Those Pleasures or Goods, which are the Objects
 “ of the Passions, affect the Mind, by striking on
 “ the Senses ; but, as thro' the Formation of the
 “ Organs of the human Frame, every Man has
 “ some Sense stronger and more acute than others,
 “ the Object, which strikes that stronger and acuter
 “ Sense, whatever it be, will be the Object most
 “ desired ; and, consequently, the Pursuit of that
 “ will be the *ruling Passion*.”—That the Difference of Force in this *ruling Passion* shall at first, perhaps, be very small or even imperceptible ; but *Nature*,
Habit,

Habit, Imagination, Wit, nay even *Reason* itself shall assist its Growth, 'till it hath at length drawn and converted every other into itself.

All this is delivered in a Strain of Poetry so wonderfully sublime, as suspends for a while the *ruling Passion* in every Reader, and engrosses his whole Admiration.

This naturally leads the Poet to lament the *Weakness and Insufficiency of human Reason* [from l. 138 to 151] and the honest Purpose he had in so doing, was, plainly to intimate the Necessity of a more sublime Dispensation to Mankind: *St. Paul* himself did not chuse to employ other Arguments, when dispos'd to give us the highest Idea of the Usefulness of *Christianity*.* But it may be, the Poet finds a Remedy in *natural Religion*: Far from it. He here leaves Reason unrelieved. What is this then but an Intimation that we ought to seek for a Cure in that Religion which only dares profess to give it?

To proceed, as it appears from the Account here given of the *ruling Passion*, and its Cause, which results from the Structure of the Organs, that it is the *Road of Nature*, the Poet shews [from l. 150 to 157] that this Road is to be followed. So that the Office of Reason is not to direct us what Passion to exercise, but to assist us in *rectifying*, and keeping within due Bounds, that which Nature hath so strongly impressed: The Poet's Precept can have no other Meaning than this, "That as the *ruling Passion* is
 " planted by *Nature*, it is Reason's Office to regulate, direct, and restrain, but not to overthrow
 " it. To regulate the Passion of *Avarice*, for instance, into a parsimonious Dispensation of the
 " pub-

* See his *Epistle to the Romans*, c. vii.

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“ publick Revenues ; to direct the Passion of *Love*
 “ whose Object is Worth and Beauty,

“ To the first *Good*, first *Perfect*, and first *Fair*,

“ as his Master, *Plato* advises ; and to restrain *Spleen*,

“ to a Contempt and Hatred of Vice.” This is what the Poet meant, and what every unprejudiced Man could not but see he must needs mean, by rectifying the Master Passion, tho’ he had not confin’d us to this Sense, in the *Reason* he gives of his Precept, in these Words :

A mightier Pow’r the strong Direction sends,
 And sev’ral Men impels to sev’ral Ends.

The Poet having proved that the ruling *Passion* (since Nature hath given it us) is not to be overthrown but rectified, the next Inquiry will be of what Use the ruling *Passion* is ; for an Use of it must have been if Reason be to treat it thus mildly ? This Use he shews us is twofold, *Natural* and *Moral*.

1. It’s natural Use is to conduct Men steddily to one certain End, who would otherwise be eternally fluctuating between the equal Violence of various and discordant Passions, driving them up and down at Random ;

Like varying Winds, by other Passions tost,
 This drives them constant to a certain Coast ;

and by that Means enables them to promote the Good of Society by making each a Contributor to the common Stock.

Let Pow’r or Knowledge, Gold or Glory please,
 Or (oft more strong than all) the Love of Ease :
 Thro’ Life ’tis follow’d.—

2. Its moral Use is to engraft our ruling *Virtue* upon it :
 Th

Th' eternal Art educating Good from Ill,
Grafts on this Passion our *best Principle*;

And by that Means enables us to promote *our own Good* by turning the Exorbitancy of the *ruling Passion* into its *neighbouring Virtue*:

See *Anger*, Zeal and Fortitude supply;
Ev'n *Avarice*, Prudence; *Sloth*, Philosophy:
Nor Virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on Pride, or grow on Shame.

The Wisdom of the divine Artist is, as the Poet finely observes, very illustrious in this *Contrivance*: For the Mind and Body having now one common Interest, the Efforts of Virtue will have their Force infinitely augmented:

'Tis thus the Mercury of Man is fixt,
Strong grows the Virtue with his Nature mixt;
The Dross cements what else were too refin'd,
And in one Interest Body acts with Mind.

After this the Poet speaks largely concerning Virtue and Vice, about which his Way of thinking is very remarkable: He says, there is no Virtue but what will grow either on Pride or Shame, and that Nature gives us those Virtues which are nearest allied to our Vices:

Reason the Bias turns from Good to ill,
And *Nero* reigns a *Titus* if he will.

He says likewise, that the Virtues are grafted on the Passions, and that Wit and Honesty are often produc'd from Spleen, Fear, Hate, and Obstinacy, that Prudence often arises from Avarice, and Philosophy from Sloth, and that Envy, with but little Change becomes Emulation, that the Difference is
too

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too nice to suffer us to distinguish where Virtue ends and Vice begins, then how can it be known? He makes the Query and answers it himself:

This Light and Darknes in our Chaos join'd,
What shall divide?—The God within the Mind.

This, the Commentator says, is a *Platonick* Phrase for Conscience, and here employ'd with great Judgment and Propriety—The God, that is the Law of God within the Mind; and if there be such a Law, it puts all the different Religions upon a Level, each Man having within him this Law: And this we shall find to have been the Sentiment of Mr. Dryden also, whose Thoughts are so frequently to be parallell'd with Mr. Pope's.

*That, if the Gentiles, (whom no Law inspir'd)
By Nature did what was by Law requir'd;
They, who the written Rule had never known,
Were to themselves both Rule and Law alone:
To Nature's plain Indictment they shall plead:
And, by their Conscience, be condemn'd or freed.*

That is, they who assent and submit to that which their Souls are thoroughly convinc'd of, it shall be to them as a Law, and by it they stand justified, and is what Mr. Pope calls *the God within the Mind*; yet he desires not to be misunderstood, as if there were no such Thing as Virtue or Vice, he only says, they are so mix'd in us, that sometimes we scarcely know how to distinguish them:

Ask your *own Heart*, and nothing is so plain;
'Tis to mistake them, costs the Time and Pain.

In the following Lines he very finely describes by what insensible Degrees we are drawn to become fond of Vice, which at first affrighted us.

Vice

Vice is a Monster of so frightful Mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with her Face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
A Cheat, ! a Whore ! who starts not at the Name,
In all the Inns of Court, or Drury Lane ?
But where the *Point of Vice*, was ne'er agreed :
Ask where's the *North* ? at *York* 'tis on the *Tweed* :
In *Scotland* at the *Orcades*, and there
At *Greenland*, *Zembla*, the or Lord knows where.
No Creature owns it, in the first Degree,
But thinks his Neighbour further gone than he.
Ev'n those who dwell beneath her very Zone,
Or never feel the Rage, or never own ;
What happier Natures shrink at with Affright,
The hard Inhabitant contends is right.

After this he shews the Imperfection of the best,
and the Inequality of all, at the same Time that
Selfishness directs both Vice and Virtue :

But Heav'n's great View is one, and that the Whole.
By this he desires to be understood, that God regard-
ing the Whole, will produce at last Good out of all
Ill :

That counterworks each Folly and Caprice ;
That disappoints th' Effect of ev'ry Vice :
That happy Frailties to all Ranks apply'd,
Shame to the Virgin, to the Matron Pride,
Fear to the Statesman, Rashness to the Chief,
To Kings Presumption, and to Crowds Belief.

Hitherto the Poet hath been employ'd in discour-
sing of the *Use of the Passions*, with regard to *Society*
at large, and in freeing his Doctrine from *Objections*.
This

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This is the *first* general Division of the Subject of *this Epistle*,

He comes to shew [from l. 238 to 251] the Use of these Passions, *with regard to the more confin'd Circle of our Friends, Relations, and Acquaintance.* And this is the *second* general Division :

Wants, Frailties, Passions closer still ally
The common Int'rest, or endear the Tie :
To *these* we owe true Friendship, Love sincere,
Each home-felt Joy that *Life* inherits here :
Yet from *the same* we learn in *its* Decline
Those Joys, those Loves, those Int'rests to resign.

So that Folly and Caprice are by this Counter-working of Providence, happy Frailties producing Good, and the Effect of Vice being disappointed, all Things are tending to *Good*, though in Appearance and in the present Action ill.

“ To these Frailties (says he) we owe all the Endearments of private Life, yet, when we come to that Age, which generally disposes Men to think more seriously of the true Value of Things, and consequently, of their Provision for a future State, the Consideration that the Grounds of those Joys, Loves and Friendships, are Wants, Frailties and Passions, proves the best Expedient to wean us from the *World*; a Disengagement so friendly to that Provision we are making for *another*. ”

The Observation is new, and would in any Place be extremely beautiful, but has *here* an Infinite Grace and Propriety, as it so well confirms, by an Instance of great Moment, the Poet's general Thesis, *That God makes Ill, at every Step, productive of Good.*

The Poet (says his Commentator) having thus shewn the Use of the Passions in *Society* and in *domestick*

nestick Life, he comes in the last Place [from l. 250 to the End] to shew their Use to the *Individual*, even in their *Illussions*; the imaginary Happiness they present, helping to make the real Miseries of Life less insupportable. And this is his *third* general Division:

—*Opinion* gilds with varying Rays
Those painted Clouds that beautify our Days:
Each Want of Happiness by Hope supply'd,
And each Vacuity of Sense by Pride.
These build as fast as Knowledge can destroy:
In Folly's Cup still laughs the Bubble Joy;
One Prospect lost, another still we gain;
And not a Vanity is given in vain.

Which must needs vastly raise our Idea of God's Goodness, who hath not only provided more than a Counter-balance of *real* Happiness to human Miseries, but hath even, in his infinite Compassion, bestow'd on those who were so foolish as not to have made this Provision, an *imaginary* Happiness; that they may not be quite over-borne with the Load of human Miseries. This is the Poet's great and noble Thought, as strong and solid as it is new and ingenious.

The Poet endeavours likewise to shew, that notwithstanding the seeming Discontent, which appears in all States and Stations of Life, yet every Body is so thoroughly pleas'd in Reality with what they are, that nothing could prevail upon them to be any other Person, the Riches or Power of one might please them, but then their Person, their Humour, their Wit, or certainly something would prevent the Change, were it possible:

Whate'er the Passion, Knowledge, Fame, or Pelf,
Not one will change his Neighbour with himself.

Than

Than which, perhaps, he has not advanc'd a greater Truth; for they who have look'd near into Mankind, find that the greatest Part of them heartily despise one another. The Mathematician looks down with Contempt on all other Studies: Law, Physick, and Divinity, down with just such Eyes on each other, and so do most other Professions, all Rivals in the same Arts are of this Class, and Nation despises Nation, merely because they are not under the same Laws, Customs, and Habits, while the Happiness of all, is that particular favourite Talent or Acquirement upon which each values himself, and builds up a Sort of Happiness:

The Learn'd are happy, Nature to explore;
 The Fool is happy, that he knows no more,
 The Rich are happy in the Plenty giv'n:
 The Poor contents him with the Care of Heaven.
 See the blind Beggar dance, the Cripple sing,
 The Sot a Hero, Lunatick a King,
 The starving Chymist in his golden Views
 Supreamly blest, the Poet in his Muse.

Certainly it is the Wisdom of every Creature to value that which gives to it its greatest Pleasure or Happiness, and not to consent to exchange a State which wants the very Thing that constitutes that Pleasure, which Mr. *Pope* calls Opinion:

Hope travels thro', nor leaves us till we die.
 Till then *Opinion* gilds with varying Lays
 Those painted Clouds that beautify our Days.

Hope often supplies the Place of Happiness, and Pride serves for Sense, and all other Perfections wanting, and, in short, we only run round in a Maze of Weakness and Folly:

See!

See! and confess, one Comfort still must rise,
'Tis this, tho' *Man's a Fool*, yet *God is wise*.

Thus he has chose to finish his Second Epistle; where the Passions, Faculties of the Mind, Vice and Virtue, Wisdom and Folly are treated in an uncommon Manner, and in a Strain of Poetry uncommonly beautiful: This rises higher still in the next Epistle, which is, in my Opinion, the most excellent of the four.

This third *Ethick* Epistle treats of the Nature and State of Man, with Respect to Society; and it is connected with the foregoing; which treated him as an Individual: And whereas in several Editions of this Essay the first Line began;

Learn, *Dulness*, Learn, &c.

In the latter it was chang'd:

Here then we rest; the universal Cause
Acts to one End, but acts by various Laws.

And this he desires Man to remember always, let him be in what Situation of Life he may; but he more especially recommends it to the Clergy, lest when they preach, they should give a false Definition of the Workings of Providence; or when they pray, they should ask Things which were not for the Good of the Whole, and so seem to oppose the very Designs and Dispensation of the Deity.

To shew that we are by Nature design'd for Society he says, that if we will but make Observation, we shall see all Things combin'd together by a *Chain of Love*. This he proves from *Line 8 to 13*, on the Theory of Attraction, from the Economy of the material World, that every single Atom attracts and is attracted:

Form'd, and impell'd its Neighbour to embrace. These Words *form'd* and *impell'd*, (says the Commentator) are not of a loose, undistinguish'd Meaning, thrown in, to fill up the Verse. This is not our Author's Way, they are full of Sense, and of the most philosophical Precision. For to make Matter so *cohere*, as to fit it for the Uses intended by its Creator, a proper Configuration of its insensible Parts, is as necessary as that Quality so equally and universally conferr'd upon it.

His next Argument is from the vegetable and animal World, whose Beings mutually serve for the Production and Sustainment of each other; that every Part relates to the Whole in a continued Chain, reaching far beyond the Penetration of Man:

See Matter next, with various Life endu'd,
 Press to one Centre still, the *gen'ral Good*;
 See dying Vegetables Life sustain;
 See Life dissolving vegetate again:
 All Forms that perish other Forms supply,
 By Turns they catch the vital Breath, and die;
 Like Bubbles to the Sea of Matter born,
 They rise, they break, and to that Sea return, &c.

Next he checks the Pride of those, who think that all was made for them, and yet would not themselves be serving the great End, the Good of the Whole; which Unwillingness itself, Mr. *Pope* says, shall at last terminate in that Good. However, (says the Commentator) his Adversaries, loth to give up the Question, will reason upon the Matter; and we are now to suppose them objecting against Providence in this Manner.—We grant, say they, that in the *irrational*, as in the *inanimate* Creation, all is served,
 and

and all is serving. But with Regard to Man, the Case is different; he stands single: For his *Reason* hath endow'd him both with Power and Address sufficient to make all Things *serve him*; and his *Self-love*, of which you have so largely provided for him, will dispose him, in his Turn, to *serve none*. Therefore your Theory is imperfect. "Not so, replies the Poet, [from *Line* 52 to 83] I grant you, Man, indeed, affects to be *the Wit and Tyrant of the Whole*, and would fain shake off

—That Chain of Love,
Combining all below, and all above:

"But Nature, even by the very Gift of *Reason*, checks this *Tyrant*: For *Reason* endowing Man with the Ability of setting together the *Memory* of the Past, and *Conjecture* about the Future; and past Misfortunes making him apprehensive of more to come, this disposes him to pity and relieve others in a *State* of Suffering. And the *Passion* growing habitual, naturally extends its Effects to all that have a *Sense* of Suffering. Now, as Brutes have neither Man's *Reason*, nor his inordinate *Self-love*, to draw them from the System of Benevolence; so they wanted not, and therefore have not, this *human Sympathy* of another's Misery. By which *Passion* we see those Qualities, in Man, ballance one another, and so retain him in that general *Order*, in which Providence has plac'd its whole Creation. But this is not all; Man's Interest, Amusement, Vanity, and Luxury, tie him still closer to the System of Benevolence, by obliging him to provide for the Support of other Animals; and tho' it be, for the most Part, only to devour them with the greater Gust, yet this does not abate the proper Happiness of the Animals so

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“ preserved, to whom *Providence has not given the*
 “ *useless Knowledge of their End.* From all which
 “ it appears, that the Theory is yet uniform, and
 “ perfect.”

Grant that the Pow’rful still the Weak controul,
 Be Man the Wit and Tyrant of the Whole:
 Nature that Tyrant checks; he only knows
 And helps another Creature’s Wants and Woes.
 Say, will the Falcon, stooping from above,
 Smit with her varying Plumage, spare the Dove?
 Admires the Jay, the Insect’s gilded Wings,
 Or hears the Hawk when *Philomela* sings?
 Man cares for all, &c.—
 For some his Int’rest prompts him to provide,
 For more his Pleasure, yet for more his Pride.

After this he comes to the Subject propos’d for
 this Epistle, the Sociability of Man, prov’d by the
 Subjection to the Parent and to the Magistrate, and
 that our Society is altogether founded on our Wants,
 for wanting what another has to bestow, naturally
 causes us to make Application for it where it is, and
 thus we are by Necessity brought together; other-
 wise were it so that Man wanted no Aid, or could re-
 ceive no Good or Pleasure from another, Self-love
 might (there being no Attraction or Inclination)
 draw each a sepearte Way, and the World would be
 peopled with Hermits. But Mr. *Pope* affirms it to
 be quite otherwise:

Whate’er of Life all-quickenning *Æther* keeps,
 Or breathes thro’ Air, or shoots beneath the Deep.
 Or pours profuse on Earth; one Nature feeds
 The vital Flame, and swells the genial Seeds.

Not

Not Man alone, but all that roam the Wood,
 Or wing the Sky, or roll along the Flood,
 Each loves *Itself*, but not *itself alone*,
 Each Sex desires alike, 'till *two* are *one* :
 Nor ends the Pleasure with the fierce Embrace ;
 All love themselves, a third Time, in their *Race*.
 The Beast, the Bird, their common Charge attend,
 The Mothers nurse it, and the Sires defend ;
 The Young dismiss'd to wander Earth or Air,
 There stops the Instinct, and there ends the Care,
 The Link dissolves, each seeks a fresh Embrace,
 Another Love succeeds, another Race.
 A longer Care Man's helpless Kind demands ;
 That longer Care contracts more lasting Bands :
Reflection, *Reason*, still the Ties improve,
 At once extend the Int'rest, and the Love,

Thus the Creatures are link'd together, and thus
 Men : Even the Love we bear to our Offspring cau-
 ses an Uneasiness and Care for them, which keeps
 awake that Tenderneſs and Solitude, which when
 perform'd makes up our Happiness and theirs too ;
 their Wants being by that Means also supply'd. Thus
 he, who by the Observation of the Relation of Things
 in general, applies himself to offer most Help where
 most Need requires, he is best fitted for Society ; that
 is to say, such alone can be said to be good Men, or
 so far good, as this Desire of Society and giving
 Happiness to their Fellow Creatures governs in them.
 In which Man has the Advantage of the Brutes, that
 he can reason, and make Choice of the Objects of
 his Love and Charity.

With Choice we fix, with Sympathy we burn ;
 Each Virtue in each Passion takes its Turn ;

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And still new Needs, new Helps, new Habits rise,
That graft Benevolence on Charities.
Mem'ry and Forecast just Returns engage,
That pointed back to Youth, this on to Age;
While Pleasure, Gratitude, and Hope combin'd,
Still spread the Int'rest, and preserv'd the Kind.

Strict Method (says our Poet's Commentator) leads him next to speak of that Society which succeeded the Natural, namely, the Civil; but as he does all by easy Steps, in the natural Progression of Ideas, he first explains [from l. 169 to 200] the *intermediate Means* which led Mankind from *natural* to *civil* Society. These were the *Invention* and *Improvement of Arts*. For while Mankind liv'd in a mere State of Nature, unconscious of the Arts of Life, there was no Need of any other Government than the *paternal*; but when Arts were found out and improv'd, then that more perfect Form under the Direction of a *Magistrate*, became necessary. And for these Reasons; *First*, to bring those Arts, already found, to *Perfection*; and, *Secondly*, to secure the Product of them to their rightful *Proprietors*. The Poet, therefore, comes now, as we say, to the *Invention of Arts*; but being always intent upon the great End for which he wrote his *Essay*, namely to mortify that *Pride*, which occasions the impious Complaints against Providence, he, with the greatest Art and Contrivance, speaks of these *Inventions*, as Lessons only learnt of mere Animals guided by Instinct; and thus, at the same Time, gives a new Instance of the wonderful Providence of God, who has contrived to teach Mankind in a Way not only proper to humble human Arrogance, but to raise our Idea of infinite Wisdom to the greatest Pitch. All this he

he does in a *Prosopopœia* the most sublime that ever entered into the human Imagination:

See him from Nature rising slow to Art!
To copy *Instinct* then was Reason's Part:
Thus then to Man the Voice of Nature spake—
“ Go, from the Creatures thy Instructions take;
“ Thy Arts of Building from the *Bee* receive,
“ Learn of the *Mole* to plow, the *Worm* to weave;
“ Learn of the little *Nautilus* to sail, [Ec,
“ Spread the thin Oar, and catch the driving Gale,
“ Yet go! and thus o'er all the Creatures sway,
“ Thus let the wiser make the rest obey,
“ And for those Arts mere *Instinct* could afford,
“ Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd.

The little *Nautilus* mentioned in the Quotation above, from the Essay, is thus describ'd by *Oppian*. These Fishes swim on the Surface of the Sea, on the Back of their Shells, which exactly resemble the Hulk of a Ship; they raise two Feet like Masts, and extend a Membrane between, which serves as a Sail, the other two Feet they employ as Oars at the Side: They are usually seen in the Mediterranean Sea.

This Voice of Nature, commanding Man to learn and gather Knowledge and Arts from the Creatures, was obey'd, and Men forming themselves by Degrees into little Societies, those again join'd, either thro' Love or Fear, or Conveniency of Commerce, and they grew into a State, then finding Government necessary, and not to be conducted without particular Rulers, those most abounding in Virtue and Valour were chosen, and Kings and Generals govern'd States, as Families had been before govern'd by the Fathers of them:

Till then by Nature crown'd each Patriarch sat
King, Priest, and Parent, of his growing State;
On him, their second Providence, they hung,
Their Law his Eye, their Oracle his Tongue.

So that it was the common Interest alone, which induc'd Men to set a King up over them; for our Poet says, that Nature never knew any Right divine in Men, to be great, was understood to be good, in all Degrees, even up to the Deity, and that Kings were only intended that Men might be happier; made Kings for the Sake of the Many, and not to make them Royal.

Concerning which, and the abominable Doctrines of Superstition, leading to Tyranny and Ignorance, I do not remember to have seen finer Lines than the following:

Who first taught Souls enslav'd, and Realms un-
Th' enormous Faith of *Many made for One*? [done
That proud Exception to all Nature's Laws,
T' invert the World, and counter-work its *Cause*?
Force first made *Conquest*, and that *Conquest Law*;
Till *Superstition* taught the Tyrant Awe,
Then shar'd the Tyranny, and lent it Aid,
And Gods of Conqu'rors, Slaves of Subjects made:
She, midst the Lightning's Blaze, and Thunder's
Sound, [Ground,
When rock'd the Mountains, and when groan'd the
She taught the Weak to bend, the Proud to pray
To Pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they.
She, from the rending Earth and bursting Skies,
Saw Gods descend, and *Fiends* infernal rise;
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest Abodes;
Fear made her Devils, and weak *Hope* her Gods:
Gods

Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
 Whose Attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Lust;
 Such as the Souls of Cowards might conceive,
 And form'd like Tyrants, Tyrants would believe.
 Zeal then, not Charity, became the Guide,
 And Hell was built on Spite, and Heaven on Pride.
 Then sacred seem'd the ethereal Vault no more;
 Altars grew Marble then, and reek'd with Gore:
 Then first the *Flamen* tasted living Food;
 Next his grim Idol smear'd with human Blood;
 With Heav'n's own Thunder shook the World below,
 And play'd the God an Engine on his Foe.

These were Effects of arbitrary Power, the chief
 of which is Superstition, which, tho' it stops all the
 Avenues to Truth, has been so much encourag'd by
 the Priests, because under the Shade of that they have
 (more formerly indeed than now) been able to set up
 what Idol they pleas'd, could *see Gods descend, and*
Powers infernal rise, as it best suited what Work
 they had in Hand, assuming moreover to themselves
 a Dominion over the very Consciences of Man, and
 threat'ning everlasting Torments, not only to those
 whose Practice or general Rule of Faith did not cor-
 respond with theirs, but even for Want of Assent
 to one single Tenet, having the Interpretation of all
 foregoing religious Laws wholly in their own Power,
 so that they took upon them to add, to interline
 where it was necessary to their Schemes, and to al-
 ter, or wholly craze what might appear to be against
 them, tho' the Privilege of imposing any Sense upon
 any Words, one might think, was Safety enough;
 but fearing lest some Time or other some free Spirit
 might arise, too great to become their Slaves, and
 take all upon Trust, or their Word, which is the
 same Thing, they carefully provided as far as lay in
 their

their Power, to prevent his Enquiry being of any great Service to Truth, by corrupting, adulterating, and darkening every Thing that had pass'd thro' their Hands; to shew a Desire of Inspection, is to gain from them the Name of Sceptick, or Heretick, tho' some Things they all affect to leave doubtful, in short, they are generally most assur'd where they ought to be most doubtful, and most doubtful where they ought to be most assur'd; but as these assum'd Powers were by them claim'd louder in antienter Days than they are at present, so it may be hop'd, that future Times will be still more free from the Government of Superstition than this present Age: This Progress of Superstition, with its beginning to totter a little, Mr. *Dryden* has very wittily describ'd, in his Poem mention'd before:

In Times o'ergrown with Rust and Ignorance,
 A gainful Trade their Clergy did advance:
 When Want of Learning kept the Laymen low,
 And none but Priests were authoriz'd to know:
 When what small Knowledge was, in them did dwell;
 And he a God who cou'd but read or spell;
 Then Mother-Church did mightily prevail:
 She parcel'd out the Bible by retail:
 But still expounded what she sold or gave;
 To keep it in her Power to damn and save:
 Scripture was scarce, and as the Market went,
 Poor Laymen took Salvation on Content;
 As needy Men take Money, good or bad:
 God's Word they had not, but the Priest's they had.
 Yet whate'er false Conveyances they made,
 The Lawyer still was certain to be paid.
 In those dark Times they learn'd their Knack so well,
 That by long Use they grew infallible:

At

At last, a knowing Age began t' enquire
If they the Book, or that did them inspire :
And, making narrow Search, they found, tho' late,
That what they thought the Priests, was their Estate :
Taught by the Will produc'd, (the written Word)
How long they had been cheated on Record.
Then, every Man who saw the Title fair,
Claim'd a Child's Part, and put in for a Share :
Consulted soberly his private Good ;
And sav'd himself as cheap as e'er he cou'd.

These were they of whom Mr. *Pope* had declar'd,
that their Hell was built on Spite, and Heaven on
Pride ; their Design in propagating Mysteries nothing
but Self-love, to augment their own Power, Riches,
and Voluptuousness ; so drives Self-love thro' Just
and thro' Unjust.

The Inference our Poet draws from all this [from
Line 269 to 284] is, that Self-love drives thro' Right
and Wrong ; it causes the Tyrant to violate the
Rights of Mankind ; and it causes the People to vin-
dicate that Violation. For Self-love being common
to the whole Species, and setting each Individual in
Pursuit of the same Objects, it became necessary for
each, if he would secure his own, to provide for the
Safety of another. And thus Enquiry and Benevo-
lence arose from that same Self-love, which had gi-
ven Birth to Avarice and Injustice.

For what one likes, if others like as well,
What serves one Will, when many Wills rebel ?
How shall he keep, what sleeping or awake
A Weaker may surprize, a Stronger take ?
His Safety must his Liberty restrain ;
All join to guard what each desires to gain.

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The Poet hath not any where shewn greater Address in the masterly Disposition of his Work, than with Regard to the Inference before us; which not only gives a proper and timely Support to what he had before advanc'd in his Second Epistle, concerning the Nature and Effects of Self-love; but is a necessary Introduction to what follows concerning the Reformation of Religion and Society, as we shall see presently.

The Poet hath now describ'd the Rise, Perfection, and Decay of civil Policy and Religion, in the more early Ages. But the Design had been imperfectly executed, had he here dropp'd his Discourse; there was, after this, a Recovery from their several Corruptions. Accordingly, he hath chosen that happy Period for the Conclusion of his Song. But as good and ill Governments and Religions succeed one another without ceasing, he now, with great Judgment leaves Facts, and turns his Discourse [from *Line* 283 to 296] to speak of a more lasting Reform of Mankind, in the Invention of those philosophick Principles, by whose Observance, a Policy and Religion may be for ever kept from sinking into Tyranny and Superstition.

*'Twas then the studious Head, or gen'rous Mind,
Foll'wer of God, or Friend of human Kind,
Poet or Patriot rose, but to restore
The Faith and Morals, Nature gave before;
Relum'd her antient Light, not kindled new,
If not God's Image, yet his Shadow drew;
Taught Pow'r's due Use to People and to Kings,
Taught not to slack, nor strain its tender Strings, &c.*

The easy and just Transition into this Subject from the foregoing is admirable. In the foregoing he had describ'd

describ'd the Effects of Self-love, now the Observation of these Effects, he, with great Art and high Probability, makes the Occasion of those Discoveries, which speculative Men made of the true Principles of Policy and Religion, describ'd in the present Paragraph; and this he evidently hints at in that fine Transition.

The Poet goes on and asserts, that many jarring Interests do of themselves accord at Length in the Musick of a well-mix'd State: That the World is full of great Harmony; that there is nothing but Union, Order, and a full Consent of Things;

More pow'rful each, as needful to the rest;
And in Proportion as it blesses, blest;
Draw to one Point, and to one Centre bring
Beast, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.

When he comes to speak of Modes of Faith, and Forms of Government. I beg Leave to explain and illustrate him by his Commentator. But the Poet now, says he, having so much commended the Invention and Inventors of the philosophick Principles of Religion and Government, lest an evil Use be made of this, by Men's resting in Theory and Speculation, as they have been always too apt to do, in Matters whose Practice makes their Happiness; he cautions his Reader [from *Line* 304 to 311] against this Error, in a Warmth of Expression, which the sublime Ideas of that universal Harmony, operating incessantly to universal Good, had rais'd up in him.

For *Forms* of Government let Fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best.
For *Modes* of Faith let graceless Zealots fight;
His can't be wrong, whose Life is in the Right.
All must be false, that thwart this one great End;
And all of God, that bless Mankind, or mend.

The

The Seasonableness of this Reproof will appear evident enough to those, who know, that mad Disputes about Liberty and Prerogative, had once well nigh overturn'd our Constitution; and that others about Mystery and Church Authority had almost destroy'd the very Spirit of our holy Religion.

But these fine Lines have been strangely misunderstood: The Author, against his own express Words, against the plain Sense of his System, has been conceiv'd to mean, *That all Governments and all Religions were, as to their Forms and Objects, indifferent.* But as this wrong Judgment proceeded from Ignorance of the Reason of the Reproof, as explain'd above, that Explanation is alone sufficient to rectify the Mistake.

However, not to leave him under the least Suspicion, in a Matter of so much Importance, I shall justify the Sense here given to this Passage more at large. First, by considering the Words themselves: And then by comparing the mistaken Sense with the Context.

The Poet, we must observe, is here speaking, not of civil Society at large, but of a just legitimate Policy,

Th' according Musick of a WELL-MIX'D State.

Now these are of several Kinds; in some of which the *Democratick*, in the others the *Aristocratick*, and in others the *Monarchick* Form prevails. Now, as each of these mix'd Forms is equally legitimate, as being founded on the Principles of natural Liberty, that Man is guilty of the highest Folly, who chuses rather to employ himself in a speculative Contest for the superior Excellence of one of these Forms to the rest, than in promoting the good Administration of that settled Form to which he is subject: And yet all our warm Disputes about Government have been of this

this Kind. Again, if, by Forms of Government, must needs be meant legitimate Government, because that is the Subject under Debate, then by Modes of Faith, which is the correspondent Idea, must needs be meant the Modes or Explanations of the true Faith, because the Author is here too on the Subject of true Religion:

Relum'd her antient Light, not kindled new.

Besides, the very Expression (than which nothing can be more precise) confines us to understand, by Modes of Faith, those human Explanations of Christian Mysteries, in contesting which, Zeal and Ignorance have so perpetually violated Charity.

Secondly, if we consider the Context; to suppose him to mean, that *all Forms of Government are indifferent*, is making him directly contradict the preceding Paragraph; where he extols the Patriot for discriminating the true from the false Modes of Government. He, says the Poet,

Taught Pow'r's due Use to People and to Kings,
Taught not to slack, nor strain its tender Strings;
The less and greater set so justly true,
That touching one must strike the other two;
'Till jarring Int'rests of themselves create
Th' according Musick of a *well-mix'd State*.

Here he recommends the true Form of Government, which is the mixt. In another Place he as strongly condemns the false, or the absolute *Jure Divino* Form:

For Nature knew no *Right Divine* in Men.

L. 237.

To suppose him to mean, that *all Religions are indifferent*, is an equally wrong as well as an uncharitable

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ble Suspicion. Mr. *Pope*, tho' his Subject in this *Essay on Man* confines him to natural Religion, (his Purpose being to vindicate God's natural Dispensations to Mankind against the Atheist) yet gives frequent Intimations of a more sublime Dispensation, and even of the Necessity of it; particularly in his second Epistle, [L. 139.] where he speaks of the *Weakness and Insufficiency of human Reason*.*

Again, in his fourth Epistle, [L. 331] speaking of the good Man, the Favourite of Heaven, he says,

For him alone, *Hope* leads from Gole to Gole,
And opens still, and opens on his Soul;
Till lengthen'd on to *Faith*, and unconfin'd,
It pours the Bliss that fills up all the Mind.

But natural Religion never lengthened Hope on to Faith; nor did any Religion, but the Christian, ever conceive that Faith could fill the Mind with Happiness.

Lastly, the Poet, in this very Epistle, and in this very Place, speaking of the great Restorers of the Religion of Nature, intimates that they could only draw God's Shadow, not his Image:

Relum'd her ancient Light, not kindled new,
If not God's Image, yet his Shadow drew.

As reverencing that Truth, which tells us, that this Discovery was reserv'd for the glorious Gospel of *Christ*, who is the IMAGE of God.

Mr. *Pope*, it has been observ'd by many with great Truth, has in this Epistle thrown in the greatest Beauties of Poetry, and still kept a Stile no Way unbecoming Philosophy; his Terms are fine chosen,
and

* See the Second Letter.



LORD BOLINGBROKE

Parr

and his Expressions full, yet concise, and in general very distinct; he has asserted chiefly, that the two Principles Self Love and Social, are two Motions of the Appetite to Good, which induces Man to seek his own Happiness in the Happiness of the Whole:

On their own Axis as the Planets run,
Yet make at once their Circle round the Sun:
So two consistent Motions act the Soul,
And one regards itself, and one the Whole.

Which is a Confirmation of what he had said before, namely, that the Passions were all but modified Self Love, and that nothing was made wholly for itself, or wholly for another: And having spoke of Man with regard to the Deity, as an Individual, and as a sociable Creature, our Poet in his fourth and last Epistle, discourses of the Nature and State of Man with respect to Happiness: This Epistle begins with an Invocation, as neither of the other had done, and as the ancient Poets had done by their Gods, he invokes Happiness by several Names, *Good, Pleasure, Content, Ease*, or by what other Name ever known:

Plant of celestial Seed if drop'd below,
Say, in what mortal Soil thou deign'st to grow.

Where making Enquiry after Happiness, he takes an Opportunity to make a very great Compliment to the Lord *Bolinbroke*:

Where grows—where grows it not?—if vain our
We ought to blame the Culture, not the Soil: [Toil,
Fix'd to no Spot is Happiness sincere;

'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where;

'Tis never to be bought, but always free,

And fled from Monarchs, *St. John!* dwells with thee.

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A a

Having

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Having just before shew'd the Falseness of Happiness,
if plac'd in external Things :

Fair Opening to some Courts propitious shine,
Or deep with *Diamonds* in the flaming Mine,
Twin'd with the Wreaths *Parnassian* Lawrels yeild,
Or reap'd in *Iron Harvests* of the Field.

This heightens the Compliment, because it declares,
that human Happiness not consisting in external Advantages,
it must be in internal Happiness, and consequently in Virtue.

He begins (says his Commentator) [from l. 18 to 27] with detecting the false Notions of Happiness. There are of two Kinds, the Philosophical and Popular: The latter he had recapitulated in the Invocation, when Happiness was called upon at her several suppos'd Places of Abode; the Philosophick then only remain'd to be deliver'd.

Ask of the Learn'd the Way, the Learn'd are blind,
This bids to serve, and that to shun Mankind :
Some place the Bliss in Action, some in Ease,
Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these.

The Confutation of these Philosophick Errors, he shews to be very easy, one common Fallacy running thro' them all; namely this, that instead of telling us in what the *Happiness of human Nature* consists, which was what was asked of them, each busies himself to explain in what he plac'd *his own peculiar Happiness* :

Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that Happiness is Happiness?

To proceed, the Poet having expos'd the *two false Species of Happiness*, the *Philosophical* and *Popular*,
and

and denounced the true, in order to confute the last, goes on to a Confutation of the two former.

I. He [from l. 32 to 47] confutes the *Philosophical*, which, as we said, makes Happiness a *particular*, not a *general* Good: And this two Ways:

1. From his grand Principle, that *God acts by general Laws*: The Consequence of which is, that Happiness, which supports the well-being of every System, must needs be universal, and not partial, as the Philosophers conceiv'd:

Remember Man! *The universal Cause,*
Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral Laws;
And makes, what Happiness we justly call,
Subsist not in the Good of One, but All.

2. From Fact, that Man instinctively concurs with this Designation of Providence, to make Happiness universal, by his having no Delight in any Thing uncommunicated or uncommunicable:

There's not a Blessing Individuals find,
But some Way leans and hearkens to the Kind.
No Bandit fierce, nor Tyrant mad with Pride.
No cavern'd Hermit rests self-satisfied.
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All Pleasures sicken and all Glories sink.

II. The Poet, in the second Place [from l. 46 to 65] confutes the *popular Error* concerning Happiness, namely, that it consists in Externals: Which he does,

1. By enquiring into the Reasons of the present providential Disposition of external Goods: A Topic of Confutation chosen with the greatest Accuracy and Penetration. For, if it appears they were distributed in the Manner we see them, for Reasons different from the *Happiness of Individuals*, it is absurd

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lurd to think that they should make Part of that Happiness.

He shews therefore, that Disparity of external Possessions among Men was for the Sake of Society,
1. to promote the Harmony and Happiness of a System :

Order is Heav'n's first Law ; and, this confess,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise, —

Because the Want of external Goods in some, and the Abundance in others, increase general Harmony in the Obliger and the Obliged.

Yet here (says he) mark the impartial Wisdom of Heaven ; this very *Inequality of Externals*, by contributing to general Harmony and Order, produceth an *Equality of Happiness* amongst *Individuals* ; and for that very Reason,

Heav'n to Mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their Happiness :
But mutual Wants this Happiness increase,
All Nature's Diff'rence keeps all Nature's Peace,
Condition, Circumstance is not the Thing :
Bliss is the same, in Subject, or in King ;
In who obtain Defence, or who defend ;
In him who is, or him who finds a Friend.
Heav'n breaths thro' every Member of the Whole
One common Blessing as one common Soul.

2. This Disparity was necessary, because, if external Goods were equally distributed, they would occasion perpetual Discord amongst Men all equal in Power :

But Fortune's Gifts if each alike possess,
And each were equal, must not all contest.

From

From hence he concludes, that, as external Goods were not given for the Reward of Virtue, but for many different Purposes, God could not, if he intended Happiness for all, place it in the Enjoyment of Externals:

If then to all Men Happiness was meant, God in Externals could not place Content.

2. His second Argument [from l. 64 to 71] against the popular Error of Happiness's being plac'd in Externals, is, that the Possession of them is inseparably attended with Fear, the Want of them with Hope; which directly crossing all their Pretensions to making happy, evidently shew that God had plac'd Happiness elsewhere:

Fortune her Gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
But Heav'n's just Balance equal will appear,
While those are plac'd in Hope, and these in Fear:
Not present Good or Ill, the Joy or Curse,
But future Views of better or of worse.

Hence, in including this Argument, he takes Occasion [from l. 70 to 75] to upbraid those, who attempt to place Happiness in Externals.

It is to no Purpose to enquire of the Learn'd after Happiness, they direct you to that particular Place where they wish to fix their own, which is alike expressed by Mr. Dryden, speaking of the Opinions of the several Sects of Philosophers concerning Happiness, or the *Summum Bonum*.

But least of all could their Endeavours find
What most concern'd the Good of human Kind:
For Happiness was never to be found;
But vanish'd from 'em, like enchanted Ground.

He now comes to a nearer Declaration, and to shew what Happiness is; and to assert, that all design'd for Man by God and Nature, is included in Health, Peace, and Competence: These, he says, are attainable by Virtue; and that what vicious Persons call Happiness, is what has been refus'd, disdain'd, and despis'd by Virtue:

Know, all the Good that Individuals find,
Or God or Nature meant to meer Mankind;
Reason's whole Pleasures, all the Joys of Sense,
Lie in three Words, *Health, Peace, and Competence.*
But Health consists with Temperance alone,
And Peace, fair Virtue! Peace is all thy own:
The Gifts of Fortune Good or Bad may gain;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
Say, in Pursuit of Profit or Delight, [right?
Who risque the most, that take wrong Means or
Of Vice or Virtue, whether blest or curst;
Which meets Contempt, or which Compassion first?
Count all th' Advantage prosp'rous Vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from, and disdains;
And grant the Bad what Happiness they wou'd
One they must want, which is, to pass for Good.

So that in the Pursuit of Happiness, he advises to take *Nature's Path*; that is, the Path of Nature leads to Virtue, and Virtue is the only Happiness. Nay, he carries it so far as to say,

Equal is Common Sense, and Common Ease.

So that nothing external must certainly be of the least Moment, or any Way essential to Happiness; the very Notion of which, he imagines, would have very terrible Effects: because it would immediately occur, that bad Men often flourish and are happy, and
good

good Men, on the other Hand, unhappy and oppress'd; from which Objections would be made against Providence. So that he endeavours to solve all Objections that might be made to his Argument, that *Happiness does not consist in Exteruals*. His Commentator divides it thus:

I. He begins, first of all, with the *Atheistical Complainers*, and pursues their Impiety, [from *L.* 90 to 129] with all the Vengeance of his Eloquence:

Oh blind to Truth, and God's whole Scheme be-
Who fancy Blifs to Vice, to Virtue Woe: [low!
Who sees and follows that great Scheme the best,
Best knows the Blessing, and will most be blest.

He exposes their Folly, even on their own Notions of *external Goods*.

1. By Examples [from *L.* 96 to 109] where he shews first; that, if good Men have been untimely cut off, this is not to be ascrib'd to their Virtues, but to a Contempt of Life that hurried them into Dangers. Secondly, that if they will still persist in ascribing untimely Death to Virtue, they must needs, on the same Principle, ascribe long Life to it. Consequently as the Argument, in Fact, concludes both Ways, in Logick, it concludes neither.

But Fools the *Good* alone unhappy call,
From Ills or Accidents that chance to all.
Say, was it Virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,
Lamented *Digby*! sunk thee to the Graae?
Tell me, if Virtue made the Son expire,
Why full of Days and Honour lives the Sire?
Why drew *Marseilles'* good Bishop purer Breath,
When Nature sicken'd, and each Gale was Death?
Or why so long (in Life if long can be)
Lent Heav'n a Parent to the Poor and me?

This last Instance of the Poet's Illustration of the Ways of Providence, the Reader sees has a peculiar Elegance; where a Tribute of Piety to a Parent, is paid in a Return of Thanks to [*Lent Heav'n a Parent, &c.*] and made subservient of [*Or why so long*] his Vindication of, the *Great Father of all Things*.

2. He exposes their Folly [from *L. 108 to 129*] by Considerations drawn from the System of Nature; and these twofold, Natural and Moral. You accuse God, says the Poet, because the good Man is subject to natural and moral Evil: Let us see whence these proceed. Natural Evil is the necessary Consequence of a material World so constituted: But that this Constitution was best, we have prov'd in the first Epistle. Moral Evil ariseth from the deprav'd Will of Man: Therefore neither the one nor the other from God.

What makes all physical or moral Ill?
There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will.
God sends not Ill, if rightly understood;
Or partial Ill is universal Good;
Or Chance admits, or Nature lets it fall;
Short, and but rare, 'till Man improv'd it all.

But you say, (adds the Poet to these impious Complainers) that tho' it be fit Man should suffer the Miseries which he brings upon himself, by the Commission of moral Evil, yet it seems to be unfit his innocent Posterity should bear a Share of them. To this, says he, I reply,

We just as wisely might of Heav'n complain,
That righteous *Abel* was destroy'd by *Cain*,
As that the virtuous Son is ill at Ease,
When his lewd Father gave the dire Disease.

But you will still say, (continues the Poet) why does
not

not God either prevent, or immediately repair these Evils? You may as well ask, why he doth not work continual Miracles, and every Moment reverse the establish'd Laws of Nature:

Shall burning *Ætna*, if a Sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her Fires?
On Air or Sea new Motions be impress,
O blameless *Bethel*! to relieve thy Breast?
When the loose Mountain trembles from on high,
Shall Gravitation cease, if you go by?
Or, some old Temple nodding to its Fall,
For *Chartres*' Head reserve the hanging Wall?

This is the Force of the Poet's Reasoning, and these the Men to whom he addresses it, namely, the Libertine Cavillers against Providence.

II. But now, so unhappy is the Condition of our corrupt Nature, that these are not the only Complainers. Religious Men are but too apt, if not to speak out, yet sometimes secretly to murmur against Providence, its Ways are not equal: Especially those more inordinately devoted to a Sect or Party are scandaliz'd, that the *Just* (for such they esteem themselves) who are to judge the World, have no better Portion in their own Inheritance. The Poet therefore now leaves those more profligate Complainers, and turns [from *L.* 128 to 147] to the Religious, in these Words:

But still this World (so fitted for the Knave)
Contents us not. A better shall we have?
A *Kingdom of the Just* then let it be,
But first consider how those *Just* agree.

As the more impious Complainers wanted external Goods to be the Reward of Virtue for the moral Man;

Man ; so these want them for the Pious, in order to have a *Kingdom of the Just*. To this the Poet holds it sufficient to answer : Pray, Gentlemen, first agree amongst yourselves, who those Just are. We allow,

The Good must merit God's peculiar Care,
But who but God can tell us who they are ?
One thinks on *Calvin* Heav'n's own Spirit fell,
Another deems him Instrument of Hell :
If *Calvin* feels Heav'n's Blessing or its Rod,
This cries, There is, and That, there is no God.

As this is the Case, he even bids them rest satisfy'd : remember his fundamental Principle, *That whatever is, is right* ; and content themselves (as their Religion teaches them to profess a more than ordinary Submission to the Ways of Providence) with that common Answer, which he with so much Reason and Piety gives to every Kind of Complainer.

However, tho' there be yet no Kingdom of the Just, there is still no Kingdom of the Unjust. That both the Virtuous and the Vicious, whatsoever becomes of those whom every Sect calls the Faithful, have their Shares in external Goods ; and, what is more, the Virtuous have infinitely the most Enjoyment in them :

— This World, 'tis true,
Was made for *Cæsar*, but for *Titus* too : [say,
And which more blest ? who chain'd his Country,
Or he, whose Virtue sigh'd to lose a Day ?

I have been the more careful to explain this last Argument, and to whom it is directed, because much depends upon it for the Illustration of the Sense, and the just Defence of the Poet. For if we suppose him still addressing himself to those impious Complainers, confuted in the thirty-eight preceding Lines,

we

we should make him guilty of a *Paralogism* in the Argument about the Just, and in the Illustration of it by the Case of *Calvin*. For then the Libertines ask, why the just, that is, the moral Man, is not rewarded? The Answer is, that none but God can tell, who the just, that is, the truly faithful Man, is. Where the Term is chang'd, in order to support the Argument; for about the truly moral Man there is no Dispute; about the truly faithful, or the Orthodox, a great deal. But take the Poet right, as arguing here against religious Complainers, and the Reasoning is strict and logical. They ask, why the truly Faithful are not rewarded? He answers, they may be for ought you know, for none but God can tell who they are.

And the Beginning of the first four Lines just quoted, is his grand Proposition, *WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT*. This, tho' so often repeated, wants more Proof than that Virtue is Happiness. Virtue is doubtless the chief Happiness, the Question is, Whether it be the only Happiness? He seems to say, No, there must be Competence and Health: for without Question, Virtue will give inward Peace; but, should many (as we see there are) be so unwise, as to seek their chief Pleasure out of the Ways of Virtue, yet he does not recall the Sentence, *whatever is, is right*, and is now tending, as all Things always will, to the Good of the Whole. Of this Mind *Guarini* seems to be, when he makes *Nicandro*, as he is leading *Amarillis* as suppos'd to her Death, give her the following Counsel:

Drizza gli occhi nel cielo,
Se derivi dal cielo.

“ Tutto quel che c' incontra,

“ O di bene, ò di male,

“ Sol

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“ Sol di là sù deriva; come fiume

“ Nasce da fonte, ò da radice pianta:

“ E quanto quì par male,

“ Dove ogni ben con molto male è misto,

“ E ben la sù dov' ogni ben s'annida.

Be patient, Nymph, and if deriv'd from Heav'n,
Thither lift up thy Eyes; all Good or Ill
Derives from thence, as Streams from Fountains flow,
Or Plants spring from their Roots: And tho' all Good
Here upon Earth, is greatly mix'd with Ill;
Yet there, where all is good, it turns to Good.

This is what Mr. Pope call'd before:

Heaven destroying the Effect of Vice:

And should it be so that all shall at last turn to Good
and Happiness, then let human Actions, or all other
Accidents be what they will, it must be allow'd,
WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

He blames those who expect an immediate Re-
ward for their Virtue, in Things which are by no
Means worthy to be term'd so, and much more
those enjoying many good Things, are continually
uneasy, and for grasping of more.

But sometimes Virtue starves while Vice is fed.

What then? Is the Reward of Virtue, Bread?

That, Vice may merit; 'tis the Price of Toil:

The Knave deserves it when he tills the Soil;

The Knave deserves it when he tempts the Main,
Where Madness fights, for Tyrants, or for Gain.

The good Man may be weak, be indolent,

Nor is his Claim to Plenty, but Content.

But granthim Riches, your Demand is o'er? [Pow'r?

No—shall the Good want Health, the Good want

Add

Add Health to Pow'r, and every earthly Thing :
 Why bounded Pow'r? why private? why no King?
 Nay, why external for internal giv'n,
 Why is not Man a God, and Earth a Heav'n?
 Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
 God gives enough while he has more to give :
 Immense the Pow'r, immense were the Demand ;
 Say, at what Part of Nature will they stand ?
 Such People asking as a Reward for Virtue what
 would most certainly destroy it, he concludes there-
 fore on the Whole, that,

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
 The Soul's calm Sunshine, and the Heart felt Joy
 Is Virtue's Prize.

The Poet (says our Commentator) begins there-
 fore [from l. 174 to 195] with considering *Riches*.
 1. He examines first, what there is of real Value in
 them, and shews, they can give the good Man only
 that very Contentment he had before, or, at most,
 but burthen him with a Trust to be dispens'd for the
 Benefit of others :

For Riches, can they give but to the Just
 His own Contentment, or another's Trust?

Since the good Man esteems all, beside what is suf-
 ficient to supply him with the Conveniencies of Life,
 as entrusted to him by Providence, for the Supply
 of others Necessaries.

'Tis true, he tells us elsewhere, that another Sort
 of good Men are of a different Opinion :

The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a Rule,
 That every Man in Want is Knave or Fool ;

God

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God cannot love (says Blunt, with lifted Eyes)
The Wretch he starves—and piously denies.

Of the Use of Riches, l. 103.

And these are they to whom he here alludes, where he says,

O Fool! to think God hates the worthy Mind,
The Lover, and the Love, of Human-kind,
Whose Life is healthful, and whose Conscience clear,
Because he wants a thousand Pounds a Year!

The Poet next examines the imaginary Value of Riches, as the Fountain of Honour. For his Adversaries Objection stands thus:—As Honour is the genuine Claim of Virtue, and shame the just Retribution of Vice; and as Honour, in their Opinion, follows Riches, and Shame Poverty; therefore the good Man should be rich.—He tells them in this they are much mistaken:

Honour and Shame from no Condition rise;
Act well your Part, there all the Honour lies.

What Power then has Fortune over the Man? None at all. For, as her Favours can confer neither Worth nor Wisdom; so neither can her Displeasure cure him of any of his Follies. On his Garb indeed she has some little Influence; but his Heart still remains the same:

Fortune in Men has some small Difference made,
One flaunts in Rags, one flutters in Brocade.

Then, as to *Nobility*, by Creation or Birth, this too he shews [from l. 195 to 207] is, in itself, as devoid of all real Worth as the rest: Because, in the first Case the Title is generally gain'd by no Merit at all:

Stuck

Stuck o'er with Titles, and hung round with Strings,
That thou may'st be by Kings, or Whores of Kings.

In the second, by the Merit of the first Founder of
the Family, which will always, when reflected on,
be rather the Subject of Mortification than Glory:

Go! if your antient, but ignoble, Blood
Has crept thro' Scoundrels ever since the Flood,
Go! and pretend your Family is young;
Nor own your Fathers have been Fools so long.

III. The Poet in the next Place [from l. 206 to
227] unmarks the false Pretences of *Greatness*,
whereby it is seen that the Hero and Politician (the
two Characters which would monopolize that Quali-
ty) after all their Bustle, effect only this, if they
want Virtue, that the one proves himself a Fool, and
the other a Knave: And Virtue they but too gene-
rally want. The Art of Heroism being understood
to consist in Ravage and Desolation; and the Art of
Politicks, in Circumvention. Now

—Grant that those can conquer, these can cheat,
'Tis Phrase absurd to call a *Villain*, Great:
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a *Fool*, the more a *Knave*.

It is not the Success therefore that constitutes true
Greatness; but the End aimed at; and the Means
which are employed: And if these be right, Glory
will be the Reward, whatever be the Issue:

Who noble Ends by noble Means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in Exile or in Chains,
Like good *Aurelius* let him reign, or bleed
Like *Socrates*, that Man is great indeed.

IV. With regard to *Fame*, that still more fan-
tastick Blessing, he shews [from l. 226 to 249] that
all

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all of it, besides what we hear ourselves, is merely nothing; and that even of this small Portion, no more of it gives the Possessor a real Satisfaction, than what is the Fruit of Virtue.

All Fame is foreign, but of true Desert,
Plays round the Head, but comes not near the Heart.

Thus he shews, that Honour, Nobility, Greatness, Glory, so far as they have any Thing real and substantial, that is, so far as they contribute to the Happiness of the Possessor, are the sole Issue of Virtue, and that neither Riches, Courts, Armies, nor the Populace, are capable of conferring them.

V. But lastly, the Poet proves [from l. 248 to 259] that as there are no external Goods can make Man happy, so neither is it in the Power of all internal. For, that even superior Parts bring no more real Happiness to the Possessor, than the rest, nay, put him into a worse Condition; for that the Quickness of Apprehension, and Depth of Penetration do but sharpen the Miseries of Life:

In Parts superior, what Advantage lies?
Tell (for You can) what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all others Faults, and feel our own, &c.
Painful Pre-eminence! yourself to view
Above Life's Weakness, and its Comforts too.

This to his Friend—nor does it at all contradict what he had said to him concerning Happiness in the Beginning of the Epistle: For he is now proving that nothing external to Man, or what is not in his own Power, and of his own Acquirement, can make him happy here. The most plausible Rival of Virtue is Knowledge. Yet even this, he says, is so far from giving any Degree of real Happiness, that it deprives
Men

Men of those common Comforts of Life, which are a Kind of Support to us under the Want of Happiness: Such as the more innocent of those Delusions which he speaks of in the second Epistle, where he says:

'Till then, Opinion gilds with varying Rays
Those painted Clouds, that beautify our Days, &c.
L. 265.

Having thus prov'd how empty and unsatisfactory all these greatest external Goods, are, from an Examination of their Nature, the Poet proceeds to strengthen his Argument [from l. 258 to 299] by these two farther Considerations:

1st, That the Acquirement of these Goods is made with the Loss of one another; or of greater, either as inconsistent with them, or as spent in attaining them:

How much of other each is sure to cost?
How each for other oft is wholly lost?
How inconsistent greater Goods than these?
How sometimes Life is risqu'd, and always Ease?

2dly, That the Possessors of each of these Goods are generally such as are so far from raising Envy in a good Man, that he would refuse to take their Persons, tho' accompanied with their Possessions. And this the Poet illustrates by Examples:

Think, and if still these Things thy Envy call,
Say, would'st thou be the Man to whom they fall? &c.

3dly, Nay, that even the Possession of them all together, where they have excluded Virtue, only terminates in more enormous Misery:

If all, united, thy Ambition call,
From antient Story learn to scorn them all.

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There, in the Rich, the Honour'd, Fam'd, and Great,
See the false Scale of Happiness compleat !
Mark by what wretched Steps their Glory grows,
From Dirt and Sea-weed, as proud *Venice* rose, &c.

Having thus at length shewn, that Happiness consists neither in any external Goods, nor in all Kinds of internal, that is, such of them as are not of our own Acquirement, he concludes [from *L.* 298 to 301] that it is to be found in Virtue alone.

'Tis not Titles nor Names that make either Nobility or Happiness :

You'll find if once the Monarch acts the Monk,
Or Cocker like the *Parson* will be drunk,
Worth makes the Man, and Want of it the Fellow;
The rest is all but *Leather* and *Prunella*.

In every Part of the whole Essay, he very strongly recommends Virtue, by first shewing the Beauty of it, and then by praising of it. It is in that we taste the Good without the Fall to Ill: It is there he declares, that Merit receives constant Pay; that it brings the greatest Joy if it obtain its End, and if not is exempt from Pain; that tho' it be ever so bless'd it never knows Satiety, and Distress cannot take away the Relish of its Joy; that the very Fears of Virtue are more pleasing than the loud Laughter of Folly, and always increasing; for only to wish for more Virtue is to gain it; and the simple-minded Man, with Nature only for his Guide, found plainly in what Happiness should be plac'd :

Yet poor with Fortune, and with Learning blind,
The Bad must miss, the Good untaught will find;
Slave to no Sect, who takes no private Road,
But looks thro' Nature up to Nature's God.
Pursues that Chain, which links th' immense Design,
Joins Heav'n and Earth, and Mortal and Divine.

Sees

Sees that no Being any Bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some below;
Learns, from this Union of the rising *Whole*,
The first last Purpose of the human Soul;
And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
All end, in *Love of God, and Love of Man*.

And now having mention'd the Love of God, he makes Use of this Occasion to make Profession of his Faith; for tho' he would not have this plain virtuous Man be a Slave to any Sect, nor look further than Nature, yet here he seems to wish, that *Hope may open still and open on his Soul*, 'till at last it comes to be *Faith*. Mr. Pope has us'd these Words Faith and Hope before, as if he meant the same Thing, and doubtless most Hopes are mix'd with a Degree of Faith, arising from Probability; but whether that be such a Faith as Mr. Pope desires to be here meant, I shall not take upon me to determine, he seems to intimate otherwise, when he says,

Hope in known Bliss, and Faith in Bliss unknown.

Which he affirms Nature has planted in Man, and arises from his Self-love, which is social and divine; and the good Man makes Happiness to himself out of the Blessings of his Neighbours, nay of his Enemies:

Self-love thus push'd to Social, to Divine,
Gives thee to make thy Neighbour's Blessing thine:
Is this too little for the boundless Heart?
Extend it, let thy Enemies have Part:
Grasp the whole Worlds of Reason, Life, and Sense,
In one close System of Benevolence.
Happier, as kinder! in whate'er Degree,
And Height of Bliss but Height of Charity.

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This leads the Poet to a beautiful Comparison of a Pebble thrown into the Water, which at first makes a small, and then a larger, and still larger Circle, 'till it goes over the whole Lake. This he applies to *Self-love*, tho' it better expresses *Social-love*; but as Mr. Pope thinks, that by this Time he has prov'd them both to be the same, he has no longer Need to make the Distinction. The Lines taking *Self-love* here to mean *Social* or *Universal-love*, cannot be excell'd:

Self-love but serves the virtuous Mind to wake,
As the small Pebble stirs the peaceful Lake,
The Centre mov'd, a Circle strait succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, Parent, Neighbour, first it will embrace,
His Country next, and next all human Race.
Wide, and more wide, th' O'erflowings of the Mind
Take ev'ry Creature in, of ev'ry Kind;
Earth smiles around, with boundless Bounty blest,
And Heav'n beholds its Image in his Breast.

Immediately after this he addresses his noble Friend, with whom he is suppos'd to have been expatiating all the Time, over the Scene of Man; and having brought all his Proofs forward, after a very noble Submission, in which he begs to be taught by him, he confesses to have wrote this Epistle at his Instance. In these last Lines of this Epistle have been notic'd several great Beauties.

1. The first and chief is a Grandeur and Sublimity of Conception:

Come then, my Friend! my Genius come along,
O Master of the Poet, and the Song!
And while the Muse now stoops, and now ascends,
To Man's low Passions, or their glorious Ends.

2. The

2. The Second, that pathetick Enthusiasm, which at the same Time melts and enflames:

Teach me, like thee, in various Nature wise,
To fall with Dignity, with Temper rise,
Form'd by thy Converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe,
Correct with Spirit, eloquent with Ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.

3. A certain elegant Formation and Ordinance of Figures:

O! while along the Stream of Time, thy Name,
Expanded flies, and gathers all its Fame,
Say, shall my little Bark attendant sail,
Pursue the Triumph and partake the Gale?

4. A splendid Diction.

When Statesmen, Heroes, Kings, in Dust repose,
Whose Sons shall blush their Fathers were thy Foes,
Shall then this Verse to future Age pretend
Thou wert my Guide, Philosopher, and Friend?
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful Art,
From Sounds to Things, from Fancy to the Heart;
For Wit's false Mirror held up Nature's Light;

And Fifthly, which includes in itself all the rest,
a Weight and Dignity in the Composition:

Shew'd erring Pride, whatever is, is right;
That Reason, Passion, answer one great Aim;
That true Self-love and Social are the same;
That Virtue only makes our Bliss below;
And all our Knowledge is ourselves to know?

These last five Lines are a Summary of the Whole:
But whether Reason and Passion answer one great
End or no, or whether Self-love and Social be the

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or whether there be any other Happiness than Virtue, or whether we know any Thing but ourselves; if *WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT*, (which is Mr. *Pope's* first and last and main Argument) it is of no Importance; because, if we were capable of other Science besides that of Man, or could find out some Happiness that was not in Virtue, or find a social Passion in our Minds not selfish, or distinguish our Reason to have different Aims from our Passions, we are still just where we were; for there yet remains unconquer'd the undeniable Sentence, *WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT*.

Such was Mr. *Pope's* Philosophy, and such his fine Poetry; which, as it never had, perhaps never will have any Equal in our Language. When the first of these *Ethick* Epistles was publish'd, as soon as it was known who wrote it, it was not only universally read, but in a Manner the whole Discourse of the Town; among many other Things advanc'd or objected, it was said, that as he was speaking of Man with Respect to the Deity, he seem'd to have miss'd the best Opportunity that it was ever possible for him to have, of making Invocation, Address, and Supplication to the great Creator of Beings, and to have shewn how far he thought Man might urge his Petitions, without seeming to stand in the Way of, or alter the Dispensations of Providence; because it appear'd to some, that to ask for Things to be alter'd from what they are, was the same as to say that they were not right, or might be alter'd for the better; which, if obtain'd by those Prayers, was actually caus'd by the Supplicator.

To hinder such Reflections, Mr. *Pope* did, after a considerable Pause publish, what he calls *THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER*, being, I suppose, unwilling to call it a *COMMON PRAYER*, lest he might seem

to

to set it in Competition with those which are read in our Protestant Churches under that Name, tho' it be impossible that any set Form of Words should deserve the Name of *universal*, seeing it cannot be suited to all States, the Mind requires different Expressions under different Influences and Habits, nor can be tied down to one Set of Thoughts and Words, even under the same Habits and Influence: But let us proceed to see how Mr. *Pope* himself stands, or imagines himself to stand with relation to the Deity. He inscribes it:

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of all! in every Age,
In every Clime ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah! Jove! or Lord!

In these first four Lines he first acknowledges him to be the Creator of all, who has always somehow or another, either with or without the publick Forms, been worshipped by all the habitable Earth in all Ages, that those we have called *Pagan*, or even barbarous, have agreed in paying Adoration to a supreme Being, it making little Difference what Name they have called him by, for *Jove* is *Jehovah* and the *Lord*.

Thou first great Cause, least understood,
Who all my Sense confin'd,
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind:
Yet gave me, in this dark Estate,
To see the Good from Ill,
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
Lest free the human Will.

Thou first great Cause! is here only a Repetition of *Father of all!* and is spoke in Admiration, not from any conceiv'd Idea, because, though he knows that the infinite Creator of all Things must be good, yet he does not pretend to say that he sees it, but confesses himself to be blind, yet not with such a total Blindness as to prevent his seeing his own Good from Ill; as to what he says of Nature being bound fast in Fate and yet the human Will free, it wants a little Explanation, insinuating, that the human Will was not included when Nature was spoke of; but to proceed,

What Conscience dictates to be done,
Or wants me not to do;
This teach me more than Hell to shun,
That more than Heav'n pursue.

This Resolution of being govern'd by the Conscience, is the best can be made, for that is what Mr. *Pope* in his *Essay on Man*, has called *the God within the Mind*; the Approbation or Condemnation of Men alter not the Good and Evil here, 'tis within I stand acquitted or condemn'd to myself, this well consider'd makes it appear the stranger, that any Man (for all feel they have their Accuser and Judge within their Mind) should want to force the Conscience of another, or strive to do it, knowing how vain an Attempt it is, and that those Things are only right which Conscience dictates to be done, and those Things (tho' others appearing to be good Men do them) carefully to be avoided which she warns me not to do:

What Blessings thy free Bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when Man receives,
To enjoy is to obey.

This

This is good Doctrine against all the unnatural Abstinencies of affected People, who pretend to mortify themselves, by not satisfying the Calls of Nature in a temperate Manner, which is Wickedness, for the great Abundance given, is doubtless with Design that the Creatures should be refresh'd and sustain'd, that so the Animal Spirits may be kept up, and the Chearfulness of the Heart, and *then*, as *Milton* says, *the great Giver would be better thanked*, not in such long Fasts as some Monks and Mysticks use, that so frequently bring on Faintings, which have too often been mistaken by the poor Creatures for Extasy, and when after another short Fast, a little Food has lull'd them to sleep, then they *dream* that they see *Visions*. This Mr. *Pope* wholly opposes, when he says, that when Man receives, God's Design is answer'd in giving, and to enjoy it is not only best for us as to our Pleasure, but it is our Duty and a Proof of our Obedience :

Yet not to Earth's contracted Span,
Thy Goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of Man
When thousand Worlds are round.

That is, at the same Time that we consider the Deity dispensing of Good to us, we should contemplate further, and look on him as ruling the whole Universe ; thousands of Worlds, and perhaps thousands of thousands, by this Means filling our Minds as much as we possibly may, with an Idea of his Greatness, and the Greatness of his Power :

Let not this weak unknowing Hand
Presume thy Bolts to throw,
And deal Damnation round the Land
On each I judge thy Foe.

Here

Here he reproaches those wicked Zealots who are for anathematizing all those who move not in their narrow Circles, and thundering Curses shocking to the Ears of human Charity, on Men most Times remarkable for their Goodness and Purity of Life, whereas these solemn and assuming Interdictors, are generally Persons of most tainted Conversation and lewd Practices, *proud, cruel, selfish, Profaners of Vows, full of Voluptuousness, Gluttony, and its beastly Attendants*, yet these are they who pretend to direct the Aim of the Almighty, and impudently pronounce in his Name, Sentences which are so far from being his Dictate or Command, that they shew themselves to be the Effects of meer Malice of iniquitous Men, supported by a Power unjustly assum'd :

If I am right, oh teach my Heart
 Still in the Right to stay ;
 If I am wrong, thy Grace impart
 to find that better Way !

This is Humiliation ; first, a Fear lest he should not be in the Right, and then a Supplication for Knowledge to find a better Way, if he is indeed in the Wrong ; this Knowledge he has been pleas'd to call *Grace*, whereas all the Favours we receive, our very Being, our rational Faculties and Powers, may all be called by the same Name, it being thro' the Grace of the infinite Deity that we have receiv'd them : but Mr. *Pope* has not here distinguish'd whether he supplicates for a supernatural Grace, or only that he may so use the Grace receiv'd by Nature, as to find a better Path, if there might be a better for him to walk in, neither can I see why Grace is not as much requir'd to preserve a Man in the Continuation of good Works, as to begin them, more especially, if it be so that we of ourselves do nothing
 good,

good, this allow'd, would make all Actions done in the Freedom of the human Will not good; but they must have the Assistance of Grace, or the holy Spirit, before they can be so:

Save me alike from foolish Pride,
Or impious Discontent
At ought thy Wisdom has deny'd,
Or ought thy Goodness lent.

As there are Abundance of good Things, which, as Mr. Pope here expresses, are *lent us*, (for they are only so) it should not make us proud, for Pride is Folly; where the most Perfection is, there is the least Pride, and where all Perfection is, there is none at all: The Satisfaction arising from the Consciousness of Wisdom or Virtue, is a natural Complacency in the Mind; but Pride is a Pain; even to the very Soul it puffs up, besides that, we are so far from having Motives to be proud, that every Minute of our Life carries Teaching enough with it to make us humble, and as nothing we possess should elevate us, or make us too full of ourselves, so nothing withheld from us, should we wish to know or enjoy, much less disquiet ourselves, or grow impiously discontented, but with Patience, Thankfulness, and Humility, receive the Blessings Providence has seen fit to hand to us:

Teach me to feel another's Woe;
To hide the Fault I see;
That Mercy I to others show,
That Mercy show to me.

These Lines express a very great and extensive Charity, many would have asked for Power to relieve the Distresses and Woes of others; but knowing that the greatest Motive to Compassion is feeling the like Distress

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Distress in ourselves, Mr. Pope desires to be taught *to feel another's Woe*, and then not unlike that Passage in the Lord's Prayer, which renders it impossible to be offer'd by the Merciless without praying for their own Condemnation: *Forgive us our Trespases, as we forgive them that trespass against us.* Mr. Pope calls out for Mercy, and only such Mercy as he shows to others. This is an apparent Proof, that notwithstanding in the wrangling Way of Wit he might seem to resent Things for a great while, either that he thought he was doing Good as a Reformer, or vindicating the Rights and Liberties of Mankind, as a free-born Man and a Philosopher; that in the last Result of his Idea all Offences were the Subjects of Mercy, and such Mercy as in this solemn Manner he has ask'd of Heaven:

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
 Since quicken'd by thy Breath,
 Oh lead me wherefoe'er I go,
 Thro' this Day's Life or Death.

The only Consideration that could divert him from the Thoughts of his own Littleness, was, not that he was a rational Creature endow'd with noble Faculties, that he was Lord of himself and had a Freedom in his own Will, could begin Motion, and set forth Matter in numberless Forms of his own Design, by the Power of Mechanism; nor that he was to take a Place among immortal Beings, tho' these Things might all have been mention'd without Presumption and with Thankfulness: No, he rather chuses to value himself wholly upon the Power that quicken'd him, and which he desires still to lead him *thro' Life this Day*, if I am allotted to live thro' this Day, but if my Days are all number'd, then *thro'*

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the Death of this Day; that is, he desires whether Life or Death, or whatever else may happen, that Providence will always be his Guide, and thro' all Difficulties and Disasters his Creator will still be his Support.

This Day, be Bread and Peace my Lot;

All else beneath the Sun,

Thou knowst if best bestow'd, or not;

And let thy Will be done.

Here again he gives into the Lord's Prayer, *Give us this Day our daily Bread*; and afterwards, *Thy Will be done*.

But except Bread he asks nothing but Peace; he does not ask for *Power*, for *Riches*, for *Length of Days*, or even *Wisdom*, much less *Revenge*, 'tis PEACE alone; for what are all earthly Things, *Mitres*, *Coronets*, and *Crowns*, if Peace be wanting? And if Peace be not wanting, then I ask again, what are all earthly Things, *Mitres*, and *Coronets*, and *Crowns*? God only knows, whether those Things are best bestow'd on us or no; but he has declar'd, that without Peace ye cannot be in the right Path, *for his Ways are Ways of Pleasantness, and all his Paths are Peace*; true Peace, not an unreal and false Peace, only such in Appearance, but a Peace that surpasseth all Understanding; that is, what is inconceivable by a finite and human Mind, how there should be such a Peace, or what it is that causes such a calm and home-felt Pleasure in the Soul, 'till they acknowledge it to be the Peace of God, and the Effect of his infinite Goodness and Power, which are not to be comprehended even by the Angels: For who shall fathom Infinity?

To thee, whose Temple is all Space,
 Whole Altar, Earth, Sea, Skies;
 One Chorus let all Being raise!
 All Nature's Incense rise.

It signifies nothing where we pay our Adoration, seeing his Temple and his Altar are every where, not confin'd to *Mecca*, to *Jerusalem*, or *Rome*; and continual Praises are his. For tho' Man were to be mute, and should deny with his Tongue; his very Being, as all other Beings do, would praise him; his Works praise him and proclaim him great. This is what *David* intends, when he calls out upon Things inanimate, the Stars, the Sea, the Earth, the Hills, to praise the Lord. This is the great Chorus of Nature, and the continual Incense arising from the Order and Disposition of the Universe, and the various animated and intelligent Beings existing; of whom, perhaps, but very few are known to us. The Thought of worshipping without Church or Altar, form'd by Men, is very noble; for what is more ridiculous than to suppose, that the Deity cannot be rightly ador'd, prais'd, or pray'd to, without Man prepare the Place, and adjust the Ceremony?

It is observable, that Mr. *Pope* is so sensible of the continual Praise arising from the Creation, that he calls out upon *all Being*, and all the *Incense of Nature*, bidding it to *rise*, at the same Time that he knew it was continually rising. So the Psalmist, tho' he knew the Works of the Creation were praising the Lord, says, (naming many of them) *Praise ye the Lord*.

This Prayer is the first of the Kind, which (as I believe) was ever made by any Professor of the *Romish Church*: But Mr. *Pope* must be judg'd very gently here, for, more especially in his latter Time, he

he was exceeding moderate; and never a flaming Zealot. This Prayer breathes nothing but Humility, Charity, and Peace, and is without any Pomp in the Phrase, (which here was purposely avoided) very excellent, and worthy much Consideration and Attention.

After these Things Mr. *Pope* gave Rest to his Pen, being able to write little, by Reason of the Weakness of his Eyes, and other bodily Infirmities; and finding his Strength entirely give Way, he began to think that his Days, which had been prolong'd past his Expectation, were drawing to a Conclusion: However, he was carry'd to the Hot Well at *Bristol*, (having been us'd before mostly to go to *Bath*) where sometimes there were small Hopes of his Recovery; he seem'd at first to receive a little Benefit by the Air, and the Prospect, (which he oftentimes said was the finest he ever saw) delighted him; but making too free with Purges, he grew worse again, and seem'd desirous to draw nearer Home, which by Degrees he did, and on the 12th Day of *December* in the Year of our Lord, 1743, still declining, and wholly resign'd to Death, made his Will in Manner and Form as follows:

I N THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN.

I *Alexander Pope*, of *Twickenham*, in the County of *Middlesex*, make this my last Will and Testament. I resign my Soul to its Creator, in all humble Hopes of its future Happiness, as in the Disposal of a Being infinitely good. As to my Body, my Will is, That it be buried near the Monument of my dear Parents at *Twickenham*, with the Addition, after the Words *filius fecit*—of these only, *Et sibi: Qui obiit Anno 17. Etatis* — and that it be carry'd

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carry'd to the Grave by six of the poorest Men of the Parish, to each of whom I order a Suit of grey coarse Cloth, as Mourning. If I happen to die at any inconvenient Distance, let the same be done in any other Parish, and the Inscription be added on the Monument at *Twickenham*. I hereby make and appoint my particular Friends, *Allen Lord Bathurst*, *Hugh Earl of Marchmont*, the Honourable *William Murray*, his Majesty's Solicitor General, and *George Arbuthnot*, of the Court of *Exchequer*, Esq; the Survivors or Survivor of them, Executors of this my last Will and Testament.

But all the Manuscript and unprinted Papers which I shall leave at my Decease, I desire may be deliver'd to my noble Friend, *Henry St. John*, Lord *Bolingbroke*, to whose sole Care and Judgment I commit them, either to be preserv'd or destroy'd; or, in Case he shall not survive me, to the abovesaid Earl of *Marchmont*. These, who in the Course of my Life have done me all other good Offices, will not refuse me this last after my Death: I leave them therefore this Trouble, as a Mark of my Trust and Friendship; only desiring them each to accept of some small Memorial of me: That my Lord *Bolingbroke* will add to his Library all the Volumes of my Works and Translations of *Homer*, bound in red *Morocco*, and the Eleven Volumes of those of *Erasmus*: That my Lord *Marchmont* will take the large Paper Edition of *Thuanus* by *Buckley*, or that Portrait of Lord *Bolingbroke* by *Richardson*; which he shall prefer: That my Lord *Bathurst* will find a Place for the three Statues of the *Hercules* of *Furnese*, the *Venus* of *Medicis*, and the *Apollo* in *Chiario obscuro*, done by *Kneller*: That Mr. *Murray* will accept of the Marble Head of *Homer* by *Bernini*, and of Sir *Isaac Newton* by *Guelfi*; and that Mr. *Arbuthnot* will take
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the Watch I commonly wore, which the King of *Sardinia* gave to the late Earl of *Peterborow*, and he to me on his Death-Bed, together with one of the Pictures of Lord *Bolingbroke*.

Item, I desire Mr. *Lyttelton* to accept of the Busts of *Spencer*, *Shakespear*, *Milton*, and *Dryden*, in Marble, which his Royal Master the Prince was pleas'd to give me. I give and devise my Library of printed Books to *Ralph Allen*, of *Widcombe*, Esq; and to the Reverend Mr. *William Warburton*, or to the Survivor of them; when those belonging to Lord *Bolingbroke* are taken out, and when Mrs. *Martha Blount* has chosen Threescore out of the Number. I also give and bequeath to the said Mr. *Warburton* the Property of all such of my Works already printed, as he hath written, or shall write Commentaries or Notes upon, and which I have not otherwise disposed of, or alienated; and all the Profits which shall arise after my Death from such Additions, as he shall publish without future Alterations.

Item, In case *Ralph Allen*, Esq; abovesaid, shall survive me, I order my Executors to pay him the Sum of One hundred and fifty Pounds; being to the best of my Calculation, the Account of what I have received from him; partly for my own, and partly for charitable Uses. If he refuse to take this himself, I desire him to employ it in a Way I am persuaded he will not dislike, to the Benefit of the *Bath-Hospital*.

I give and devise to my Sister-in-law, Mrs. *Magdalen Racket*, the Sum of Three hundred Pounds; and to her Sons, *Henry* and *Robert Racket*, One hundred Pounds each. I also release, and give to her all my Right and Interest in and upon a Bond of Five hundred Pounds due to me from her Son *Michael*. I also give her the Family Pictures of my Father,
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Mother and Aunts, and the Diamond Ring my Mother wore, and her Golden Watch. I give to *Erasmus Lewis*, *Gilbert West*, *Sir Clement Cotterell*, *William Rollinson*, *Nathaniel Hook*, Esqrs. and to *Mrs. Anne Arbuthnot*, each the Sum of Five Pounds, to be laid out in a Ring, or any Memorial of me; and to my Servant *John Searle*, who has faithfully and ably serv'd me many Years, I give, and devise the Sum of One hundred Pounds over and above a Year's Wages to himself and his Wife; and to the Poor of the Parish of *Twickenham*, Twenty Pounds to be divided amongst them by the said *John Searle*; and it is my Will, if the said *John Searle*, die before me, that the same Sum of One hundred Pounds go to his Wife or Children.

Item, I give, and devise to *Mrs. Martha Blount*, younger Daughter of *Mrs. Martha Blount*, late of *Welbeck-Street, Cavendish-Square*, the Sum of One thousand Pounds immediately on my Decease; and all the Furniture of my Grotto, Urns in my Garden, Household Goods, Chattels, Plate, or whatever is not otherwise disposed of in this my Will, I give and devise to the said *Mrs. Martha Blount*, out of a sincere Regard, and long Friendship for her: And it is my Will, that my abovesaid Executors, the Survivors or Survivor of them, shall take an Account of all my Estates, Money, or Bonds, &c. and after paying my Debts and Legacies, shall place out all my Residue upon Government, or other Securities, according to their best Judgments, and pay the Produce thereof, half-yearly, to the said *Mrs. Martha Blount*, during her natural Life; And after her Decease, I give the Sum of One thousand Pounds to *Mrs. Magdalen Racket*, and her Sons *Robert*, *Henry*, and *John*, to be divided equally among them, or to the Survivors or Survivor of them; and after the

the Decease of the said Mrs. *Martha Blount*, I give the Sum of Two hundred Pounds to the abovesaid *Gilbert West*; two hundred to Mr. *George Arbuthnot*; two hundred to his Sister, Mrs. *Anne Arbuthnot*; and One hundred to my Servant, *John Searle*, to which soever of these shall be then living: And all the Residue and Remainder to be considered as undisposed of, and go to my next of Kin. This is my last Will and Testament, written with my own Hand, and sealed with my Seal, this Twelfth Day of *December*, in the Year of our Lord, One thousand, seven hundred and forty-three.

ALEX. POPE.

The Affairs of his Estate being thus settled, he never gave himself further Thoughts about them, but with a singular Calmness of Mind, bore the increasing Pains of his Distemper, and follow'd the Advice he himself had before given, in all States and under all Doubts or Difficulties whatever to submit, not that it is to be wonder'd at so much in him, whose whole Life was one continued Suffering, and whose particular Study had been to make himself as easy as possible under all the Dispensations of Providence.

Thus he continued for some Time; at length the Symptoms of his Disorder began to change, tho' his Senses remain'd with him to the last, and on the 30th of *May*, in the Year of our Lord, 1744, he died at *Twickenham*, and is buried in the Parish Church there, with his Father and Mother, according to the Direction of his Will.

It is observable, that the Legacies are very considerable which Mr. *Pope* has left from Mrs. *Blount*, which he acknowledges to be her's in Right, out of a sincere Regard and long Friendship for her, and not till after her Death thinks he has a Right to dis-

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pose of his Estate; but then after some Legacies, to the Amount of 1700 l. he makes it return to his own Relations, considers it as undispos'd of, and it goes to the next of Kin.

He never mentions Mrs. *Blount* in any of his Writings but with great Tenderneſs, and Sentiments warm from the Heart, attends her always with good Wiſhes; her Proſperity and Joy are the great Scope of his Deſires, and he ſeems to value himſelf upon the Truth of his own Friendſhip, only as it ſerves to add to her Happineſs.

How extenſive he deſires that to be, appears from a ſmall Poem written by him, and preſented to her on her Birth-Day, where he wiſhes, that her Death may be without the common Terrors, and that ſhe may be carried away in Pleaſure and Extacy.

OH! be thou bleſt with all that Heav'n can ſend,
Long Health, long Youth, long Pleaſure, and
a Friend:

Not with thoſe Toys the female World admire,
Riches that vex, and Vanities that tire.

With added Years if Life bring nothing new,
But like a Sieve let ev'ry Bleſſing thro',

Some Joy ſtill loſt, as each vain Year runs o'er,

And all we gain, ſome ſad Reflection more;

Is that a Birth-Day? 'tis alas! too clear,

'Tis but the Fun'ral of the former Year.

Let Joy or Eaſe, let Affluence or Content,

And the gay Conſcience of a Life well ſpent,

Calm ev'ry Thought, inſpire ev'ry Grace,

Glow in thy Heart, and ſmile upon thy Face.

Let Day improve on Day, and Year on Year,

Without a Pain, a Trouble, or a Fear;

Till Death unfelt that tender Frame deſtroy,

In ſome ſoft Dream, or Extacy of Joy;

Peaceful

Peaceful sleep out the Sabbath of the Tomb,
And wake to Raptures in a Life to come.

These gentle Thoughts, these warm Wishes, these friendly Reflections, were always uppermost, when she was the Subject; Distemper and Disorder of Body, that sometimes might make him appear morose to others, lost their Influence over him in her Regard, and all his Pride (if, as it sometimes would seem) he had Pride, sweeten'd into Friendship at her Sight; nay, for some Years before his Death, since that of some of his best Friends, and the Absence of others, he had (except in his Studies) no other Pleasure but in her Company and Converse.

Thus we have gone (marking his Actions by the Way) with this great Genius, from the Cradle to the Tomb, and as no Objection can be rais'd against Mr. *Pope* as a Man, a Scholar, or a Critick, above all must be rever'd and venerated for his Muse, for it must be confess'd, that not only of this Age, but speaking of all former Ages, in our Language, he was THE GREATEST POET.

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